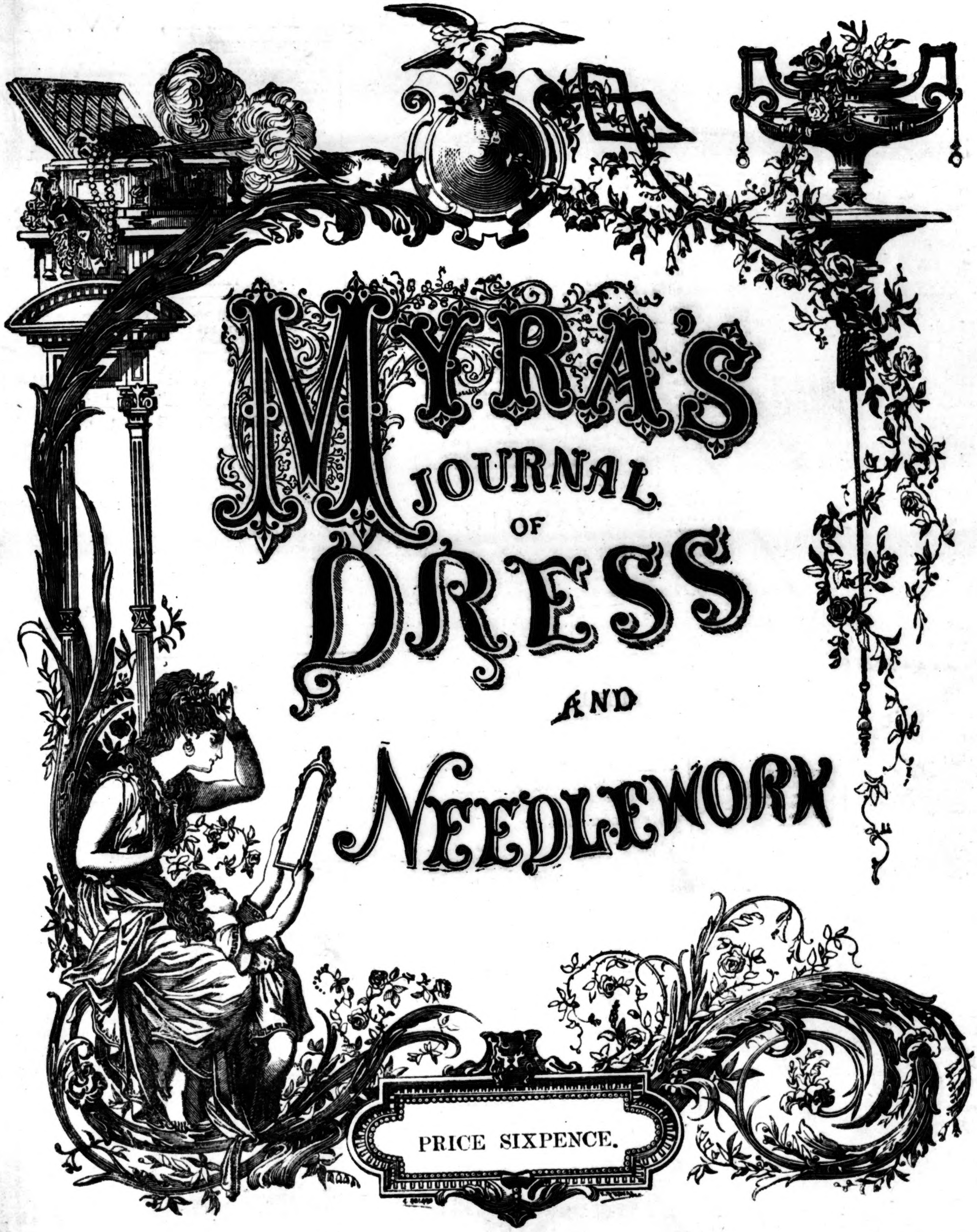
No. 7. Vol. II.] [August 1st, 1876.



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PRICE SIXPENCE.

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AND
MYRA'S PARIS PATTERNS AND MODELS.

**LONDON: GOUBAUD & SON, 39 and 40, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.**
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES—THE WILMER AND ROGERS NEWS COMPANY, 31, BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.
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# CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, W.

## BLACK SILKS

### STATE OF THE LYONS SILK MARKET.

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| In 1875 4s. 6d. per yard. | In 1876 2s. 11d. per yard. |
| „ 6s. 3d. „ | „ 4s. 6d. „ |
| „ 7s. 6d. „ | „ 5s. 6d. „ |
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| „ 10s. 6d. „ | „ 8s. 6d. „ |
| „ 12s. 6d. „ | „ 9s. 11d. „ |

*Public attention is especially directed to the above synopsis.*

**JAPANESE SILKS.** Richest qualities made.

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| IVORY JAPANESE…………………… | Per yard. | 1s. 11½d. |
| BISCUIT JAPANESE…………………… | „ | 1s 11½d. |
| CREME JAPANESE…………………… | „ | 1s. 11½d. |
| SULTAN JAPANESE…………………… | „ | 1s. 11½d. |
| ONE HUNDRED COLOURS………… | „ | 1s. 11½d. |

**GENEVA SHADINGS** will meet with the admiration of all who look for refinement in tone as well as novelty in a dress fabric. The shades are so beautifully blended that none are conspicuous, yet all attract the eye by their soft outlines. While admiring this very pretty *nouveauté*, we are reminded that French taste and ingenuity are still paramount, and deservedly so, as no other weavers compare with them in producing such excellent results.

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H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

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**REDUCED PRICES, 8¾d., 10¾d., and 12¾d. per yard.**

**SERGES** (as supplied to the Royal Family). Now that the yachting season has arrived, suitable dress materials are in great demand. Nothing can possibly supersede the Wellington Estamene Serges for their peculiar adaptability for this purpose. No amount of saturation from sea-water harms them; they are both light and warm, and always retain their fresh appearance, even after a good wetting. 29 inches wide. 1s. 6½d., 1s 11½d., and 2s. 6d. per yard. Also a superior make of Serge at 9d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per yard. Patterns free.

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**TOILE MATELASSÉ and TOILE DAMASCENE.**—Among the various novelties in washing materials for the coast, the above are specially noticeable for style and variety. Cotton Damascene is so like Damasse Silk that it requires a close inspection to tell the difference. A great variety of designs are now ready for selection in Light and Dark Colourings.

**REDUCED from 14½d. to 10½d. per yard.**

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*Complete Sets of Patterns forwarded to all parts of the Globe same day as receipt of Order.*

CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, W.

# BAKER & CRISP, 198, REGENT STREET.

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BAKER and CRISP'S SILKS.

Richest Black Silks.
Black Cashmere de Soie.
Black Queen's Cashmeres.
Black Drap de Lyon.
Richest Coloured Silks.
Plain Poult de Soie.
Plain Coloured Glaces.
Plain Gros Grains.
From 1s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. per yard.

New Striped Silks.
New Fancy Silks.
New Figured Silks.
Young Ladies' Silks.
From 25s. 6d. the Dress.

New Japanese Silks.
New Japanese Silks.
Striped Japanese Silks.
Figured Japanese Silks.
10½d. to 1s. 11½d. per yard.

ALPACAS! ALPACAS! ALPACAS!
BAKER and CRISP, in anticipation of a still larger demand for their Pure Silk Alpacas than last year, beg to notify that they have now in stock upwards of 150,000 yards of these goods, all specially dyed to their own colours, and cannot be obtained elsewhere. They are all of the most lovely tints and useful shades, and at prices within the reach of all—viz., 10½d., 1s. 0½d., 1s. 6½d., and 1s. 9½d. per yard.

BAKER and CRISP'S

DRESSES! DRESSES! DRESSES!
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New Spring Cambrics.
New Spring Percales.
From 6d. per yard.

New Spring Brilliants.
New Spring Satteens.
*Patterns free.*

New Spring Galateas.
New Spring Reefers.
From 6d. per yard.

New Spring Linens.
New Spring Lawns.
*Patterns free.*

New Spring Textiles.
New Spring Textiles.
From 6d. per yard.

New Spring Textiles.
New Spring Textiles.
*Patterns free.*

New Black Grenadines.
New Black Fabrics.

New Black Stripes.
From 6d. per yard.

BAKER and CRISP'S Dress Fabrics at every price.

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Patterns free. 198, Regent Street, London, W.

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New Unbaled Hollands.

New Antique Muslins.
New Revére Muslinettes.
New White Piqués.
New White Damask Satines.
New White Brilliants.
New Open-Work Satteens.

Also 100 New Washing Fabrics in Buff, Drab, Ecru, Slate, Steel, Greys, and other Tints, from 6d. to 1s. 6d. the yard.
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The Matelasse Alpaca.
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100 New Materials, for Spring and Summer wear, from 6s. 9d. to 21s. full dress.
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In all the most delicate as well as the most useful tints, viz., the silk-finished Mexican, Polish, Spanish, Siberian, Arabian, and English Alpacas, from 10½d. to 2s. 9d. per yard.
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For the most *recherché* Styles and Economical Prices, BAKER and CRISP'S.
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GRENADINES EXTRAORDINARY.
BAKER and CRISP'S New Washing Grenadines.
Plain, Striped, and Checked Silk Grenadines.
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Plain Black, White, Rose, Sky, and 100 New Styles in Grenadines, from 6d. to 3s. 6d. the yard.
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⁂

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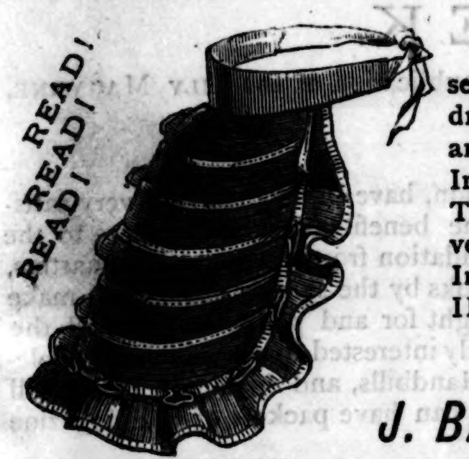
**WILL LAST FOR YEARS.**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READ!
READ!

The foundation of this Improver is made of strips of cane, closely interlaced or meshed (similar to cane seating) into a shape suited to the present fashion. Being so netted together, it is capable of supporting any dress, however heavy, and being perfectly flexible, it resumes its shape the moment pressure is taken from it, and will last for any length of time without giving way; always the same. It is also much lighter than any Improver that has hitherto been introduced, doing away with steels, so dangerous, and wadding, so impure. This novel invention is tastefully covered with strips of French hair, and other suitable materials. They are very inexpensive, and taking into consideration their durability, will be found the most economical and best Improver ever invented. Ask for the "SEMPER EADEM" PATENT CANE FOUNDATION DRESS IMPROVER, to be had of all respectable Drapers, &c.

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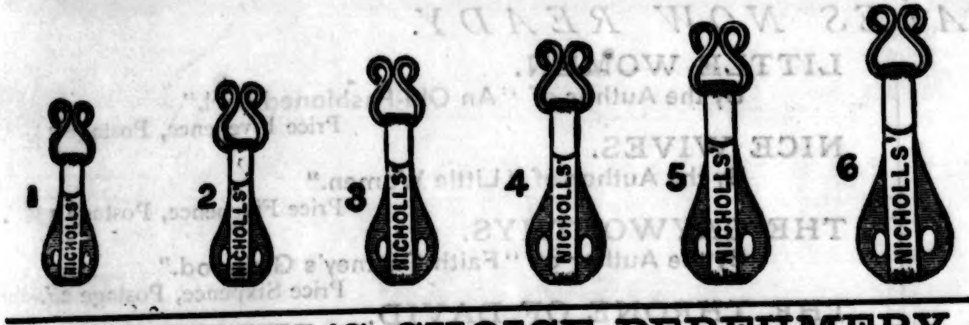

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***The only Perfectly Secure Hook and Eye yet Invented.***

**The Name of the Patentee, NICHOLLS, is stamped on each Hook.**

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⁂ *All fully Illustrated with Explanatory Diagrams and Designs for Working.*

[From "FIGARO," SEPTEMBER 11th, 1875.]

"'The Silkworm,' whoever that may be, deserves the gratitude of every married man and every bachelor in the kingdom for her little work on 'Elementary Needlework,' which has chanced to fall into our hands. And she deserves this gratitude, because, henceforth, a buttonless shirt, or a shirt from which the button falls at a touch, should be an impossibility. It has given us much sincere pleasure to read her (of course 'The Silkworm' is a lady) lucid instructions on the mode of sewing on buttons, illustrated with diagrams, aided by which the most uninitiated young bachelor can render himself independent of the unreliable help of his landlady, and a match for the almost fiendish malignity of his button-destroying washerwoman. As to the married man, he has only to expend a shilling on one of these little handbooks, present it to his wife, and henceforth demand as a right that every button shall be firm and true. It was this button business that especially took our fancy; but a young lady, who may, perchance, some day have the sewing on of our buttons to superintend, assures us that there is a lot of awfully useful information in the book besides. There are mysteries in plain linen, it is not for us to even attempt to unravel or allude to; but, in a general way, we may safely say, without a blush, that for hemming, sewing, stitching, felling, running, seaming, whipping, gathering, darning, folding, button-holing, looping, binding, cording, piping, stringing, tucking, gusseting, patching, mending, cutting, and the numerous other varieties of plain needlework, 'The Silkworm's' handbook gives most elaborate instructions."

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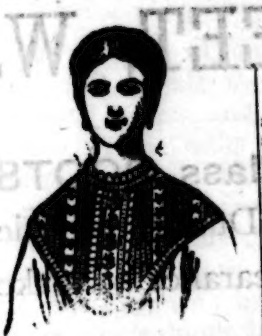
# BUY OF THE MAKERS, AND SAVE TWENTY PER CENT.



**LADIES' NIGHT DRESS.**—Horrocks's Longcloth, full size, 4s. 11½d. as design; extra quality, 5s. 11d.

**A USEFUL OUTFIT for £5.**

4 Universal Chemises, 2s. 6d.
2 Brighton ditto, 4s. 11d.
4 Pairs Drawers, tucked, 1s. 9½d.
2 Ditto, trimmed, 2s. 11d.
3 Universal Night Gowns, 3s. 11½d.
1 London ditto, 5s. 11d.
2 Longcloth Petticoats, 2s. 6d.
1 Petticoat, trimmed, 5s. 11d.
2 Camesoles, 2s. 6d.
2 Flannel Petticoats, 5s. 11d.
6 Cotton Hose, 1s. 0½d.
1 Corset, 3s. 11½d.
12 Handkerchiefs 6½d.
1 Dozen Linen Towels, 4s. 11d.

## CORSET LIST.

Many ladies are under the impression that to procure a really good and well-fitting Corset they must pay an exorbitant price. This is a fallacy, for with the present improvements in machinery, steam moulding, &c., as good shapes can be procured in low and medium priced goods as used to be procurable only in the Parisian makes, and the following numbers we have selected, from several dozens of shapes and qualities we have submitted to us, as the best shapes, quality, and value procurable in the several prices.

All Corsets 4d. extra by post.

The following numbers are a small selection from our leading makes of which list can be sent.

1. Jean, white or drab, with double busk, a good useful corset, for a low price, 1s. 11½d. per pair.
3. Satteen, white or drab, double busk, well boned, a superior finished corset, 2s. 11½d. per pair.
5. Coutille, drab or grey, Izod's steam moulded, single busks, perfect in shape, 4s. 6d. per pair.
7. Coutille, white or drab, double busk, steam moulded, a corset we can strongly recommend, 5s. 11d. per pair.
8. Italian cloth, black, scarlet, blue or white, Izod's steam moulded, boned from top to bottom, a lovely shape, and novel design, 6s. 11d. per pair.
11. Italian cloth, scarlet, black or white, with Izod's latest improvements, this is really the shape of shapes, and cannot be excelled, 9s. 6d. per pair.
15. French wove, a most suitable corset for young ladies, are very firm, 4s. 11d.
16. French wove, similar in shape to No. 15, but better material and finish, the corsets for young ladies verging upon womanhood, 5s. 11d. per pair.
17. Our noted French wove corset, excellent quality, embroidered, 4 bone, 10½ in. busk, equal in shape to the most expensive goods, 6s. 11d. per pair.
18. French wove, extra quality, 4 bone, 10½ in. busk, embroidered, very firm, 7s. 11d. per pair.
19. French wove, with our spatula busk. This corset is especially suited for reducing the figure and flattening the form to enable ladies to wear the new shaped bodices, busks 12½ to 13½ inches, to suit either short or tall ladies, 8s. 11d. per pair.
20. Spatula busk, French wove, embroidered, has all the excellent points of No. 19, better finished, and is extra stout, giving the greatest support possible, 10s. 6d. per pair.

## SPATULA CORSET

The most effectual corset that has yet been produced for improving the figure. Price 6s. 11d., 7s. 11d., 8s. 11d., 10s. 6d. per pair; each pair stamped E. A. & Co.'s Spatula. Sent by post for 4d. extra. List of other makes from 1s. 11½d. per pair.

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From the success attending the supply of our Carriage-paid Sample Sets, we shall continue to send, carriage paid, to any Railway Station, the following Goods:—

BUNDLE OF SIX CHEMISES, sent carriage paid, for 12s. 9d., 15s. 9d., 18s. 9d., 22s., 23s. 6d., 30s. 6d., 34s.

SIX PAIR DRAWERS, carriage paid, for 11s. 9d., 12s. 9d., 14s. 6d., 18s. 9d., 23s. 6d.

THREE NIGHT DRESSES, carriage paid, for 12s. 9d., 15s. 9d., 17s. 6d., 18s. 9d., 22s. 6d., 23s. 6d., 27s. 9d., 30s. 9d.

THREE LONG CLOTH SLIPS, carriage paid, for 8s. 6d., 11s. 6d., 14s. 6d., 17s. 6d., 21s. 9d.

SAMPLE SET OF UNDERCLOTHING, carriage paid, for 8s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 16s. 6d., 19s. 6d., 25s.

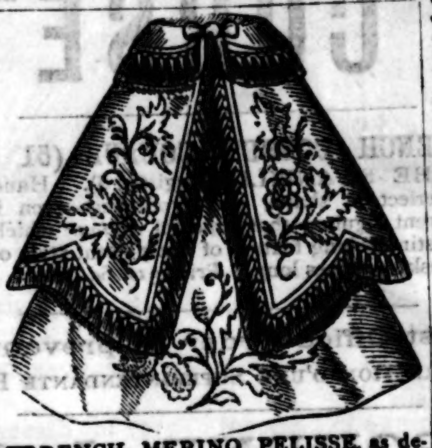
SAMPLE SET OF BABY LINEN, carriage paid, for 16s. 6d., 19s. 6d., 22s. 6d., 25s., 28s., 32s.

OUR CELEBRATED DRESSING GOWNS are now ready in all shades, from 6s. 11d. Patterns post free.

RUSSIAN HOMESPUN DRESSING GOWNS, suitable for Invalids or any person requiring warmth and durability, price 12s. 9d. and 14s. 9d.

SAMPLE CHEMISE, post free, 2s. 3½d., 2s. 10d., 3s. 3d., 3s. 10d., 4s. 1d., 5s. 3d., 5s. 10d.

SAMPLE DRAWERS, post free, 2s. 1d., 2s. 7d., 3s. 3d., 4s.



FRENCH MERINO PELISSE, as design, in any colour, silk embroidered, 21s.; post free, 6d. extra. Also from 15s. to 60s.

SAXONY EMBROIDERIES, from 2½d. per yard.

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GOOD NEEDLEWORK EMBROIDERY, 2s. 8d per dozen yards, post free.

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THE UNIVERSAL DRESS IMPROVER, 1s, or post free, 1s. 4d., the cheapest and best improver ever made.

ANY ARTICLE not made to order CAN BE EXCHANGED if not approved of.

CO-OPERATIVE TICKET-HOLDERS served at Co-operative terms.

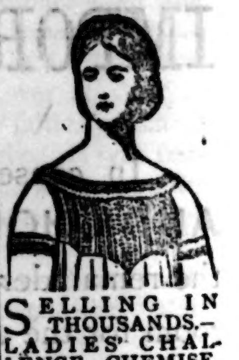
NEW PRICE LIST, containing Forty Illustrations, post free.

PATTERN BOOKS, post free.

TERMS—CASH ONLY.

*All Goods warranted perfect and of good Materials.*

Post Office Orders payable at Highbury, N.



**SELLING IN THOUSANDS.—LADIES' CHALLENGE CHEMISE,** made of Horrocks's Longcloth, with good Embroidery Trimmings, the cheapest article ever offered, 2s. 6d. each, or six for 14s. 9d.; sample, post free, 2s. 10d.; extra quality, 3s. 10d.

**INFANTS' LAYETTE.**

Containing fifty-seven articles, for 76s. 1d.

6 Shirts.
4 Night Gowns.
4 Monthly Gowns.
3 Day Blankets.
3 Night Blankets.
3 Long Slips.
2 Robes.
1 Robe, Embroidered Apron.
2 Head Flannels.
6 Bibs.
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3 Flannel Pilches.
12 Diapers.

57 articles for £3 16s. 1d.

***E. AVIS & CO., Ladies' Underclothing and Baby Linen Manufacturers, 213, Upper Street, Islington, N.***

# THE COPENHAGEN GLOVE,

In all Colours, for Ladies, in Single and Double Buttons. SINGLE BUTTONS, 2*s.* per pair. DOUBLE BUTTONS, 2*s.* 9*d.* per pair. THREE BUTTONED ditto (in Shades of Drab only), 3*s.* 3*d.* per pair.

# THE ACMÉ GLOVE,

In all Shades, for Ladies, Single and Double Buttons. ONE BUTTON, 2*s.* 9*d.* per pair. TWO BUTTONS, 3*s.* 3*d.* per pair.

*A great variety of all the newest Spring Shades now in Stock, and Ladies who have not yet worn these Gloves would do well to make a trial.*

The greatest care paid to all Letter-orders. Postage of Gloves, 1*d.* for one pair; 1½*d.* for two pairs, &c.; except where Post Office Orders are sent, when it may be deducted. P.O.O.'s payable at General Post Office. All orders must be prepaid, and they will be forwarded by return.

## JANNINGS & SON, 16, Fenchurch Street, London.

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# KNITTING SILK.

**IMPERIAL or ROYAL**, any colour, thick or thin, 1*s.* 6*d.* per oz. | **IMPERIAL TUSSORE** (undyed), thick or thin, 1*s.* per oz.

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The quantity required is 2 oz. for Socks, 4 oz. for Stockings, and 8 oz. for Vests. The Royal make is perhaps easier to knit, but is not quite so soft in wear as the Imperial.

# FILOSELLE, for CRETONNE WORK.

2*s.* per oz. of 8 skeins (all one shade); 2*s.* 6*d.* per oz. of 8 skeins (mixed shades); or per single skein, 4*d.*

*Best Quality only. More than 150 different shades of this Silk always in stock.*

**EMBROIDERY SILK**, 1*s.* 6*d.* per oz. of 14 skeins (all one shade); or 2*s.* per oz. of 14 skeins (mixed shades).
**SHADED EMBROIDERY SILK**, 6*d.* per oz. extra.
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**PURSE SILK**, 3*s.* per oz. of 14 skeins (all one shade); or 3*s.* 6*d.* per oz. of 14 skeins (mixed shades).

A single skein of the above at the following prices, viz.: Embroidery Silk, 2*d.*; Shaded Embroidery Silk or Purse Silk, 3*d.*; Church Embroidery Silk, 4*d.*

**Orders despatched by return of post to all parts of the United Kingdom.**

## *ADAMS & CO., Manufacturers, 5, New Street, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.*

**Discount to the Trade.**

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# IMPORTANT NOTICE.—86, OXFORD STREET, W.

In consequence of the great success attending **W. BIRD'S SALE of First-Class BOOTS AND SHOES,** it will be continued till the 19th August, when it will positively close. During the Sale the remainder of the Stock will be sold at still Greater Reductions in price. A speedy clearance to make room for the Autumn and Winter Goods.

*Terms: Cash, and No Discount. The Bespoke Department carried on as usual.*

## WILLIAM BIRD, Court Boot Maker, 86, Oxford Street, W.

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# SWANBILL CORSETS, *(Registered).*

**FRENCH CORSET (14 bis B.).—THE SWANBILL (Registered).**—A full deep Corset, especially for ladies inclined to *embonpoint.* The Swanbill is most effective in reducing the figure and keeping the form flat, so as to enable ladies to wear the fashionable vetements of the day; busk 13½ inches long. Price 14*s.* 6*d.* Finest Quality, 21*s.* Scarlet, 15*s.* 6*d.*

**FRENCH CORSET COUSUS (51 bis).—THE SWANBILL (Registered).** Hand made. Perfect in shape, and producing—even in indifferent figures—that graceful *contour* which is the distinguishing feature of the present style of dress; busk 13 inches long. Price 31*s.* 6*d.*

**FRENCH CORSET (60 M.), Registered.—"THE MAINTENON,"** admirably modelled, finest texture manufactured; richly embroidered, firmly boned, unbreakable busks; perfectly adapted to develop and preserve a graceful figure; length of busk 12½ inches. Price 18*s.* 6*d.*

**Send size of waist with Post-Office Order to prevent delay and inconvenience.**

SOUS LA DIRECTION D'UNE SUPERINTENDANTE PARISIENNE.

## Mrs. ADDLEY BOURNE, Ladies' Outfitter, &c.,

**37, PICCADILLY, opposite St. James's Church.**

**AND 76, RUE ST. LAZARE, PARIS.**

MYRA'S JOURNAL
OF
DRESS AND FASHION.

VOL. II.—No. 7.] AUGUST, 1876. [PRICE 3*d.*

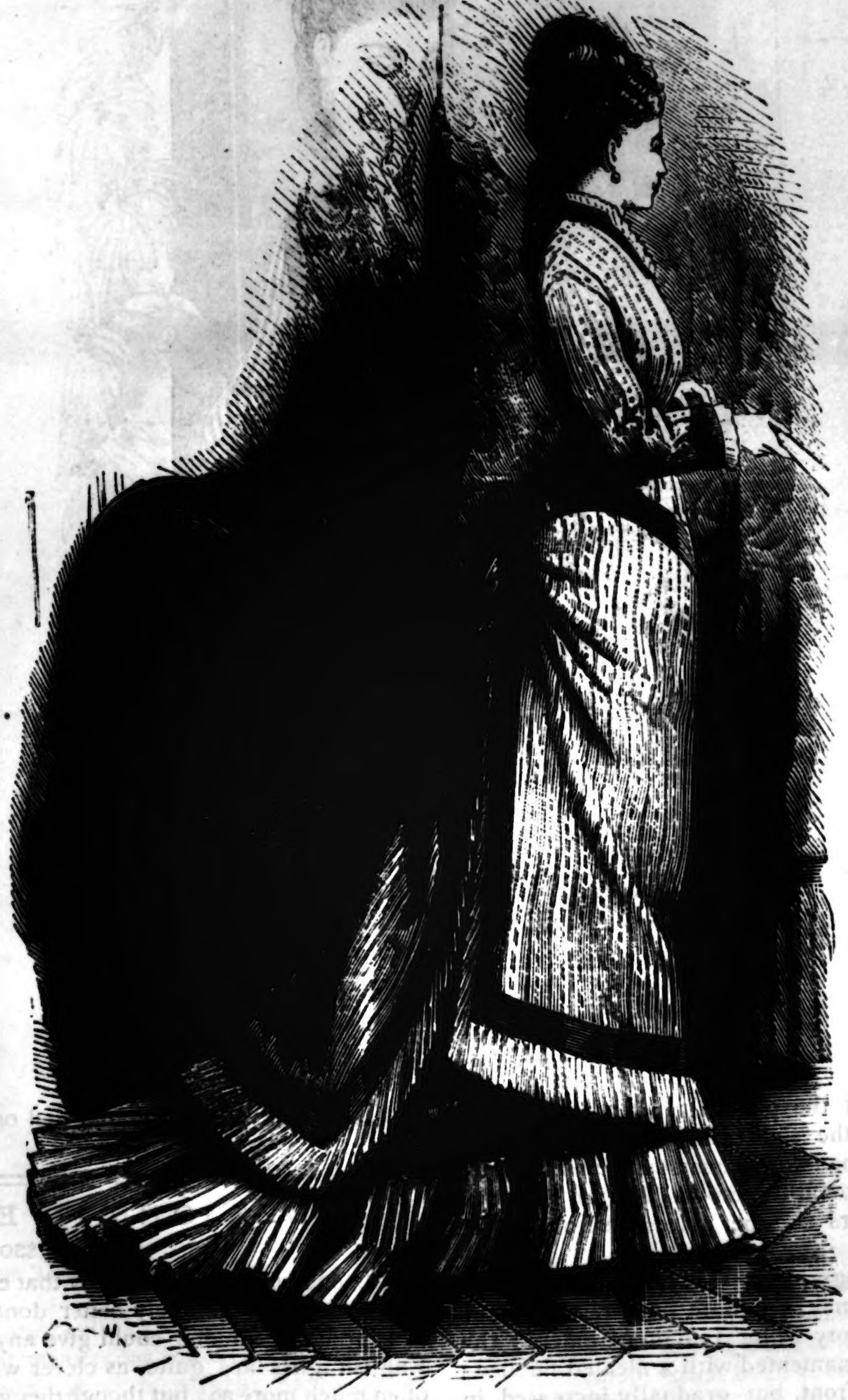
## DRESS AND FASHION IN PARIS.

EVERYBODY is beginning to ask the same momentous question: "Where shall we go this year?" and when once that has been satisfactorily answered, there follows another equally important one: "What shall we wear?" This is a matter that requires grave consideration; but the choice is not so very difficult, as all toilettes are now being made with a view to being displayed at some watering-place or other; and what is good for mineral waters is equally correct for the sea-side.

Undoubtedly the prevailing fashions are graceful and elegant; the long floating tunics and scarfs now worn are admirably suited in style to the materials with coloured stripes, and the satiny brocaded gauzes on an open lace or guipure ground, of which they are made.

As to novelty of cut, the Lauzun coat is all the rage now; coats, jackets, and waistcoats are all the order of the day for sea-side toilettes. Many of these are terribly eccentric, and remind one of the extraordinary costumes worn at the time of the Régence; but then there are others simple enough, made of black or coloured Sicilienne and trimmed with jardinière braid. This pretty new trimming consists of wreaths embroidered with silk on black velvet; the flowers are various: purple and violet carnations with dark foliage; shaded daisies, rose-buds of all shades, and large ox-eye daisies, also in all shades. This work is so beautifully done that it is quite like painting executed with a needle instead of a brush.

Red maintains its supremacy over all other colours; it is used in conjunction with sulphur, maize-colour, grey, but above and beyond all, with navy-blue; no blue toilettes are made now without red trimmings. Chapeaux feel the effect also of this fiery taste; wreaths of very dark navy-blue cornflowers are made, and scarlet poppies are mingled with them. But the very highest pinnacle of fashion is to have a red parasol. How delightfully soothing to the eyes an August sun glaring through a red parasol must be! Let those try it who will, but it is very doubtful whether one in a thousand will undergo such martyrdom for the sake of la mode. The parasols have one good point left, however; they are made large, and are often quite plain, or else trimmed with pleated frills or lace. But even with a blue and red dress, a blue and red chapeau, and a beautiful red parasol, the toilette is not complete unless there is a red fan hanging at the side. This fan is generally plain, with black wood mounts.



No. 160.—THE CLOTILDE COSTUME.
*Made-up Model, 5s. 6d.; Flat Pattern only, 2s. 9d.;* of Mesdames ADOLPHE and MARIE GOUBAUD, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

The want, perhaps, of a contrast to all this red and black and blue is the reason why white muslin, so dear to novelists, but which has been quite at a discount for the last few years, is now coming into favour again. A great many white muslin toilettes are being prepared for the seaside and the country. A charming tunic was made entirely of the finest open-work embroidery, so fine and light that it had quite the appearance of lace. This was to be worn over a skirt of caroubier red faille, which it covered entirely. It was fastened on one side with caroubier bows, and draped at the back with loops of caroubier faille.

Others again are being made of écru batiste, the skirt trimmed with three batiste pleatings headed by deep open-work insertion over blue faille. The skirt has an enormously long train, and the pleatings are arranged at the back to suit it. The tunic, which is also trimmed with two pleatings joining those on the skirt, is fastened at the side with blue ribbon. A semi-fitting casaque, made and trimmed in the same style, is worn with this toilette.

Polonaises are being much more worn than cuirasse bodices at present. They are either buttoned at the side or laced at the back in the endeavour to give them a little originality, but this method of making requires a perfect figure and an equally perfect cut; without these essentials, which are not too easy of attainment, the style is absolutely ugly.

Woollen fringes with two or more rows of tassels are the rage. Tablier fringe with several rows of tufts, Figaro fringe, Castilian and Moorish fringes, are all made in red to be used as trimmings on navy-blue dresses.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Catogan netting, which is also much in vogue, is made of wide silk braid in all colours—blue, pink, brown, black, and particularly the ever-recurring red. The net forms a head-dress with a large bow on the top of the head and another bow lower down.

It is a long time since any reference has been made to children's costumes, and a few remarks on the subject may be useful. Little boys up to six years of age generally wear pleated frocks, but after that age they may be put into trousers and jackets. The close trousers are buttoned at the side below the knee, and help to keep up the stockings, which should be coloured—blue, grey, brown, or red. The jacket is rather long, and rounded off to show the waistcoat underneath. It is fastened by a single button and ornamented with revers. After twelve years the trousers are worn quite long, down to the instep, the jacket is made to fit the figure, and the waistcoat is open.

Sailor costumes are still the most convenient and suitable for the seaside and the country, and are exceedingly pretty, made of white serge, and trimmed with sky-blue braid.

Very little girls are generally dressed in what are called English frocks, with broad faille sashes. Here again red is the favourite colour, and children look very well in it. Polonaises draped at the back look very well on rather older girls. A very pretty polonaise of cream-coloured transparent material is fastened crossways in front by five rows of very small mother-of-pearl buttons, with buttonholes to match on the side that crosses over. At the back the polonaise is open at the edge; the opening is crossed and buttoned by five rows of buttons in the same way as the front. The large pockets are also trimmed with buttons, as well as the sleeves, which have a small crossed parement. The whole vêtement is edged with embroidery.

The very best country costume that we know of for a young lady is one made of plain blue linen, edged with a deep bias band of velvet ton-sur-ton; a tunic, with light blue stripes on a dark blue ground, is taken in the width of the material; it nearly reaches the edge of the skirt, and is tied at the back with two shaped ends: one pointed, the other square; the tunic is trimmed with Torchon lace. The blouse bodice is made of the plain linen, and confined at the waist by a striped band, and the sleeves are also made of the striped linen. A wide-brimmed hat, made of coarse straw, and trimmed with a draping of dark blue velvet round the crown, is worn with this dress. A little bunch of wild flowers may be placed in front of the hat.

As weddings are constantly taking place, the following description of a bridesmaid's toilette may be both interesting and useful:—The dress was made of ivory-white Indian cashmere; the skirt, with a rather long train, was ornamented with a pleated flounce; this flounce was ten inches deep in front, but gradually increased in depth towards the back, where it attained a width of twenty inches. A little distance above the edge of the flounce, brown ribbon velvet was sewn on. The Princess tunic was buttoned at the back, and trimmed with brown velvet; the sleeves were plain, not very tight, but rather short, with velvet revers and frills of pleated crêpe lisse. The small velvet collar was slightly opened in front, and pleatings of crêpe lisse were placed inside. The costume was completed by a straw chapeau of the same shade as the toilette, with a wide brim, lined with brown velvet, and trimmed inside and out with a wreath of daisies and poppies.

What pen can describe the infinite variety of the shapes of chapeaux this summer, and the charming flowers and gauzes with which they are ornamented? No matter what material they are made of, whether fancy, coarse, or fine straw, the trimming remains the same; feathers, or a profusion of the freshest and prettiest flowers. Amongst these we have noticed shaded pink clematis and mignonette; the blossom of the lime tree, roses of all colours, heliotrope, violets, rosebuds, lilies of the valley, and bunches of black currants.

A chapeau that has been very much admired is raised in front, and has a curtain falling on the hair. Pink and straw-coloured feathers are mingled together on the crown; a draping of crêpe de Chine is fastened in the middle in front, crosses under the brim, is crossed again at the back on the curtain, and the two ends are then brought forward and loosely tied under the chin or at the side. This style of trimming is very stylish in pale pink, pale blue, purple, or orange colour.

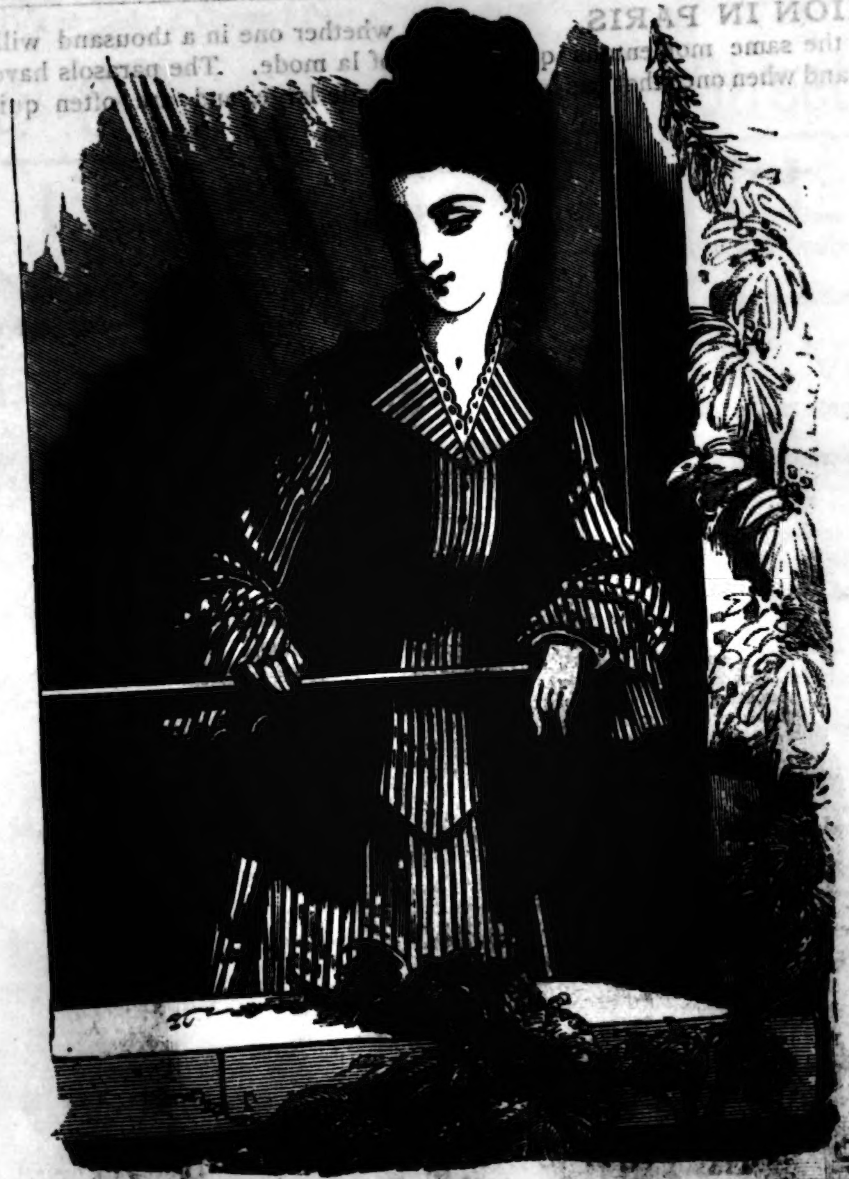
The Pifferari chapeau of coarse straw is very becoming to young faces; it is generally trimmed with cream-coloured faille ribbon, a spray of lime-tree blossom, and bunch of pink flowers. Loops of the ribbon and another spray of the same flowers fall from beneath the curtain.

A round straw hat is trimmed with brown cock's feathers, and a wide brown velvet scarf is folded round the hat and fastened by a clasp.

All the chaussures for the seaside and excursions are to be particularly dainty; we shall see our élégantes shod in pretty leather sabots, lined with pink or blue kid; the strap of the sabot will be made of leather, bound with kid. For those adventurous ladies who are not afraid to go fishing, there are boots made of canvas ornamented with yellow leather, and laced up the front of the foot.

Mountain excursions require the tourist boot, made of deer skin, with a cork sole. For indoor wear there are very nice shoes, made of ticking, with two straps across, and others of brown kid, with coloured ribbon, passed through the eyelet-holes, and tied on the instep.

MARIE GOUBAUD.



No. 161.—THE BELVAL JACKET BODICE.

*Made-up Model, 3s. 6d.; Flat Pattern only, 1s. 9d.;* of Mesdames ADOLPHE and MARIE GOUBAUD, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

## LESSONS IN EMBROIDERY.

### LESSON I.

No one will attempt to deny that embroidery—at least, white embroidery—is infinitely better done in France than it is in England, and probably no one could give any good reason why it should be so. English girls are quite as clever with their fingers as French girls—often much more so; but though they generally do all kinds of work—even plain sewing, which is more nearly akin to embroidery than any other work—remarkably well, their embroidery is, as a rule, too coarse and ill-done to be of much service to them when finished.

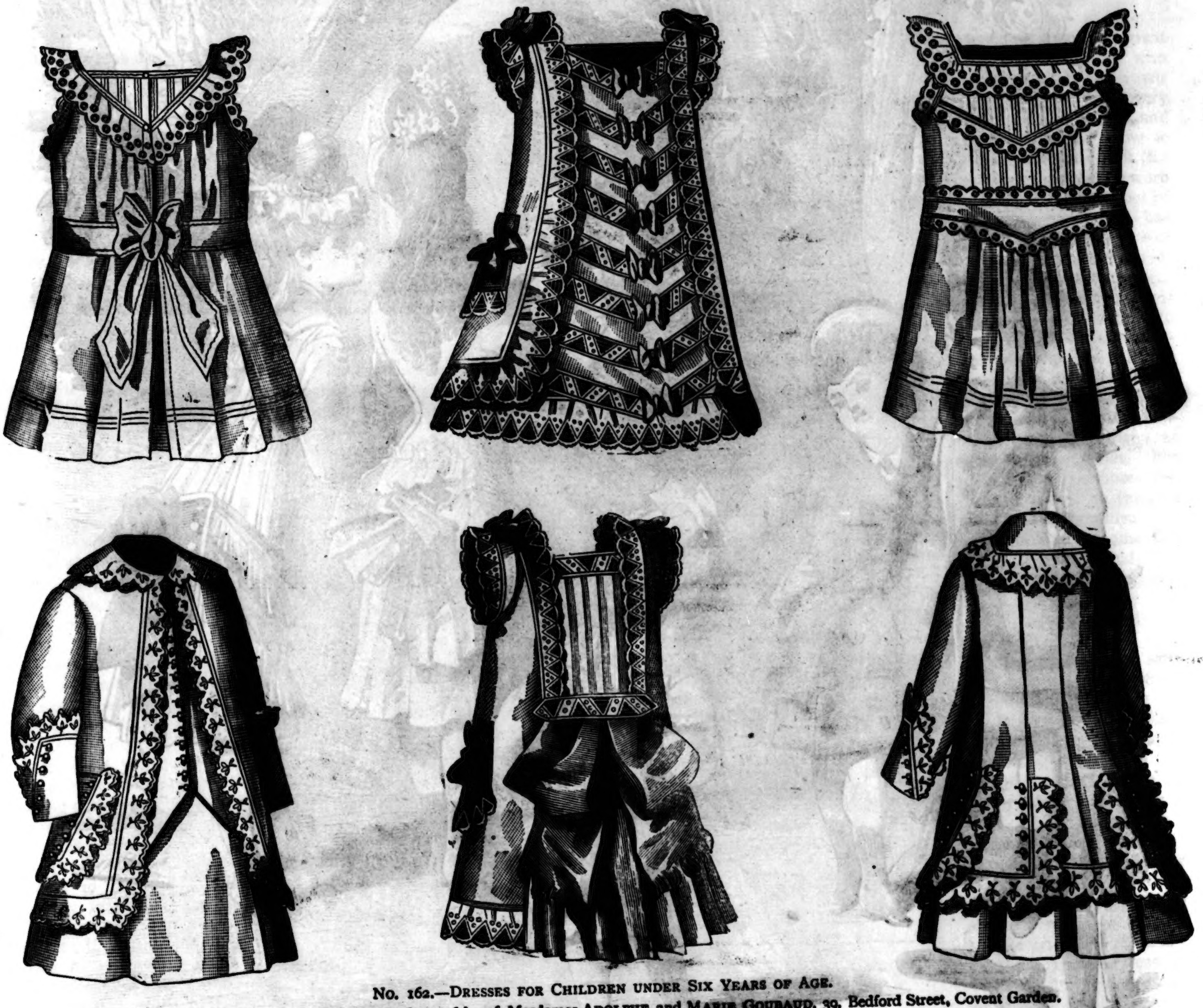
Much of this bad work proceeds from want of a proper system and instruction, and also from carelessness. In French schools embroidery is, or was, taught as regularly as French grammar, and the knowledge of one did not at all interfere with perfection in the other; and now that embroidery is so much used, both for the toilette and for decorative purposes, it is proposed to give a few simple directions as to the best manner of proceeding to work whenever a design for embroidery is given.

A few general rules to be observed are :—1. Always work on toile-cirée ; the oiled cloth—green on one side, and black on the other—is the kind meant ; it prevents the work from being drawn. 2. Never use very coarse cotton ; No. 8 of the French make (No. 24, Evan's) is coarse enough for ordinary work on cambric or linen, No. 14 or No. 16 for marking handkerchiefs in satin stitch, and No. 5 or No. 6 for such work as the designs in PARIS PATTERNS AND MODELS. 3. Never allow any good-natured friend to help you by "running" the pattern for you ; these good-natured friends have little regard for correctness of outline ; and what is it to them if they draw and pull the work out of all shape ? Nothing, of course ; but for you it means that the work will be spoilt unless you unpick all they have done. 4. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to warn anyone against buying the stamped-out strips of the commonest cambric, with the idea that anything like satisfactory work can ever be produced from them. It is waste of money to purchase such rubbish, and waste of time and cotton to work on it.

So much for the pattern. The design having been carefully traced on a sufficient length of linen, it must be tacked quite smoothly on to the toile-cirée ; care is required for this. It must not be strained too tightly, neither must there be any creases and folds caused by its being too loosely tacked on. The outline of the pattern is then traced, and this may be done with rather coarser cotton than is used for the rest of the work ; or, if it is wished to be very much raised, the cotton may be run over the lines a second, and even a third time, but always close together, that there may be one firm, even line to work over. All corners and points must be carefully traced, and the cotton must be quite smooth, neither too tight nor too loose. Tracing always requires great care, as the beauty and regularity of the work depend on the manner in which this is done.

Embroidery is worked in two stitches ; the first is a fine, even buttonhole stitch, the second is plain sewing or overcasting. This demands great care and the utmost regularity ; the stitches should be very close, and as even as possible. The buttonhole stitch is the easier method of the two, and looks more finished when the linen is cut away. The buttonhole stitch is, of course, always worked on the outer side of the scroll or pattern.

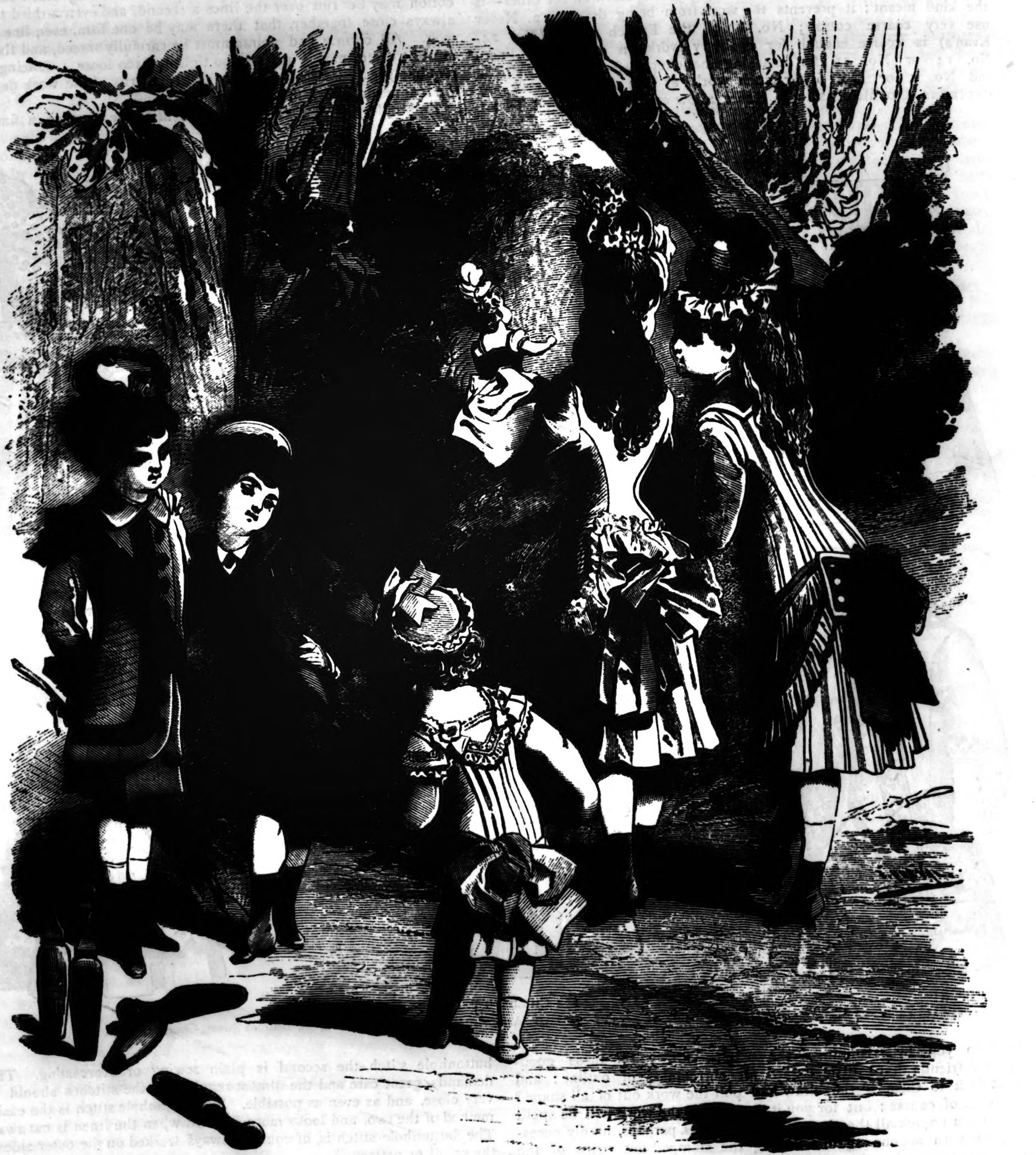
No knots are ever allowed in embroidery ; the cotton, both in finishing off and beginning, must be slipped along the line for a stitch or two, taking care not to make the line much thicker in doing so, and never, if it can be prevented, beginning a fresh needleful in the middle of a hole. When the embroidery is finished the linen is cut away at the edge with scissors, but it must first be taken off the toile-cirée. If the tracing and filling of scallops



No. 162.—DRESSES FOR CHILDREN UNDER SIX YEARS OF AGE.

*Made-up Model, 3s. ; Flat Pattern only, 1s. 6d. ;* of Mesdames ADOLPHE and MARIE GOUBAUD, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

are properly done, there will be no difficulty in making them a good shape. Then the largest scallops are traced in the same way. When coming to the points, work down the side of one scallop for a few stitches below where it joins the next one; then slip the thread to the end of the point, and work back on the other side over the whole of the points, as if it were only one line, and take the needle through the few stitches on the other side where the scallops join. In outer edges this strengthens the work, which is very apt to tear between the scallops, unless one side of the work is carried over and worked into the other it also makes the work neater as well as stronger.



No. 163.—Costumes for Little Boys and Girls.

*Made-up Models, 3s. 6d.; Flat Patterns only, 1s. 9d.*; of Mesdames Adolphe and Marie Goubaud, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

# SPINNINGS IN TOWN.

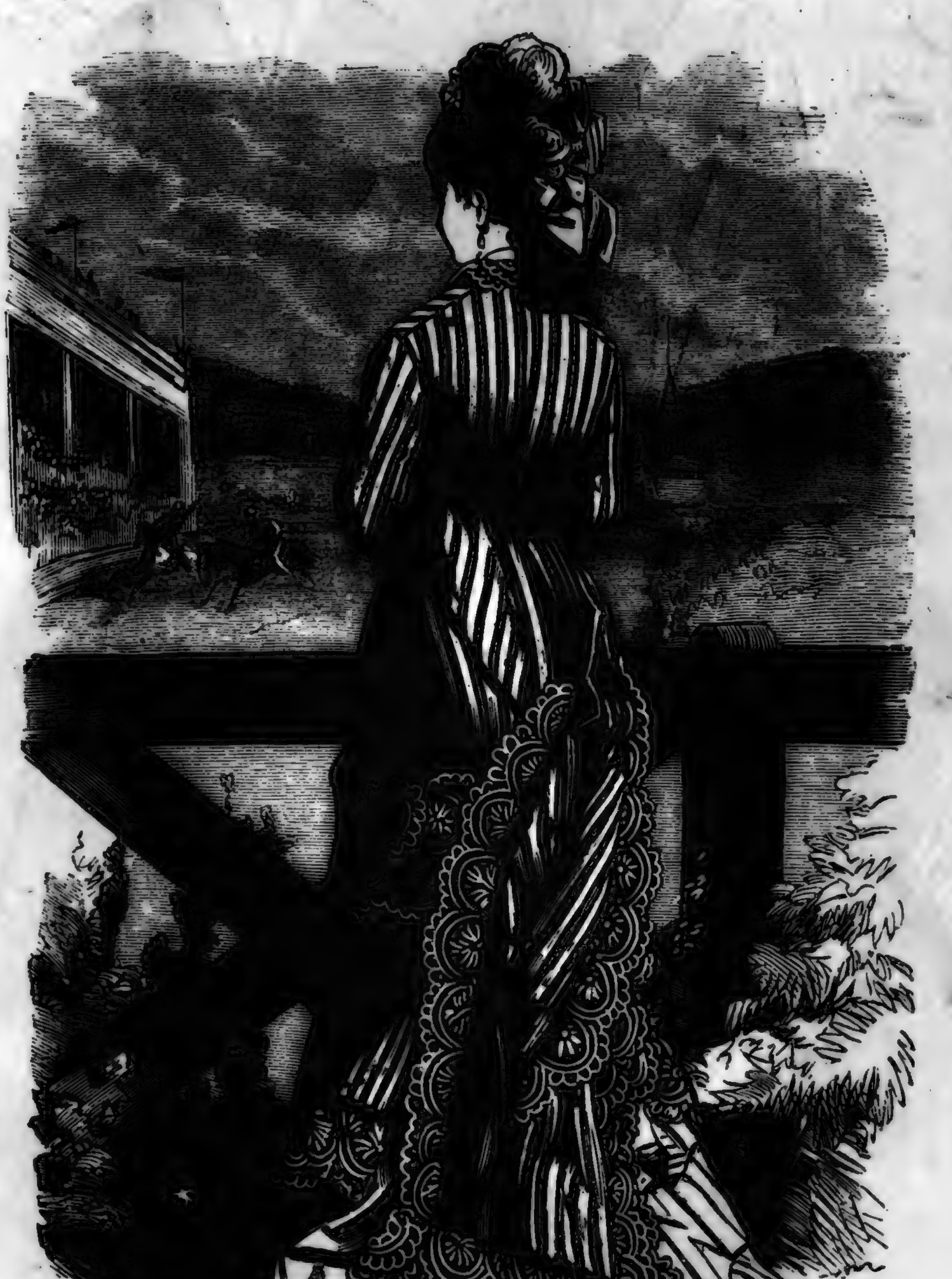
Sooth 'twere a pleasant life to lead,
With nothing in the world to do,
But just to blow a shepherd's reed
The silent season through,
And just to drive a flock to feed—
Sheep, quiet, fond, and few!

Pleasant to breathe beside a brook,
And count the bubbles—love-worlds—there;
To muse upon some minstrel's book,
Or watch the haunted air;
To slumber in some leafy nook—
Or idle anywhere.

And then a draught of nature's wine,
A meal of summer's daintiest fruit
To take the air with forms divine;
Clouds, silvery, cool, and mute;
Descending, if the night be fine,
In a star-parachute.

Give me to live with love alone,
And let the world go dine and *dress*;
For love hath lowly haunts—a stone
Holds something meant to bless.
If life's a flower, I choose my own—
'Tis "Love in Idleness!"—*Laman Blanchard.*

SOME persons are more capable than others of sustained effort and prolonged exertion. These qualities cannot be reckoned among my personal virtues, for although I do not at all mind working hard—very hard—when I am in the humour for it, yet to go on day after day, all the year round, is by no means to my taste. The warm weather, too, makes one lazy (if anyone can be called lazy over whom MYRA has the slightest influence); and I own to preferring a game in the hay with Tots to all the delightful feelings of complacency which a well-spent working day brings. My conscience, however, always enjoins me to take some needlework out with me—darning, generally, of which a considerable portion falls to the share of all mothers blessed with bouncing boys; but I shall not state whether I bring the work in completed or not. *C'est mon affaire!*



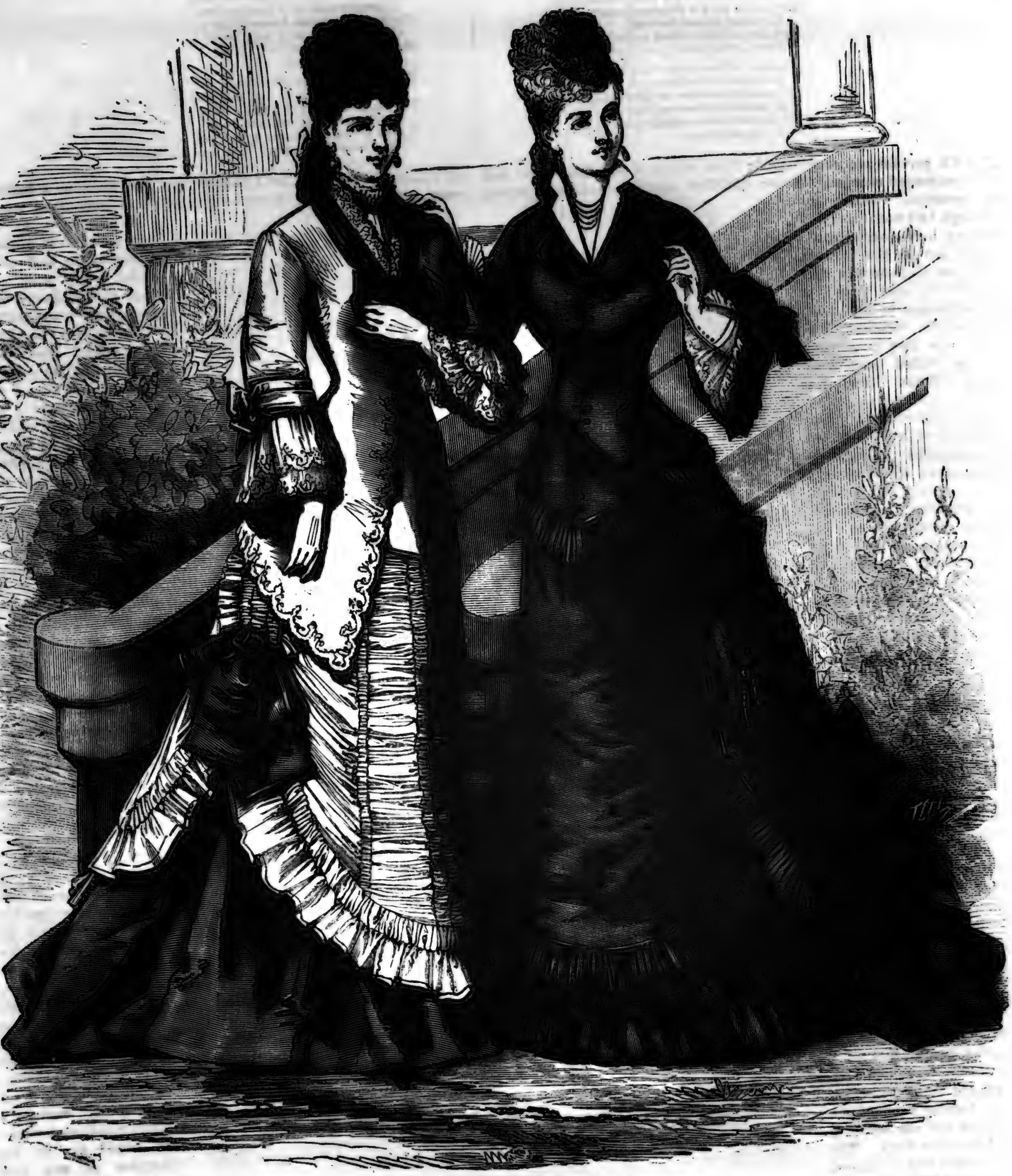
No. 164.—The Jacqueline Toilette.
*Made-up Model, 5s. 6d.; Flat Pattern only, 2s. 9d.*; of Mesdames ADOLPHE and MARIE GOUBAUD, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

Darning is a task which if left to servants is, with few exceptions, badly done; indeed, fifty out of a hundred *ladies* do not, or will not, darn in the good old style of "every other thread," making darning as beautiful as embroidery, and every vêtement so repaired a credit to the mender, a triumphant witness to her carefulness and her patience. But in this age of hurry and flurry, of crowding into a few hours the work which would have occupied our grandmothers for a week, in the whirl and excitement of our lives, the gentle arts of a quiet life are very often overlooked, and the restful effect of the darning-needle upon our bodies and our minds is absent from our lives. The piles of socks and stockings, the half-worn linen, represent duties unfulfilled, work to be got through as soon as possible, or to be deputed to hired hands.

Darning is likely, in the high pressure of the age, to become a "lost art," but the necessity for good darning will remain when the workers are few and far between. I hail with delight, therefore, the appearance of a darning machine, for I believe that this machine supplies a great want, and will relieve many over-worked conscientious women who still hold it to be their bounden duty to darn every thin place, and to toe and heel every sock. How to do this essential work (for repairing places before worn into holes is the very root of household economy) has puzzled me for years. Not a stocking have I repaired, not a sock have I mended, but the question of a darning machine has come into my mind, and I have exercised my brain in thinking how such a machine should act. The enormous amount of labour saved by the sewing machine has given us much leisure, but, like Oliver, we want more—leisure in which to improve our minds and cultivate the arts which make home pleasant; leisure to study and to practice new receipts; leisure for the preparation of à la mode beef and à la mode dresses. The darning machine is most satisfactory to my mind, because it solves the question of how the repairing thread is to be taken through the threads of a stocking; and though the darning machine is in its infancy, yet it is surprising to find how much ordinary darning can be got through by its aid; in two minutes and a half a hole the size of a two-shilling piece is darned.

The price of the darning machine is two guineas. It can be adjusted to any table, or to the sewing machine table. Improvements, such as adjustable dies of various sizes to suit various work, are in hand, and these can be added to the present machine at any time at moderate prices. The machine will presently be furnished with changeable sets of needles. The present size needles are of medium size, suitable for both wool and cotton, and capable of doing all ordinary work.

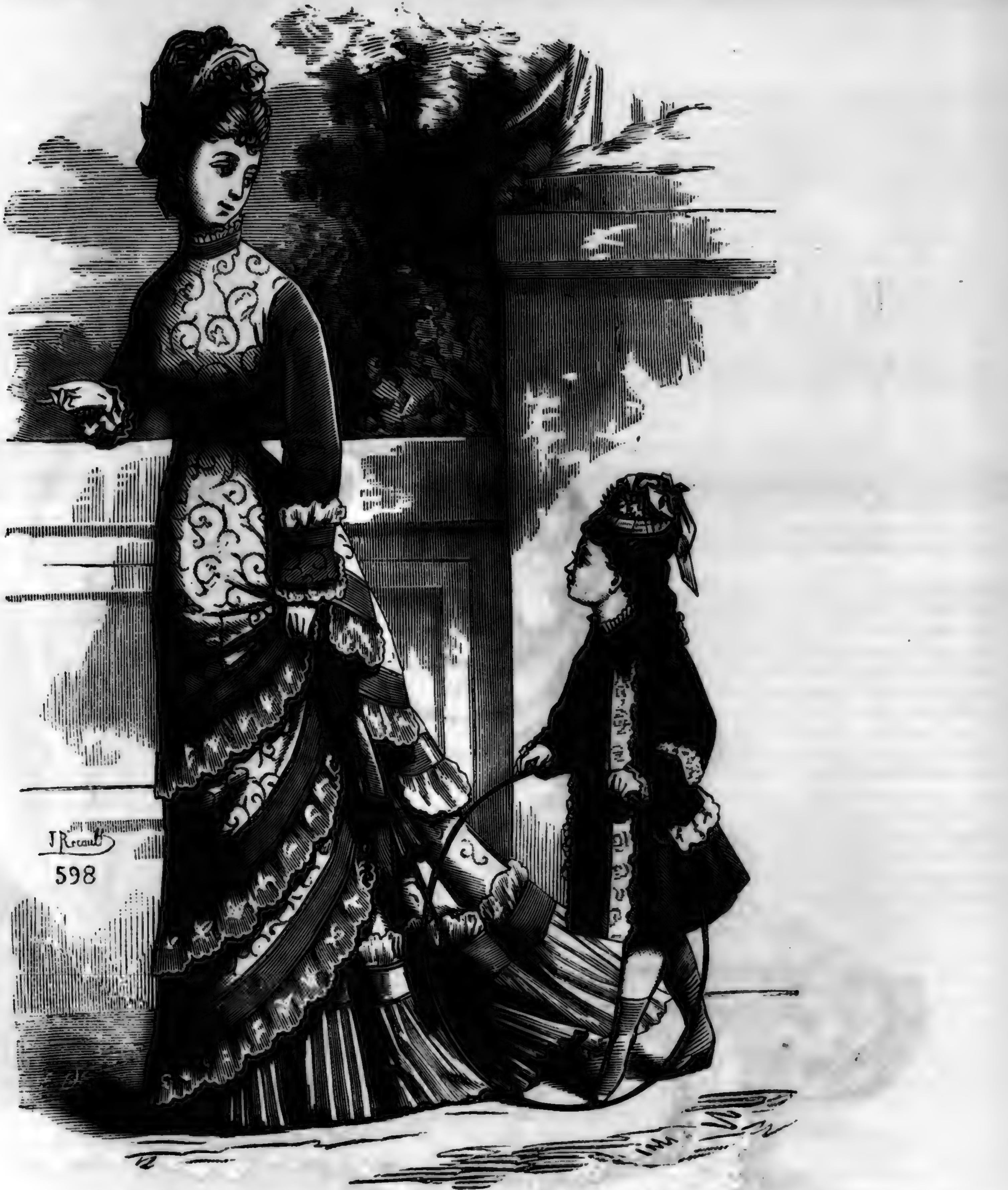
One of the great advantages of this machine is that it patches admirably; the legs of worn stockings, or good pieces of woven underclothing, can be employed to piece worn garments. The patch should be a little larger than the hole, and in applying it the needles should be run one way only, and the darning left uncrossed. Thin places also only require darning one way.



No. 165.—THE MOLDA COSTUME AND GINETTA TOILETTE.

*Made-up Models, 5s. 6d.; Flat Patterns only, 2s. 9d.;* of Mesdames ADOLPHE and MARIE GOUBAUD, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

The suggestions and instructions for working the darner tell us:—"A very common question is, What do you do with a hole larger than the dies? The answer is—1. When a darner has been once set up in a house, holes will not be allowed to get so large as a die. 2. In the average of cases now, the majority of holes are not so large as the die and this ascertained fact fixed the size of the *standard*. 3. If the hole is larger than the die one way only—as very often happens, especially in flannel underwear—it is easily managed in *sections*; beginning at one end and running first across the narrow way once and again, and then inserting the needles at the centre of the work and running them out first toward one end and then toward the other. An observant operator will soon discover that by thus doing her work in *sections* she can mend a hole of any length." When the hole is larger than the die both ways, it must be drawn together as we always do very large holes or gaping rents before darning them. Any kind of cotton yarn, thread, wool, or silk can be used on the darner. The operation of working the darner is admirably simple. A handle or "crank" is turned, which throws a row of needles through the stocking, which is held tightly in a die; then the needles are threaded by means of a flat needle-threader, which passes through the eyes of all the needles in one movement, and brings the thread through the eyes as it is drawn back; the end of the thread is knotted and slipped into the first tooth of the tension-bar, which is not unlike a tiny comb; the thread is then drawn over every one of the teeth and all the threads drawn straight and even, then the crank is reversed, and the needles drawn back until the looped ends of the darning cotton or silk are just visible on the tension-bar side of the die; the needles are brought forward once more by turning the crank, then reversed, which last movement cuts the thread off neatly as if by a pair of scissors. To cross the darning the work is turned at right angles, so that the first worked series of threads run across the die; repeat the operation, and the darn is completed. I omitted to state that the needles have eyes near the points, resembling in this respect sewing machine needles. The darner will be found of great general utility, and will relieve many an over-worked mother of one of her heaviest

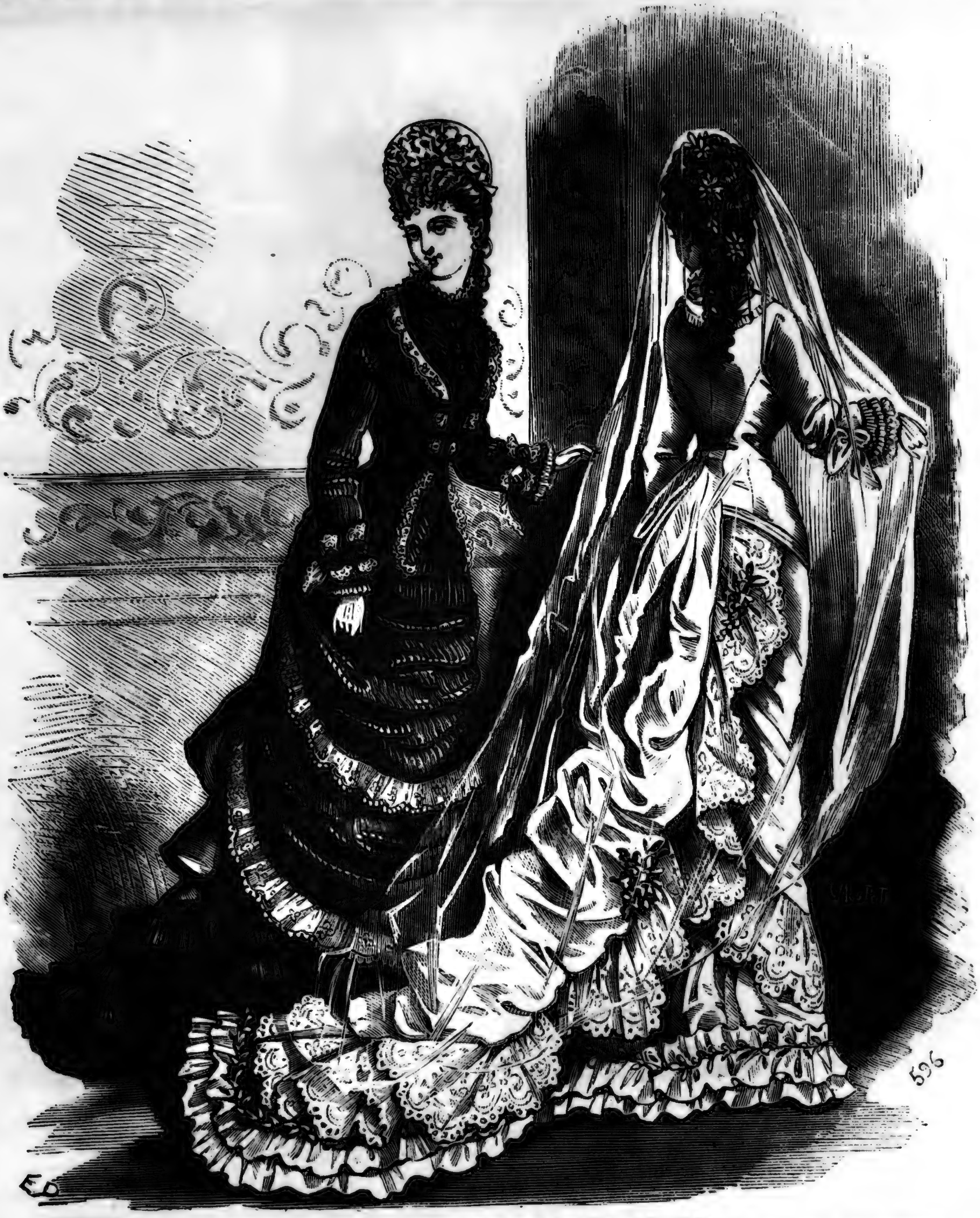


NO. 166.—THE ABEILLE COSTUME AND MICHON DRESS.

*Made-up Models, Fig, 1, 5s. 6d.; Fig. 2, 3s. 6d.*; *Flat Patterns only, half price*; of Mesdames ADOLPHE and MARIE GOUBAUD, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

labours—keeping the socks and woollen underclothing in good repair. The darner is to be obtained only of the Wanzer Sewing Machine Company or their agents. This company's machine, the "Little Wanzer," is too well known to need any description; it is a most handy little lock-stitch machine. Like all other machines it has been greatly improved, and more room is given under the needle arm, an improvement which is most valuable, in my opinion. The price is £4 10s., instead of £4 4s., the original price of the "Little Wanzer." It can be worked by hand, or foot if a table is purchased with it.

I am pleased to introduce Normandy Screens to the notice of my readers. Although intended for bedroom use, they can be well employed in the dining-room or library of ordinary middle-class households, if furnished with curtains to match the hangings of the room in which they are placed. Normandy Screens are made of polished deal,



No. 167.—THE BERTRADE TOILETTE AND BRIDAL COSTUME.

*Made-up Models, 5s. 6d.; Flat Patterns only, 2s. 9d.;* of Mesdames ADOLPHE and MARIE GOUBAUD, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

imitation ebony, and also in birch, mahogany, or ash. They are light and elegant, and look especially pretty trimmed with curtains of cretonne or muslin, lined with colour. They are made in three-leaf screens, in the following sizes:—4ft. 6in., 5ft., 5ft. 6in., and 6ft. high; but any size can be had at proportionate prices of Messrs. Heal & Son, 195, Tottenham Court Road.

The Normandy Screens will be found particularly useful in bedrooms where two or more young people share the same room; the screen forms a partition, and secures the privacy of a dressing-room. It can be folded in a moment, and stood close to the wall, so as to secure a free circulation of air at any time when required. A great number of houses are without commodious dressing-rooms, while the bedrooms are very large and airy; and in cases like these the Normandy Screen makes a complete dressing-room, and is a great comfort to both occupiers of the bedroom. In large rooms two or more screens can be placed. At proportionate prices curtains may be had, which should correspond, as I have said, with the other hangings of the room. The Normandy Screen can also be used as a mount for pictured screens, the bars framing a series of pictures very prettily. Tots is most anxious to have one to be *his* dressing-room, that Babs may not see him washed, but was made very happy with a towel-horse and a bath-sheet, which impromptu screen came to grief through Babs climbing up it to peep over. There is no end to the tricks of these urchins!

The said bath-sheet reminds me that Messrs. Gask & Gask are selling very large bathing-sheets at 4*s*. 9*d*. each; they are of that nice soft white bath towelling, with red borders, which wears so well. I bought some at their sale; for although I do not approve of buying anything and everything that is marked cheaply, yet when one wants anything, and it is offered below the ordinary price, it is well to close with the offer. Numerous sales began in July, and the low prices are likely to continue throughout August—an advantage to ladies coming up from the country, as London apartments (and London prices in general) are then considerably lowered in cost.

Messrs. Gask & Gask have some charming bathing-dresses, which are selling at 9*s*. 6*d*. each; they are union dresses, and are most suitable for swimming and diving. The fabric is blue serge, the trimming red braid and white buttons. A neat strap for carrying the dress, towels, &c., is included in the price mentioned. Beach costumes at 29*s*. 6*d*. the dress are also shown for young ladies. Matrons and all stout figures should bathe in the blouse and pantalon costume, which costs, it is true, a little more, but is more suitable for them on entering, and emerging from, the water.

Great facilities for cleaning dresses without unpicking are offered by what is called "French cleaning"—a process now used by all the best dyers and cleaners. Messrs. J. Pullar & Son, the North British Dye Works, Perth, have depôts and receiving houses in London, Birmingham, Brighton, Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Hull, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stirling, Dublin, and Belfast. French cleaning, when properly carried out, is invaluable for expensive fancy materials, not only for dresses, mantles, and confections, but for curtains, furniture, and trimmings. Dresses, mantles, and jackets, however much trimmed, flounced, or braided, may be French cleaned made up. This is a process of dry cleaning, and no part of the linings or trimmings need be removed; the goods are not shrunk, the lustre and finish are preserved, the most delicate colours are not injured; and although the cost of cleaning is about one-half greater than by the ordinary method, all expense of making up is saved: this applies to velvet-trimmed dresses also. Cloth cloaks and silk-lined jackets can be cleaned by the French process, but velvet mantles and all velvet dresses and jackets must be unpicked to get the pile properly raised. Silks and satins and silk and satin ribbons can be cleaned by this process, and the colours preserved. White silks and white satins may be cleaned to look well, and can be restored to nearly their original brilliancy, but require to be unpicked. Velvets can have the pile raised without dyeing. Velveteen, on the contrary, can be done made up, unless heavily trimmed. Messrs. Pullar & Sons send out books of directions and information respecting every detail of dress, mantle, and furniture dyeing and cleaning. The North British Dye Works have extensive machinery erected for every kind of cleaning, and therefore they possess the great advantage of being able to clean without unpicking dresses.

Cash's Patent Cambric Frillings are loom-made at Coventry, and may be distinguished from imitations by the trade-mark of three spires, as well as by their superior appearance and wear. They are free from dress, and wash and iron admirably. The plain frilling is my favourite trimming for children's underclothing; the narrow widths are suitable for all the various vêtements of "baby." The lace-edged frillings wash admirably. The imperial, lily, and three spires patterns I have used personally and in my nurseries, and can confidently speak of the merits of all three; but the double cord twill is quite new to me; it has two drawing cords, the upper one of which is, when drawn up and sewn on the material, to be finished by coral or other fancy stitching. Cambric ribbons are of the same quality as the plain cambric frillings, and make excellent strings for white dressing-gowns, infant's robes, hats, &c. The drawing cord of the cambric frilling renders the work of trimming underclothing perfectly simple and easy. When one has neither to hem nor gather a frill, the work is certainly not a great strain on our powers, bodily or mental.

Some friends of mine have found so much benefit in their nursery by the use of Dr. Nestle's milk powder, that I feel many will be glad to know of it (depôt, 7, Barbican, London, E.C.). It is a substitute for mother's milk which appears to answer perfectly. Many a sweet infant has been lost for want of an easily digested substitute for nature's fountain, and by over-nutrition or semi-starvation in consequence of the irregular condition of the milk supplied.

Dr. Nestle's manufactory is at Vevey, Switzerland. One ounce of milk powder to ten ounces of water gives milk of an agreeable taste and good composition. The infant gets it in its bottle, always fresh, and at the temperature of the body (98° F.). This mixture is sufficient for an infant of one to two months. Children of three to four months should take two ounces of powder to ten ounces of water, and children of five to six months, this quantity twice a day; older ones three times a day. Of course there exists no definite fixed quantity for all cases; as to the proportion and repetition of these quantities one must be guided by the appetite and digestive powers. At Vevey, mothers often combine the use of the milk powder while nursing, it they have not enough milk, and are obliged to devote a great part of the day to their occupations. A sample tin costs 1*s*. 3*d*.

No fear or anxiety need disturb the mother who can prepare the powder as required for her darling; indeed, the pretty pair who have been entirely fed upon Dr. Nestle's food do such credit to the doctor that we call them the "Nestlings."

Mr. Bird, of Oxford Street, is making a shoe for the beach and seaside called the yachting shoe, the price of which is 10*s*. 6*d*. The shoe is adapted for the decks of yachts, and for the pier, promenade, &c. The guinea boot of the same maker will suit ladies for travelling; and Mr. Bird will make to order linen boots for warm climates, and for the beach. Instead of ladies deferring the purchase of these important articles of the toilette until they are actually at the sea-side, they should have a well-made shoe in their travelling box ready to put on; and as a really pretty foot is shown to advantage on rock or shingle, on sand, or stepping in and out of a boat, the chaussure for the sea-side demands extra care, and old town-worn boots, which too often disgrace a pretty sea-side toilette, should never be taken to the sea-side to be finished.

A real boon to those whose hair is falling off is Muddiman's Spanish Wash, which cleanses, thickens, and prevents the hair from falling off. It is applied with a sponge. The roots of the hair are well wetted; the hair should then be brushed, and will be found to be left as clean as if washed with egg and soft water. It is sold in pints at 5*s*., in half-pints, 2*s*. 6*d*., by A. P. Muddiman, Leighton Buzzard.

Our readers will remember my speaking of the excellent longcloths and calicoes of another inhabitant of Leighton Buzzard, Mr. Williamson, who introduced the leather-make unbleached longcloth, some new patterns of which are now before me. A peculiarly fine make of longcloth has been expressly made for the écru dresses so much in vogue; it is durable and economical, being only 8½*d*. per yard. I consider it most advantageous for ladies' and children's dresses; and I think it would look very pretty if made into costumes for children, trimmed with cordings of Turkey red, or hair-cord blue, which ruches well; or trimmed with Excelsior embroidery, which Mr. Williamson also sells, and which is an admirably durable trimming for children's dresses. Some excellent twills and plain longcloths are amongst the patterns, which I mention because the month of August is a favourite season for "plain" work, as a great many ladies while away idle hours on the shore with white seaming—a work which cannot be spoilt by the sea or air, and which is enlivened by the sights and sounds around one.

SWISS MADEIRA WORK is the name of a new embroidery, closely resembling Madeira work in pattern and beauty of work, but far cheaper than that well-known embroidery. Mrs. Addley Bourne is using the Swiss Madeira work very extensively for her outfits and trousseaux; and some very elegant patterns cost 1*s*. and 1*s*. 6*d*. per yard, and edgings are sold at 6½*d*. and 9½*d*.

Mrs. Addley Bourne is selling a pretty dressing-gown, with hood, for drawing over the head when going to the bath-rooms at hotels while travelling, &c.; for one does not always care to be recognised when not *coiffée*. This dressing-gown is made of grey twill, trimmed with colours, and the price is 35s., or it can be had in white brilliantine, trimmed with colours, at the same price. French camisoles, very neat and pretty, are now selling at 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. Boys' and girls' pocket-handkerchiefs ready hemmed, with or without coloured borders, cost 4d. to 6d. apiece.

I am inundated with letters of thanks for having mentioned Strachan's Corn Plasters. Now, really, I cannot take credit for this discovery, which was accidental, and through a friend happening to mention the wonderful specialities of the Gosport garrison chemist, so, as I had been charged by MYRA to try to utilize my holiday for the interests of our readers, I inquired into the matter, and found that the present proprietor (Mr. P. H. Mason) enjoys the reputation of possessing wonderful recipes, both old and new. A hair-restorer and hair-wash, a depilatory, a bloom for the cheek, a freckle and sunburn remover, a pain-curer (Captene), a corn-plaster of magic powers (I don't mind owning I had a corn, now it is cured by these said plasters), and a variety of tooth-powders and tooth-brushes; but the crowning gem of all my discoveries is—you will never guess it, dear ladies, so I may as well tell you—"Elbow Grease" —a furniture polish which upon simple application to furniture produces a superb polish, recalling "the days that are no more," when good housewives rubbed up the furniture for an hour daily. Modern matrons know not "elbow grease." As a correspondent remarked, it is a lost recipe; but Mr. Mason appears to have produced a most excellent substitute in his "Elbow Grease." It is sold in bottles at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., and, as a very little of it goes far, it is by no means an expensive luxury; for it is a luxury to have one's furniture feel clean and polished under one's touch, and to know that the lightest silk will not be marked by a chair back which has been rubbed with this excellent polish; No. 25, High Street, Gosport, is Mr. Mason's address, but his specialities can also be had in London and (by order) of any chemist.

I have received a charming present, with which I am delighted—a perfect gem!—the highly-finished coloured photograph of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, who now bears the title of the "Stolen Duchess." It is to the London Stereoscopic Company that I am indebted for this faithful representation of Gainsborough's celebrated picture, which I have had framed, for I cannot shut the lovely face within the pages of an album. The coloured cartes of this beautiful woman are sent by post for 24 stamps; the coloured cabinet portrait for 5s. The portraits are packed in boards; and the same portrait, a transparency for magic lanterns, is 2s. if plain, and 5s. coloured; these are packed in boxes and sent post free for 3d. by the London Stereoscopic Company, 54, Cheapside. The portrait, besides being a work of art and a faithful miniature of the celebrated picture, is also a fashion plate wherein one may see the "Gainsborough Hat" to perfection, as well as a certain cunning mode of wearing a fichu and a form of sleeve which furnish hints upon artistic dress which will not be thrown away upon my readers.

Mothers cannot be too careful in what they say before their children: of this I have lately had an example. I pointed out to nurse, while passing through Waterloo Station, an advertisement of Judson's Dyes, and said, "We will get a bottle of blue dye, and dye Master Tots' white alpaca dress." Tots heard in silence. When the bottle was bought, he uncorked it, and applied himself to dyeing the dress *while in wear*, so we found a "Blue Boy" much prettier, *selon moi*, than Gainsborough's celebrated work. But the dress was not spoilt, for it was put into a water bath, more dye added according to the directions on a fresh bottle, and turned out a success after all, to Tots' joy, who believes that to his own exertions he owes his pretty dress, instead of to the wonderful dyes of Mr. Judson.

Few novelties in dress court our notice, which is fortunate, as I do not feel at all inclined to stay an hour in London longer than necessary, preferring my pleasant hammock, slung in the cool shade of the elms, by the banks of the rippling little Clattern, to the busy streets, with all their temptations of cheapness, at the finale of the season.

I conclude this letter as I began it. All people are not capable of working all the year through. Amongst this number I regret to say, dear ladies, is

**THE SILKWORM.**

P.S.—I forgot to mention that Mons. Rimmel's Ocean Soap is the only soap that will really lather in the sea, while his white Glycerine Soap is the best for river water. Mons. Rimmel, always careful of our comfort, has introduced two novelties for August, the Traveller's Toilet Flask for eau-de-Cologne, and the Rural Fan for hanging to the girdle. As usual with all Mons. Rimmel's novelties, both flask and fan are as useful as they are pretty.

## NOVELTIES AT LES GRANDS MAGASINS DU LOUVRE, PARIS.

THE coloured rugs that have been coming into use the last year or two are, fortunately, undergoing considerable modifications as to colour; some specimens sent from the Grands Magasins du Louvre are excellent in quality and colouring. A good white rug, with rather narrow red stripes, costs from 18s. to 24s. 6d., depending on the size; while a very thick one of a similar kind costs from 27s. to 45s. Capital rugs, with groups of narrow blue stripes, are made for small or large beds. The smaller size, 2 yards 12 inches in length, and nearly 2 yards wide, costs 25s., and the larger size is 35s.; these are nearly 3 yards long and 2½ wide. Soft, thick cotton rugs, with a beautifully silky surface, are much cheaper, beginning, in the smallest size, at 7s. 6d., while in the largest size they only cost 14s.; but the newest and prettiest of all are the silk and cotton Egyptian shawls or counterpanes, with coloured stripes in blue, brown, and red, and broad white stripes between. These are wonderfully effective, and very inexpensive; for the largest sized counterpane, 3 yards long and 2½ yards wide, is only 12s. 8d. All these counterpanes or blankets are made in three sizes and three qualities, and all woollen ones are bound with braid or blue or red ribbon. Wadded counterpanes are also made, covered with all kinds of material, from modest cretonne at 9s. the quilt, up to costly satin, lined with silk and stuffed with swan's-down, at as many pounds.

Some of the new materials for curtains and portières are curious. One of those called "Toile Véronèse" is very inexpensive, but hard and stiff; it is made of écru thread, so coarse as to almost resemble twine. These curtains have a broad brown and scarlet border. The Emir cloth for portières is also very thick, but not so stiff, and made of cotton; the ground colour is a creamy white, with dull red and black stripes, about half an inch wide. These portières are supplied ready to put up, and edged with fringe, at prices varying from 13s. 6d. to 19s., according to the length of the curtain.

The prices of coloured linens—those most useful of washing dresses—are much reduced. No one who has once tried these linens for children's summer frocks will admit that anything else washes or wears half so well.

Bathing dresses are about the only costumes that undergo no change. The present style of making them with blouse and trousers is so good and sensible that it would be difficult to improve upon it. The material used for the purpose in France is called anacoste. It is made in black and blue, and is thinner and lighter than the serge generally used in England. The costumes are trimmed in different ways with coloured braid, and are quite coquettish in appearance. The cheapest bathing costume is made of black anacoste, with a single row of coloured braid and buttons down the front; this nice costume complete is only 9s. 8d.; from this the prices rise up to 29s., for which price a magnificent bathing dress may be had, elaborately trimmed with braid and embroidery. The sleeves and shoulder-pieces of all the costumes are lined with flannel. Bathing caps, which people who have any regard for their hair never omit to wear, are 2s. 6d., 3s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., according to the material and amount of trimming, which is, of course, coloured braid arranged in ruches and bows. Very pretty and strongly-made bathing shoes, with long sandals reaching half way up the leg, are 4s. 9d. per pair. These shoes are a great improvement on the wretched slippers supplied at our bathing places, which never keep on the feet, and are very little protection when they do.

The dressing-gowns and morning dresses are also wonderfully good and cheap; and the system of mi-confectionné, or half-made dresses, tunics, dressing-gowns, &c., enables one to get the same thing still cheaper. In these semi-made dresses the trimmings are generally finished, and have only to be put on in their proper places. The polonaise or tunic is drawn on the material, and plenty more is sent for the skirt. Besides this, which would alone be enough to help most people over the difficulties of cutting out and making the dress, a cut-out pattern and an engraving are also sent, so that there may be no possibility of going astray. The plan is an admirable one, and for ladies who undertake their own dressmaking, and are not quite so accomplished in the art as court milliners, and have neither time nor patience for elaborate trimmings, these costumes are a wonderful saving of time and trouble. For instance, a semi-made dress of zephyr or cretonne is 19s.; a linen dress, with over 13 yards of wide linen for the dress, 9 yards of embroidery, and 8 yards of ready-made flouncing, is 24s. Woollen dresses with bias bands and gathered flounces are 39s. and 58s. Dressing and morning gowns, semi-made and prettily embroidered in front, are considerably less costly.

White petticoats, with their flounces and pleatings and trimmings of lace and embroidery, are exceedingly pretty this year: those made in this house are especially so. They are made of cambric or a species of jaconet muslin, but never of longcloth, which is too heavy and does not take starch well. The prices vary very much, according to the quality and quantity of trimming, from 8*s.* or 9*s.* to 25*s.*

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR ENGRAVINGS.

### No. 160.—The Clotilde Costume.

Dress composed of summer cashmere, the new fabric, with open-worked stripes; the skirt plain cashmere, the polonaise of striped cashmere. The skirt has a pleated flounce, and broad silk heading, with narrow pleated frill. The polonaise has a trimming which imitates a jacket-bodice, and is edged with the same trimming and a fringe. Quantity of material—19 yards; 12 plain, 7 striped.

### No. 161.—The Belval Jacket-Bodice.

Of any material of two widths of stripes. Our model is made of hair-cord print and striped print. Quantity of material—2 yards of hair-cord print, 2½ yards of wider stripe.

### No. 162.—Dresses for Children under Six Years of Age.

1 and 3 of batiste, with embroidery trimming. This model forms a very complete little over-dress for a child of three years, and can be worn on the beach or in the garden.

2 and 5 show the back and front of a dress, which can be made in white piqué and brilliantine, or in silk or cashmere. The trimming is white embroidery over colour, and a coloured sash.

4 and 6 illustrate a walking costume of white piqué, with embroidery and tiny buttons. The dress has a corded sleeveless waistcoat.

### No. 163.—Children's Costumes.

1. Little boy of five. Costume of grey cashmere, composed of a short skirt without pleats in front, and a long demi-fitting paletot trimmed with a bias band of dark grey faille all round the vetement, and buttons to match. A scarf of the same silk is worn like a Scotch plaid, fastened on the shoulder by a bow, and supporting a pocket trimmed with a bias band, and a bow at the side. The sleeve is trimmed with a bias band down the outside seam and round the wrist, with a bow at the top. Straw hat, edged with black velvet, and trimmed with feathers.

2. Little boy from three to four. Costume of dark blue linen. Short skirt, pleated at the back, and trimmed with black buttons in front. Paletot crossed, and closed in front by two rows of buttons, spreading out to show the front of the skirt. The back is shorter, and finished off in the middle by a bow of black ribbon; the sides are trimmed with buttons. Parements bound with black, and buttons on the sleeves. Straw hat, bound and trimmed with black velvet.

3. Little boy of two. White frock, plain in front, and pleated at the back, but not tight-fitting. An embroidered yoke-piece, forming a point, ornaments the top of the bodice in front and at the back; embroidered sleeves to match, and red ribbon butterfly bows at the sooulders; similar embroidery at the edge of the skirt, and a red ribbon sash tied behind. White washing cap, with a ruche of the same material, and a red butterfly bow.

4. Little girl from six to seven years old. Costume of pink cashmere. The skirt is flat in front, and trimmed with mother-of-pearl buttons, and pleated at the back; a large faille bow to match in the middle. Jacket open en chale in front, cut away at the edge, forming a square end at the sides, and shorter at the back. White muslin pleating round all the edges, including the neck, and little pink ribbon bows to fasten it. Sleeve trimmed in the same way. Pouf hat, with a soft pink silk crown, and round straw brim, raised at the back. Bunches of field daisies above and beneath.

5. Little girl of five or six. Costume of blue and white striped cretonne. Semi-fitting Princess frock, trimmed in front with two tabliers of plain blue linen, edged with pleating or linen fringe. The tabliers are buttoned at the back to a blue strap edged with white; mother-of-pearl buttons, matching those in front. Blue ribbon sash bow, sailor collar, and pleated parements of blue linen edged with white. Straw hat, with a Pifferaro crown: the brim covered all round with a band of pleated muslin. Grey and blue feathers, and a blue faille bow at the back.

### No. 164.—The Jacqueline Toilette.

White faille and white Grenadine, with black velvet stripes, and black and white silk lace, in the Louis XV. style.

The Princess tunic is buttoned straight down the front, and trimmed with a coquillé of lace and loops of black and white ribbon; similar coquillés and loops on the sleeves.

The tunic is drawn tightly back, draped and fastened at the back under two breadths interlaced and falling gracefully on the skirt. The tunic and the two breadths at the back are all edged with lace. A pocket is placed on the right side very far back, and covered with a coquillé of lace and loops of ribbon. This beautiful tunic is worn over a white faille skirt, with a long train, edged with a deep-pleated flounce; a narrow pleating, turned down every two inches, top and bottom, forms a coquillé, and completes the trimming of the skirt.

### No. 165.—The Molda Costume and Ginetta Toilette.

1. Of grey faille and white grenadine; the skirt plain, the tunic drawn and edged with a drawn flounce, the corsage has a waistcoat and long jacket, the pattern of which is given on the diagram sheet. Quantity of material—10 yards of faille, 11 of grenadine.

2. Barege costume made up over silk. An old black silk dress answers very well if made in this style; the skirt has three rows of flounces in front and five at the back. The tunic has a rounded front, and back falling square and straight; a pointed sash finishes the tunic on the left side. Cuirasse corsage, crossed by a velvet strap and aumonière. The bodice is cut low, and has a coat collar with revers; the sleeve is open, with tulle ruffles. Quantity of material—20 yards of barege.

### No. 166.—The Abeille Costume and Michon Dress.

1. Town toilette. Skirt of brocade, trimmed with a pleating of plain faille, and a faille bias band. Polonaise of brocade, laced at the back, and forming three tabliers raised at the side, trimmed with bias bands and a flounce. Plain faille sleeves. Capote of faille to match the dress, with wild flowers.

2. Little girl of six. Costume of grey linen, trimmed with embroidery. White faille capote, trimmed with daisies.

### No. 167.—The Bertrade Toilette and Bridal Costume.

1. Trained skirt of black grenadine, with satin stripes, trimmed with four narrow waved flounces. Long polonaise, rounded en tablier in front, with a scarf round the hips. The polonaise is raised and draped at the back by the scarf tied with black faille ribbon, the loops and ends of which fall on the train. The polonaise, scarf, and fichu are edged with cream-coloured lace, and the fichu is fastened across the chest with three straps. The sleeves are trimmed with loops of ribbon in coquillés of cream lace. Chapeau with the brim raised high in front, and trimmed with tea roses.

2. Bride's dress, with a long trained skirt; the front is ornamented with a tightly drawn tablier, trimmed with lace. The edge of the lace has a flounce headed by a ruche, with a wreath of orange blossom through the middle. Plain tight cuirasse-bodice, the back cut with the train, which is gathered on each side and trimmed with lace. Bouquets of orange blossoms at the sides; sleeves trimmed with pleatings. Wreath of orange blossom in the hair, and tulle illusion veil put on à la Juive.

### Nos. 168 to 177.—New Fichus and Models of the Grands Magasins du Louvre.

1. Trouville fichu of zebra wool, with fluted lace garniture. 5*s.* 9*d.*, 8*s.* 6*d.*, and 9*s.* 6*d.*, according to size.

2. Fichu coiffure of Surah, made in any colour, trimmed with faille bows, rouleaux, insertion, and Duchess lace. Price 29*s.*

3. The Mauresque fichu of crepe de Chine and deep fringe. 12*s.* 9*d.*

4. Vetement, for sea-side and country, of wool and silk, lined with silk. 29*s.*

5. Chapeau Louvre of tulle, silk, and daisies. 25*s.*

6. Rachel fichu of crepe de Chine, fringed. 29*s.*

7. Tivée cashmere scarf, with fringed ends. 18*s.*

8. Fichu coiffure Bagnères de Bigorre of fine hand-made knitting. 3*s.* 6*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, and 5*s.* 6*d.*, according to size.

9. Cazalda fichu coiffure of silk and wool, lined with silk. 25*s.*

10. Esmeralda, cashmere coiffure, lined with silk, gold or silver braid, and beads, faille bows. 39*s.*

### No. 178.—Boy's Costume.

Jacket and trousers of fine blue cloth, edged with a double row of stitching. Small pockets at the sides; buttoned tabs at the edge of the sleeves and trousers. Kid boots and coloured stockings.

### No. 179.—The Mauresque Tunic.

Black faille Princess dress with a long train, and ornamented at the back with two buttoned revers. Sylvia pardessus of woollen material trimmed with appliqués of passementerie and scallops of black faille, bound at the edge. The pardessus is open at the front and at the back, and fastened at the waist by ribbon bows; at the back it forms two long points, which are tied, and fall on the skirt.

### Nos. 180 and 181.—The Bengali Costume.

Our illustrations give two views of this toilette. The back has a short end falling over the square end of the polonaise, and draped by a looped bow. The front shows a pleated pocket, and the bias silk band which buttons the polonaise; also the coquettish bows. The polonaise is made of white silk semé, with broché flowers, worn over a dark silk, and with dark sleeves. The polonaise is edged with bias silk and a handsome fringe. Quantity of material—polonaise, 5½ yards; skirt, 16 yards.

### No. 182.—The Valentine Costume.

Of blue alpaca, with pinked-out ruche, arranged in a waved design upon the edge. Tunic of ivory-white toile damascene (to be had at Chapman's, Notting Hill, 10½*d.* per yard), laced at the back with blue silk cord, finished by blue silk bow, cord, and tassels. The tunic is edged with a blue and white fringe, and is draped at the back only. Material—11 yards of Danish alpaca, 6 yards of toile damascene.

### No. 183.—The Clorinda Toilette.

This evening toilette for a young lady is made of pale pink faille. The skirt is trimmed in front with two gathered flounces and a bouillonné, forming a heading; the front of the skirt is enriched with two folded drapings, edged with a fine pleating. At the back the skirt forms a large plain box pleat, spreading out as it falls, and forming a long train. The cuirasse-bodice is bound at the edge, and opened en cœur, in front; the opening is trimmed with a small draping, edged on one side with a narrow pleating, and inside with a double pleating of white crepe lisse. Coat sleeves trimmed with pleatings and a bow, and crepe lisse pleatings inside. Large bows with fringed ends, placed far back at the ends of the drapings, complete this pretty toilette,

### No. 184.—The Sylvanie Costume.

Town toilette of foulard. Demi-trained skirt, edged with a flounce, headed by a wide ruche. A tablier in front, folded in five flat pleats, fastened at the back under the Watteau pleat falling from the bodice. Cuirasse-bodice with a pleated back; the pleats are fastened down as far as the waist, and then continued in a long Watteau pleat falling over the skirt, and raised on one side under a bow of ribbon. The bodice and Watteau pleat are edged with deep knotted fringe. Straw chapeau, trimmed with a scarf of Torchon tulle, and a feather; flowers in front. 18 yards of foulard, 24 inches wide.

### No. 185.—Bathing Dresses.

1. Oil-silk cap, trimmed with a ruche of coloured woollen lace.

2. Bathing hat. The brim of open-plaited reed-work, and the crown, strings, and bow of blue batiste.

3. Bathing hat of Indian wood, lined with pink batiste, and trimmed with bands to match, with bows and long ends at the back.

4. Lady's bathing dress of dark blue material. Trousers fastened at the waist by a drawn band, and wide enough at the top to require no other opening. The legs are trimmed with white braid, laid on flat, and three large white buttons at the side. Semi-fitting blouse, crossed in front and buttoned at the side, with an anchor brooch and white buttons. Wide turned-down collar, short sleeves, and white braid on all the edges.

4. Little girl's white serge bathing costume. Trousers drawn at the waist, edged with red braid and a second row of narrow ruched braid. Flat blouse with half-short sleeves, fastened in front by red braid and shell buttons. The same trimming as that on the trousers round all the edges.

6. Burnous of chequered red and blue flannel.

7. Shoe to match the little girl's dress, white, with red sandals. The shoe is blue, with a white bow and blue sandals.

8. Bathing shoe to be worn with the lady's bathing dress.

### No. 186.—Le Reveil Toilette.

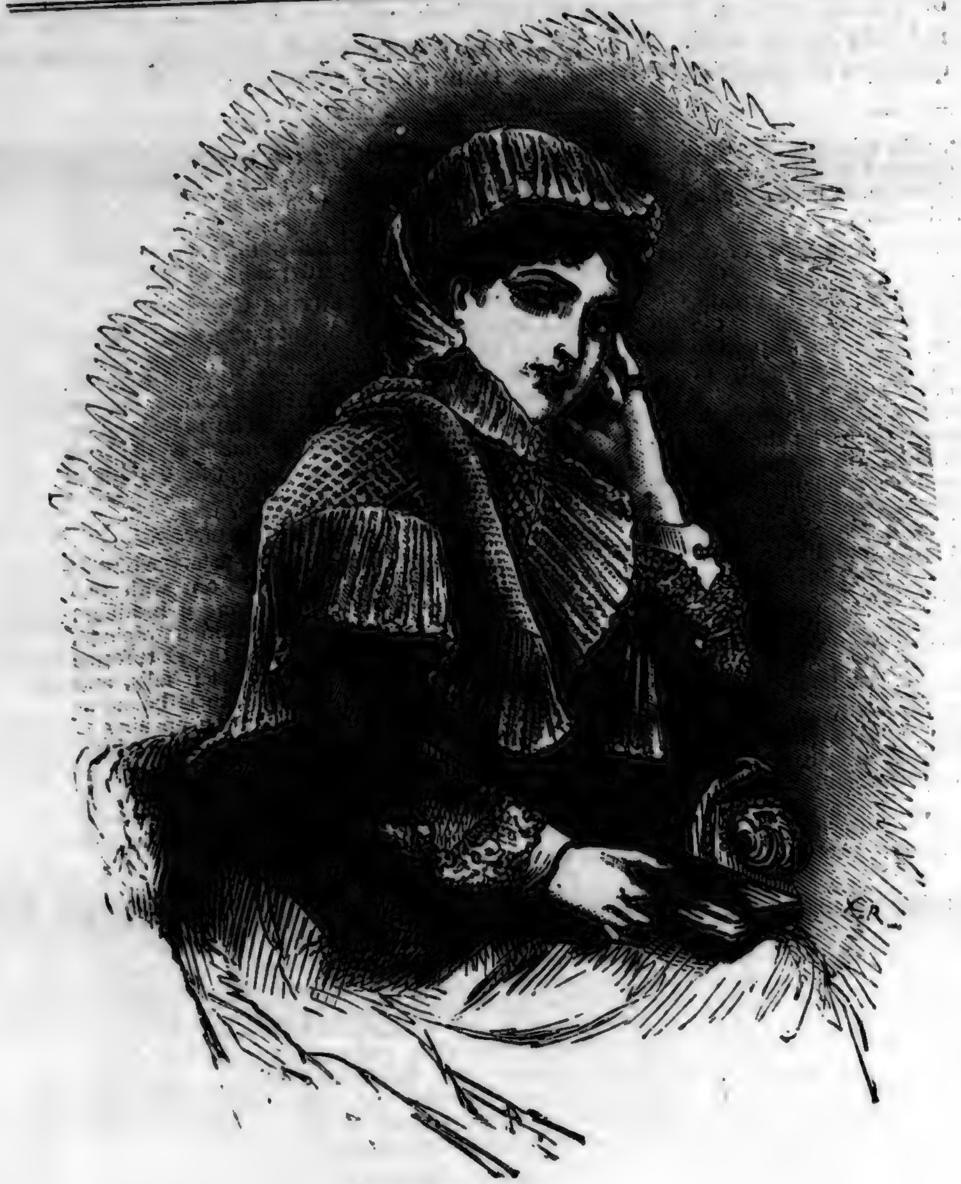
Town toilette. Skirt of plain faille, trimmed with two flounces, headed by three small bouillonnés. Upper skirt of brocaded silk, forming a tablier in front, edged with fringe, and draped at the back under two large buttoned ends falling on the skirt. Cuirasse-bodice of the same material, with a rounded basque in front, and two long square basques at the back. Straw chapeau, trimmed with flowers. Parasol of foulard, with a scalloped flounce and bow of ribbon. Quantity of material—10 yards of damask, 13 yards of plain faille.

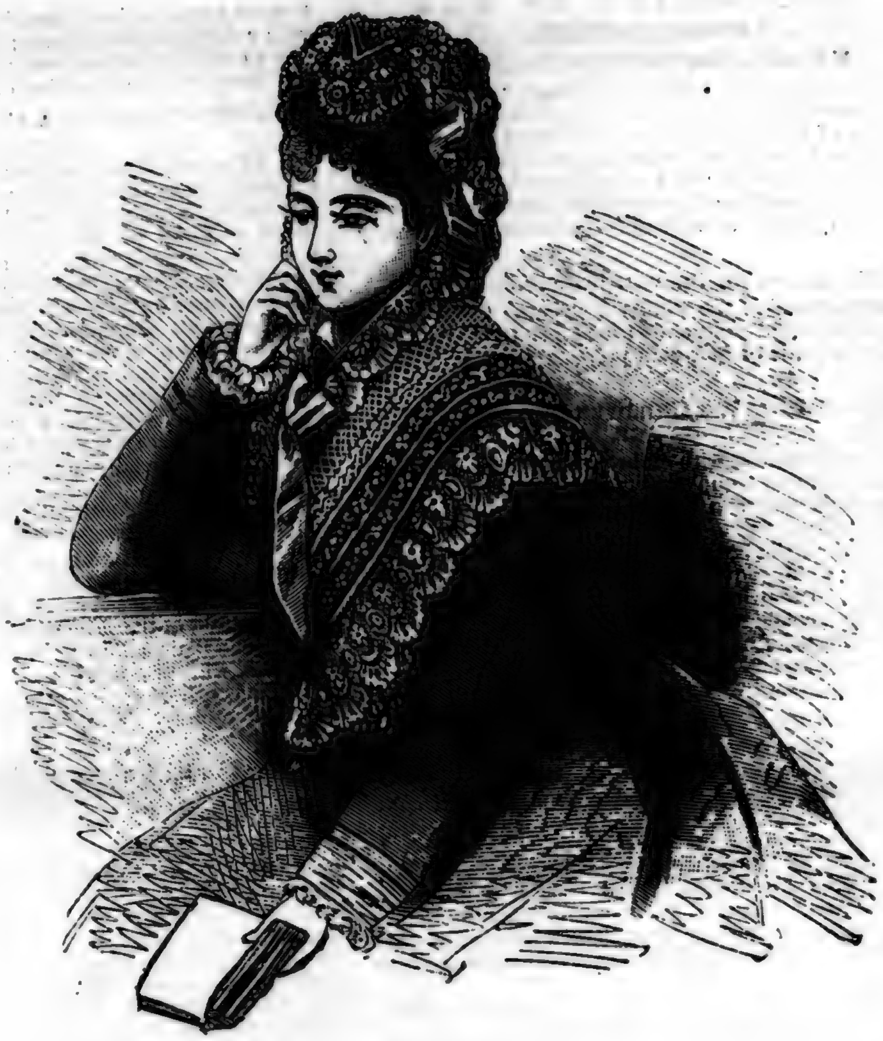
### No. 187.—The Demeter Hat.

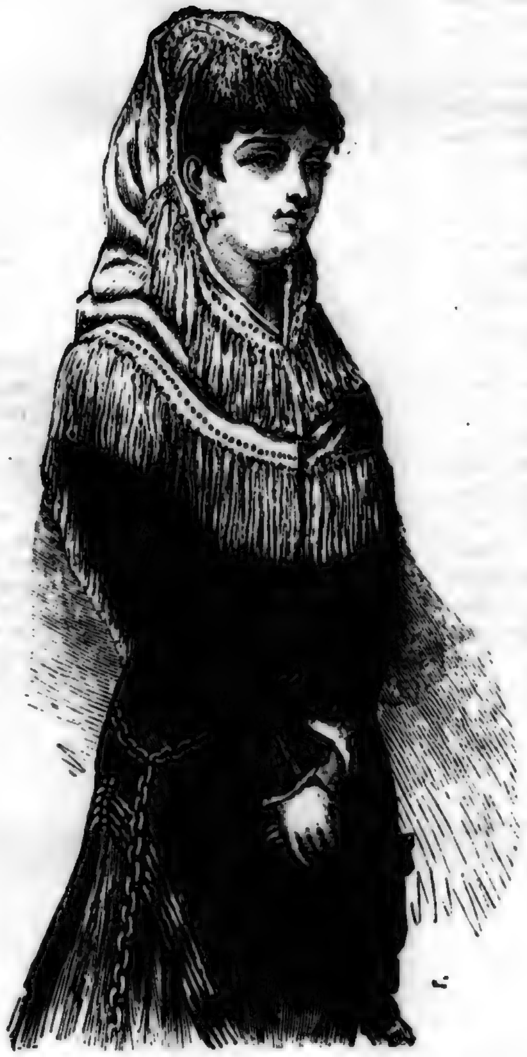
Hat of straw and gauze, with sprays of roses and daffodils.

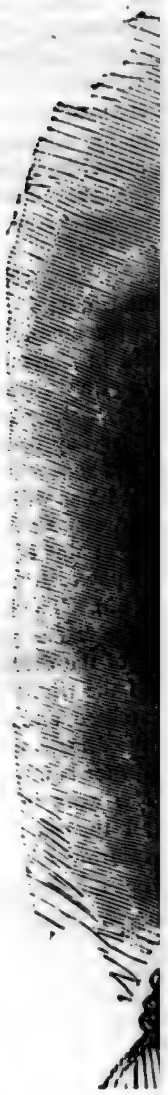
### No. 188.—The Kate Field Beach Costume.

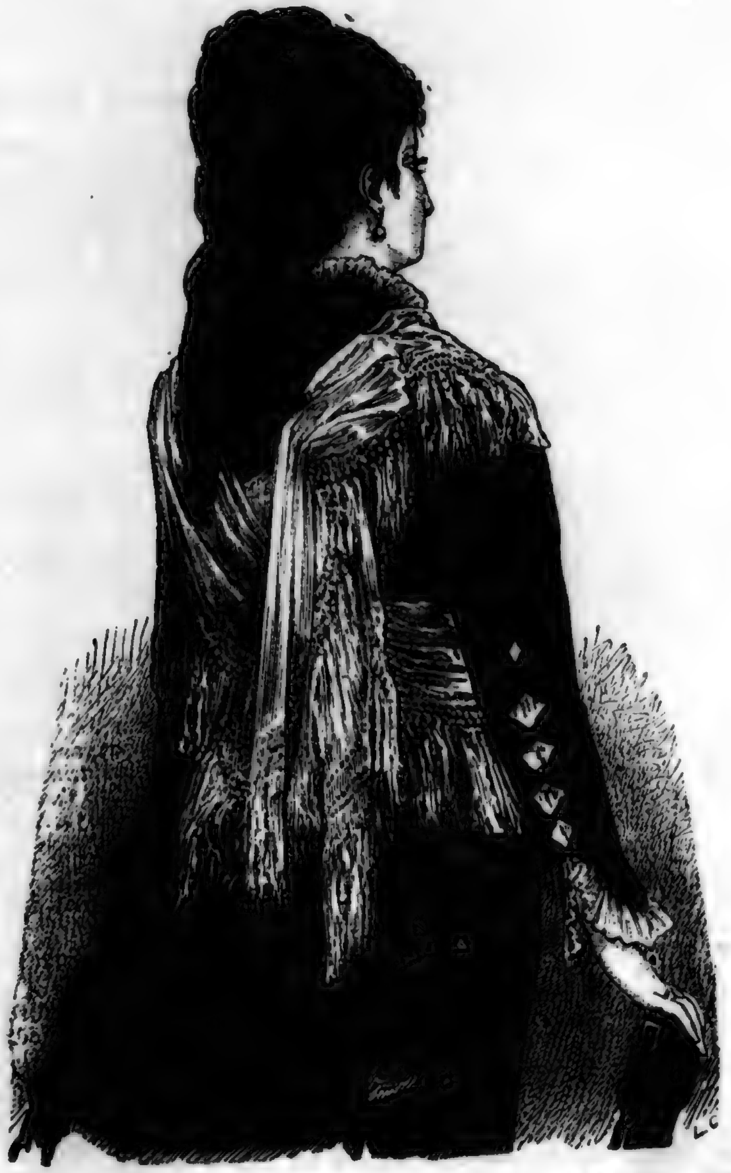
Costume of mode-blue woollen armure and faille of a darker shade. Trained skirt, edged with a pleated flounce. Long full tunic, edged with a faille bias band; the middle of the back forms a cascade of puffs. Faille scarf tablier, trimmed with deep fringe of the same shade as the woollen material. The tablier crosses the front of the tunic, and is fastened at the edge of the side. Cuirasse-bodice, with a faille fichu-collar, crossed in front. Faille pleatings at the edge of the sleeves.

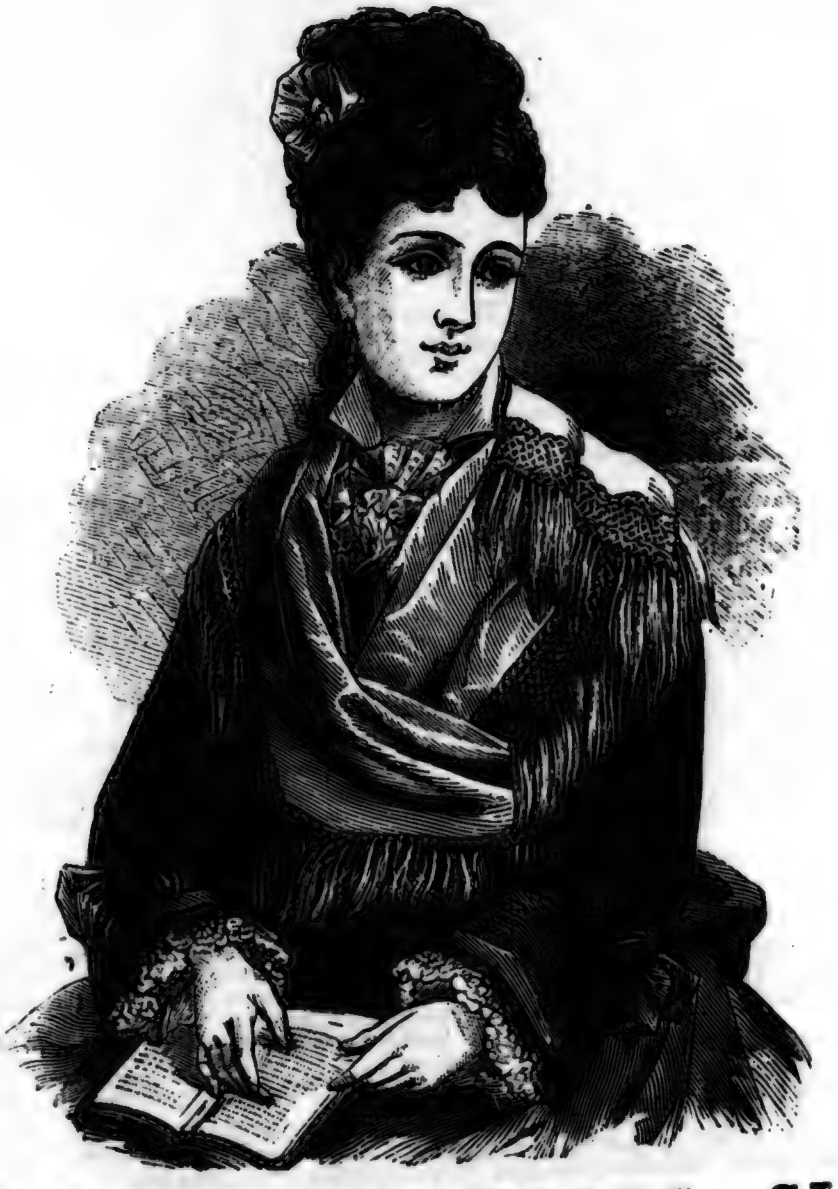


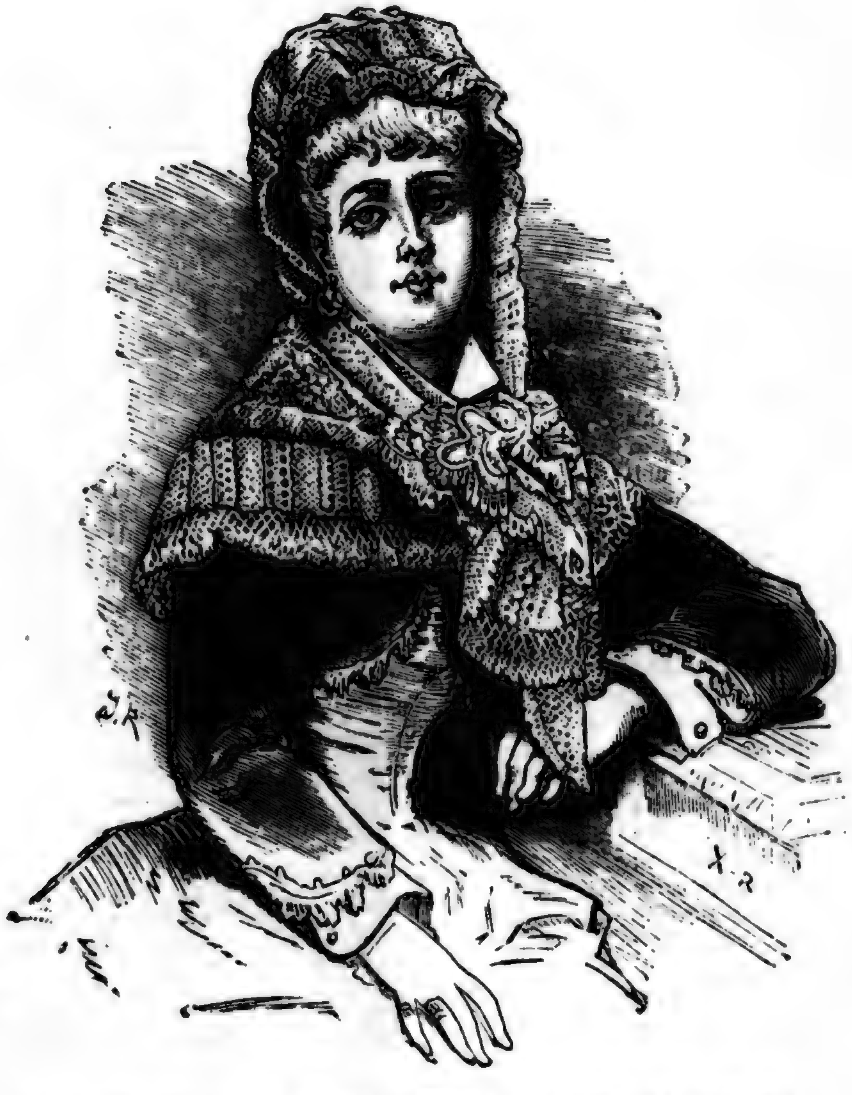




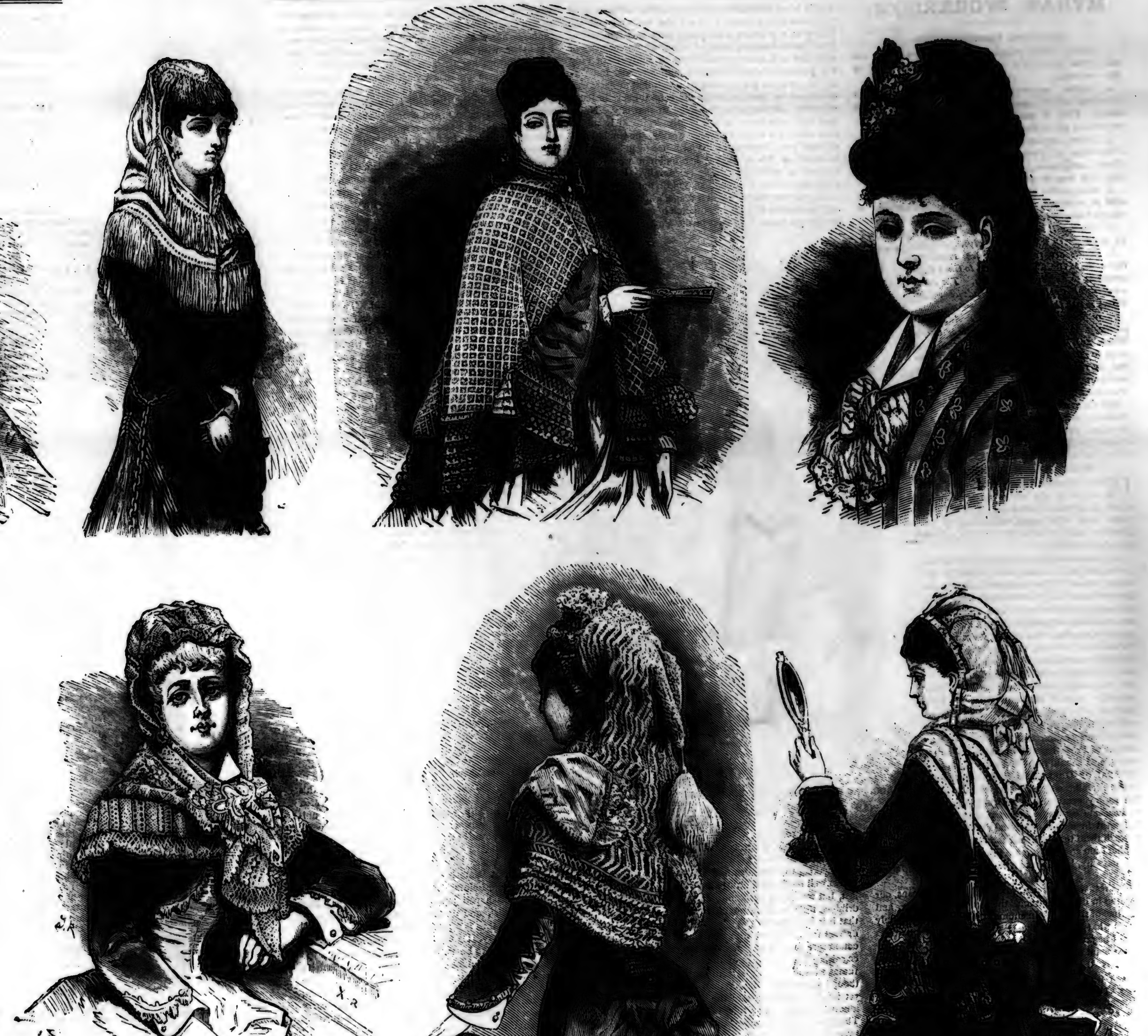








Nos. 168 to 177.—NEW FICHUS, HOODS, CLOAKS, AND CAPELINES.



LOAKS. AND CAPELINES. Models from Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.]

# MYRA'S WORKROOM.

### Rules for Correspondents.

1. *Letters asking questions should be written on one side of the paper only, and one question only asked on the same page.*

2. *Letters requiring answers in next month's* Journal *should reach* Myra *by the* 10th *of the month. (But, as much as possible, letters should be written at the beginning of the month.)*

3. *Letters regarding the Purchase, Making-up, and Alteration of Dresses, &c., should describe height, figure, complexion, and shade of hair, in order that each case may be artistically considered.*

4. *Photographs are useful and may be sent. These will be returned, but should be accompanied by a stamped envelope.*

5. *Letters will be answered in the* Journal *in the order in which they arrive.*

6. *Ladies are requested, when requiring replies in* Myra's Workroom, *to limit their questions to one or two subjects. The great number of applications for advice obliges* Myra *to ask this.*

7. *In cases where immediate Advice is necessary upon a particular Toilette or Dress,* Myra *will reply to inquiries by post. In order to meet the expenses attending inquiries and correspondence, with letters requiring such answers by post,* 12 *postage stamps should be enclosed.*

*All Letters upon Dress and Fashion, and Editorial matters, to be addressed to* Myra, *Dress and Pattern Depot,* 39, *Bedford Street, Covent Garden.*

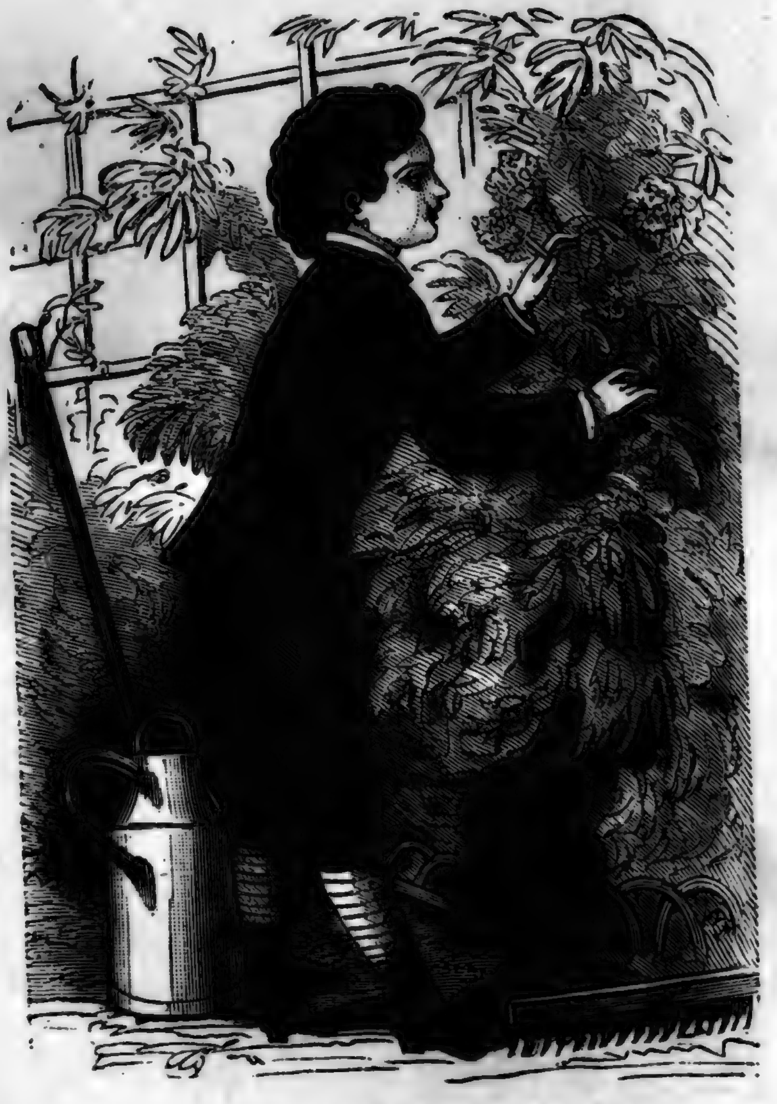
## MYRA'S ANSWERS.

I HAVE received a note containing what is called by the writer an appropriate motto for Myra's Journal. This motto is taken from the Gospel according to St. Matthew, chap. iv. verse 28: "Why take ye thought for raiment?"

In Eastern countries raiment is of far less importance and consequence than in our colder climes. The excessive heat enables Eastern nations to be contented with a few garments, easily removed, and more in the nature of wrapping than as a guard against exposure to weather. But leaving for a moment the necessity of dress for English people, I think the verse alluded to is a warning against over carefulness as to the things of this life; the following verse shows this:—"Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." The woman who works diligently with her hands is the wise woman praised and blessed in the 30th chapter of Proverbs, and one held up as an example. I should be indeed sorry if Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion gave an undue prominence to the care of the body; but as my great aim and object has been to inculcate economy, industry, and a right judgment in all the thousand details of women's lives, to teach them to please their fathers and their husbands, I think I am engaged upon a good work, for since dress a necessity, let us make a merit of necessity, and dress well.

To dress well we must dress suitably to our means, our position in life, our person, the season of the year, and the time of the day. In enumerating these points I only repeat what has been the text of all my little sermons since I began to write and publish Myra's Journal.

One point of difference between English and French ladies is the economy of Frenchwomen as compared with *les Anglaises.* With scarcely an exception, every Frenchwoman, high or low, rich or poor, puts by something of her income or of her allowance, be it a few *sous* or several *Louis d'Or.* They take a pride and pleasure in their savings, which are usually hoarded, not invested as they are here. Curious, even in the life of commerce, it is to observe the absence of banking, with the manifold conveniences attending that institution. The hoards of the Frenchwomen came to light in the great trouble during and after the war, and many a kindly heart produced the savings—the self-denials of years—and was enabled to aid the husband and the father at a moment when other help was impossible. One instance occurs to me of a lady whose economy of a quarter of a century enabled her to support not only her husband, herself, children, and servants, but furnished funds for the business, by which that business was continued in Brussels, while the central house in Paris remained inactive during the siege of that city. Now, had that lady spent, as she clearly legitimately might have done, her whole allowance weekly, she would have not only been deprived of the pleasure of assisting her husband at this crisis, but her children would have suffered as cruelly physically as morally. Economise, then, dear ladies, I beg of you, and do not find it essential to your happiness to visit a draper's house *every* day; or if you cannot resist the temptation of spending all your money, put some little sum in the Post Office Savings Bank as you receive it, weekly or monthly, and do not let anything but real necessity break into your little hoard. We Englishwomen cry out at the great prices paid for dressmaking to French couturieres for one or two costumes, well made, well fitting, and which look well to the last, but we do not hesitate to expend far larger sums in driblets, little by little, pound by pound. Now I argue that it is far better to pay £20 for two or three stylish dresses than to spend the same amount on six or seven commoner and ill-fitting. Our largest drapers are recognising this, and most of the best houses supply costumes well made and well fitting at prices which, although a good deal dearer than ordinary dressmakers, yet fall far below those of the Parisian modiste. Too much is expected, as a rule, of the ordinary dressmaker. The poor thing is expected to know all the novelties and take in all the fashion papers; she must cut in the French style—yet her price for cutting, fitting, and making must be a few shillings only; she must attend ladies at their houses, and is thought an "awful cheat" if she adds a few pence to the price for linings and trimmings; and she has usually to pay cash for her materials, to pay cash for her workwomen, and to wait from three to twelve months for her own money. A misfit, a freak, a fantasy—her work is thrown on her hands, utterly useless to her, with no redress but the law, which, even if she wins, destroys her business by discrediting her with ladies, and is in any case a cruel waste and loss of time. Now it appears, according to many letters from all parts of the country, that ladies are cruelly treated by expensive dressmakers, who charge too much and do too little. Examination and correspondence leave me little room to doubt that, in five out of six cases, the ladies themselves are to blame. I have, however, a consolation and a remedy to propose to the ladies; for the poor dressmakers I have only a word of counsel. My consolation is to name the price I paid in Paris in March last for a Princess dress of faille, and a Princess polonaise and skirt of cashmere—for *the making only*, £8. My remedy is to make all one's everyday dresses oneself, and to go to first-class houses for the best dresses. Dressmaking at home will teach indulgence to the ordinary dressmaker, and will permit of a retrenchment in expenditure sufficient to enable us to pay cash when next requiring the milliner's aid. To the dressmakers I counsel—tell the ladies you must ask for cash on delivery of the dress, charge them the exact price of the trimmings and sundries you have to purchase, and ask a fair price for the making of the dresses, and calculate beforehand your tariff for hand-work and for machine-sewing. The work in the corsages is enormous, and though skirts are plainer, tunics are fully trimmed, and are really ill-paid at any price if *boned* to the excess of French models.



No. 178.—Boy's Costume.

*Made-up Model*, 3s. 6d.; ***Flat Pattern only***, 1s. 9d.; of Mesdames **Adolphe and Marie Goubaud**, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

In justice to those kind, good ladies who, upon principle, give orders in advance to their dressmakers, I must say that I often hear of their being badly treated by the dressmaker, who, instead of taking each customer's order in turn, too often puts off the kind lady's dresses until the eleventh hour, because she knows she will not insist upon having the dress home. Thus the benevolent care to avoid overworking apprentices and workwomen is frustrated.

The modes for the month continue much the same. Very long dresses, very scanty skirts, cuirasse corsages, heavily boned (steels are worn by enthusiastic cuirassieres in place of bone). Fichus are now of all sizes, shapes, and materials; the most suitable for young ladies is the muslin fichu; for their seniors, black lace or crepe de Chine. Cashmere for the sea and country.

Bonnets are of gauze, silk foulard, rice straw, and other light materials. Hats of very coarse straw, and conical tops, when the Gainsborough type is not admissible—as it very seldom is, for we are not all beautiful Duchesses, and it is only the very young or very perfect features which look well in this style of coiffure. But the Marie Stuart, which is rapidly gaining ground, is almost universally becoming, and when this shape is made in coarse straw and lined with black velvet, it is extremely artistic. I felt it a little hard, after repeated efforts to tell ladies how to hold their skirts, to see, the other day, at Waterloo Station, several ladies, elegantly dressed, holding their skirts admirably, but leaving the fan-shaped jupon to drag the ground and sweep dust, dirt, and unimaginable horrors! Now to carry the dress thus is a perfect absurdity, besides being so intolerably dirty. Dainty boots and spotless stockings are too charming to be ruthlessly soiled at every step. The jupon, when it does not clear the ground, is held up with the dress, not left dragging helplessly. The "science" of holding up one's dress is too little studied; consequently, cleanly, fastidious women usually carry their robes ungracefully, if effectively, and slovenly women continue to be both ungraceful and dirty too.

This sounds severe, but is so true that I must beg—nay, insist—upon some attention being paid to this subject. Practise in your own rooms, dear ladies, until you have attained some knowledge of the proper mode of holding up a dress. Your mirror will tell you if you are raising your skirts properly. For everyday life, and for the work which falls to most of us women, I advise underskirts at least three inches from the ground; for evening dresses the trimmed jupon; and for stylish walking skirts the jupon flounce, plain in front, and flounced at the back, which, being tacked inside the dress skirt, "accompanies" it with every movement, and is lifted with it. When the train jupon is worn for walking, many ladies insert under the trimming a couple of nursery pins through the jupon, about the centre of the train. This plan can only be adopted with dresses flounced at the back.

To really enjoy the country and the seaside, one's hands must be at liberty, and the jupon short. No held-up dresses during the holidays! A well-hung skirt, clearing the ground two inches at least, can be worn by young or old, for the aged have surely quite sufficient fatigue in walking without having their hands burdened with a heavy dress. Loops and buttons, then, for grandmamma, if she has not the courage to wear a skirt which clears the ground! The SILKWORM and I have agreed that, whatever be the mode for the coming winter, we will have walking dresses made to clear the ground.

To return to held-up dresses, this is what I have devised for the present season. It is a slight modification only, not an invention. A dress of fine serge, the skirt two inches above the ground, and finished by a finely-fluted frill. A very long polonaise, the front square, and edged by a fringe (woollen, and to match the serge); on one side a very long pocket, on the other a burnouse loop, and long square back, long enough to train on the ground a little, but furnished with button and loop to raise it for walking, which are arranged in a moment, and which are as easily let down. If my readers will glance at No. 160 (the Clotilde costume), they will see the style of looping up. This reference to the first illustration reminds me that I have not yet reviewed the engravings. The first shows a polonaise with a jacket trimming, not a jacket; the trimming is a wide band of silk or braid; either can be used with good effect. The Belval jacket is a pretty model for a morning dress in print or striped fabrics of two widths, one (the darker) of "hair cord" width. The children's dresses, No. 162, if made in cambric or muslin, are very pretty and simple; if made in silk, foulard, cashmere, or mixed silk and cambric muslin, the same models are very stylish. Nos. 4 and 6 (the back and front view of the same toilette) look well in coloured cashmere and white embroidery.

No. 163 illustrates stylish dresses for little boys, which can be made at home. The material is beige, with brown silk garniture. The little girls' dresses look very pretty in nearly all materials; the one with the doll has a kilt-pleated skirt and polonaise-fronted jacket. The other little girl has a Princess dress, trimmed with a double sash and buckle. Girls under fourteen years of age can wear similar toilettes; the skirts should fall just below the top of the boot.

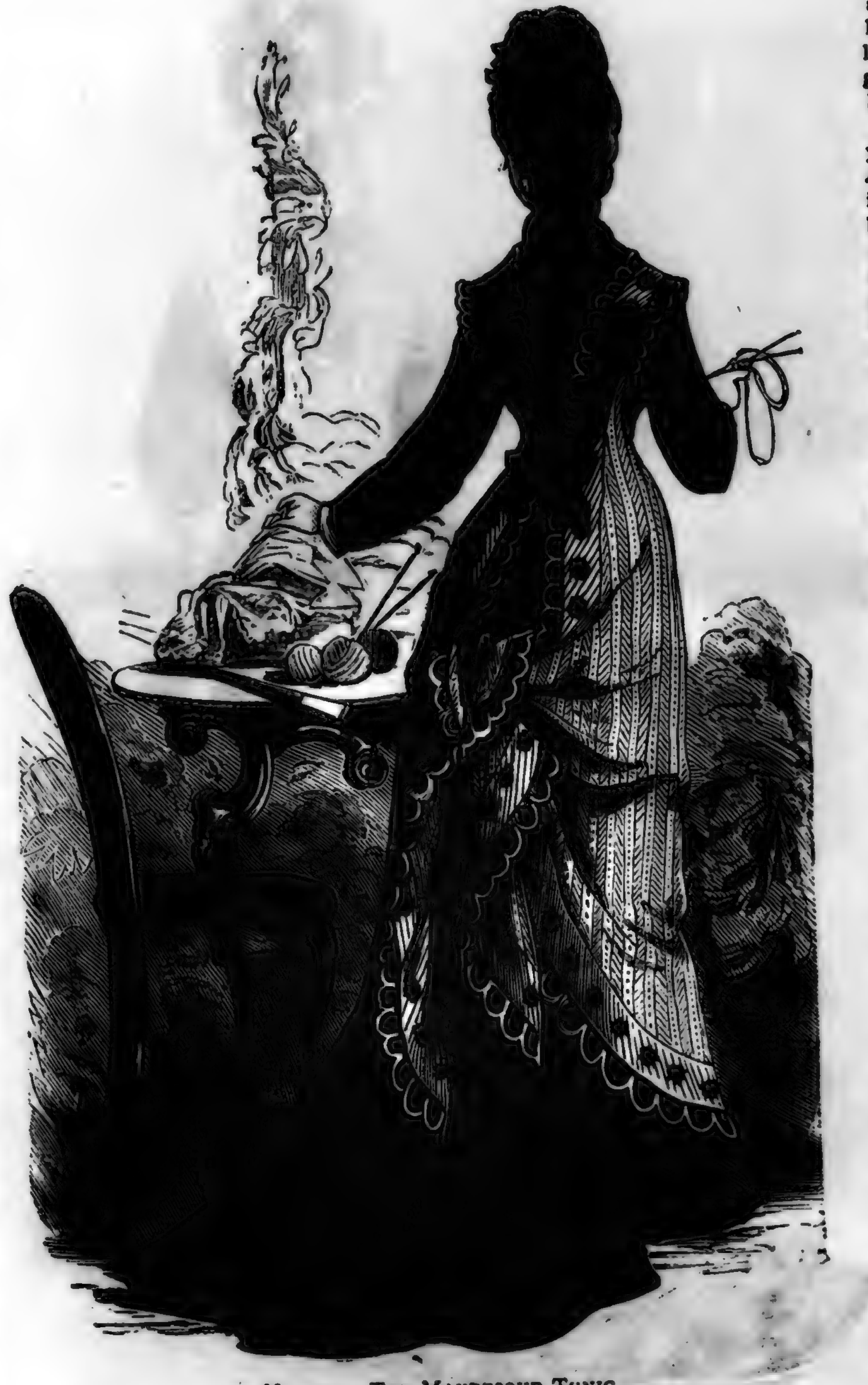
No. 164 is a striped beach blouse, draped by an embroidered sash, and edged with the same work; the blouse differs from the polonaise in having a demi-fitting front.

The Molda costume is to my mind very pretty; the tunic is not new, but the corsage and waistcoat are a decided novelty made in the two materials. I commend the Ginetta toilette to the attention of any lady inclining to embonpoint. The satchel and band worn across the figure sensibly diminish the apparent size. The collar is a pretty shape, also the single sash-end adds to the effect of the toilette.

The Abeille costume gives the effect of a laced polonaise of damask cream linen, worn over silk, and trimmed with bands of silk and embroidery.

The little Michon dress is of Danish alpaca, trimmed with "Swiss Madeira" work.

The train of the bridal dress, No. 167, is noticeable. It is cut in one with the bodice, which is composed of silk and tulle. The fichu of the Bertrade toilette deserves attention.



No. 179.—THE MAURESQUE TUNIC.

*Made-up Model, 4s. 6d.*; *Flat Pattern only, 2s. 3d.*; of Mesdames ADOLPHE and MARIE GOUBAUD, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

Many costumes are laced at the back and front; our Bertrade model only simulates lacing at the back; the eylet holes are worked through the fabric and the lace passed through them.

The fichus shown on our centre pages are very elegant, and are so varied as to suit all styles. These vetements will be found fully described in their proper places, with their prices, &c.; but I would fain remind our readers that Les Grands Magasins du Louvre send all orders over £1 carriage free to London, and that Madame Delamode, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, will also forward any articles at the prices named there.

No. 179, boy's costume. The pantalon is Espagnol.

The Mauresque tunic is simple and very pretty. It shows the laced back and knotted tunic, and can be made in all materials.

The Bengali costume is very different in style, but not less pretty, draped on one side by a pocket; the other side falls squarely. The back has a sash and pouf; the front, bows, to where the polonaise is biased.

Another model for a laced tunic. The front is square-cut, the lace a rich silk cord. I am of opinion that the cords and tassels make costumes look much like furniture, and I would advise ladies to follow this mode as little as possible. The Clorinda toilette looks admirable in muslin and grenadine; it is not a great novelty, but a very good style.

And now, dear ladies, let me ask you if you approve of my favourite, Amy Weston, to whom I last month introduced you. The story of her life bears greatly upon the question of our duties as wives, raised by "Mary" in our last issue. I think that a comparison of Amy's wedded life with that of her cousin Fanny will show every thoughtful woman that strict attention to the vow of obedience is necessary to a happy wedded life. It is while reading the intimate home life of good women and good men that we are forewarned and forearmed against the foes of our happiness and our households.

⁂ With this Number of MYRA'S JOURNAL is presented No. 71 of "The Lily Magazine." In it are begun:—

1. "Amy's Married Life."
*By Mrs. Follen.*
2. "Romance of a Poor Young Man."
*By Octave Feuillet.*
3. "The Day of My Death."
*By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

As I have often observed of "The Lily Magazine," it deserves introduction into every good household. Its numbers, parts, or volumes form a perfect repertory of charming fiction. Pure in tone, chaste in diction, interesting in plot and subject, the tales can be read at all times, and by all persons of either sex or any age, both with profit and delight. No one who follows my recommendation to take in "The Lily Magazine" will be otherwise than delighted.

## FOLDING GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES.

IF Monsieur does not keep a valet (and if he wishes to dress with economy he had better not), he must either be his own valet or you must do the work. No clothes, however new, will look well unless kept in shape. This is done by carefully folding them up the moment they are taken off. The next morning or the day after will not do, for while the cloth has the warmth of the body in it, it is more plastic and impressionable than when cold. Many gentlemen, when they have taken off their clothes, throw them down in a heap, to put them on again next morning all in wrinkles. Of course, if they are treated in this way, there is no hope of such a man ever looking well dressed. It takes a little time and some trouble to "turn out" perfectly neat; but once the habit is acquired of folding and putting away clothing, it becomes second nature, and well repays the outlay.

Clothes must be folded carefully. There is a right and a wrong way in this as in everything. Each garment must be pulled into place before folding. The coat-sleeves should be gently but firmly stretched to full length, and then doubled up with the crease at the elbows. The skirts are then turned over, and, without disturbing the collar, the whole is doubled down the back, and left at full length when put by in the wardrobe.

This mode differs from folding for packing. In this case the collar is turned up, the arms doubled, the skirts brought up to the collar, cloth to cloth. The process then goes on as before. Trousers should be pulled down each seam, and particularly stretched from the fork to the boot; then fold them flat, knee to knee, as tailors do, with a crease down the centre; then turn over into three, taking care this crease is below the knee.

To keep trousers in place, they should be occasionally damped with a sponge well wrung out. When folded, wrap them in brown paper, and put away under a heavy trunk or other weight. How do soldiers, with their limited stock of trousers, manage to turn out so well? Simply by following these directions; they damp their trousers, fold them up, and place them often under their bed or pillow.

When clothes are wet they must not be folded—only pulled into shape, and put to dry. A coat is best placed over the back of a chair, as if dressing a lay figure; trousers over a towel-horse. This will be found better than hanging them from pegs, for they are apt to dry askew and out of shape. Often after drying it will be found they require a tonic to restore them; here the tincture of iron, hot, must be applied. The refractory garments must be damped with a sponge, and then ironed on the wrong side.

Of all enemies to clothes, the most deadly known is dust. They must be dusted before they are put away, for if cloth is worn ground in with dust, the suit is done for after the first shower of rain. A switch or cane must be freely used on the clothes at the end of a dusty day. If you do not like to do it yourself, you must get one of your servants (or anyone else you please, so long as it is done) to do it for you. Dusted the clothes must be, or they will be good for nothing. Some men are of such neat habits, and have such an unmitigated horror of the least speck of dust or dirt, that no matter how carefully their clothes may have been dusted and brushed, they are never satisfied until they have taken the brush in hand themselves to give a final "touch up." The wives of these careful souls need not be discouraged, nor think their own efforts unappreciated or thrown away. They must just brush on; their husbands would soon find out if they left off their part of the brushing and cleaning, and nothing should be left them to do but the very last polish.

As to those idle, untidy beings who never take care of anything unless their wives look after them, and brush, clean, and dust with vigour, they will be no better than walking proofs of the possibility of dressing badly and expensively. Economy does not mean buying cheaply, but buying well, and taking care of what one buys.

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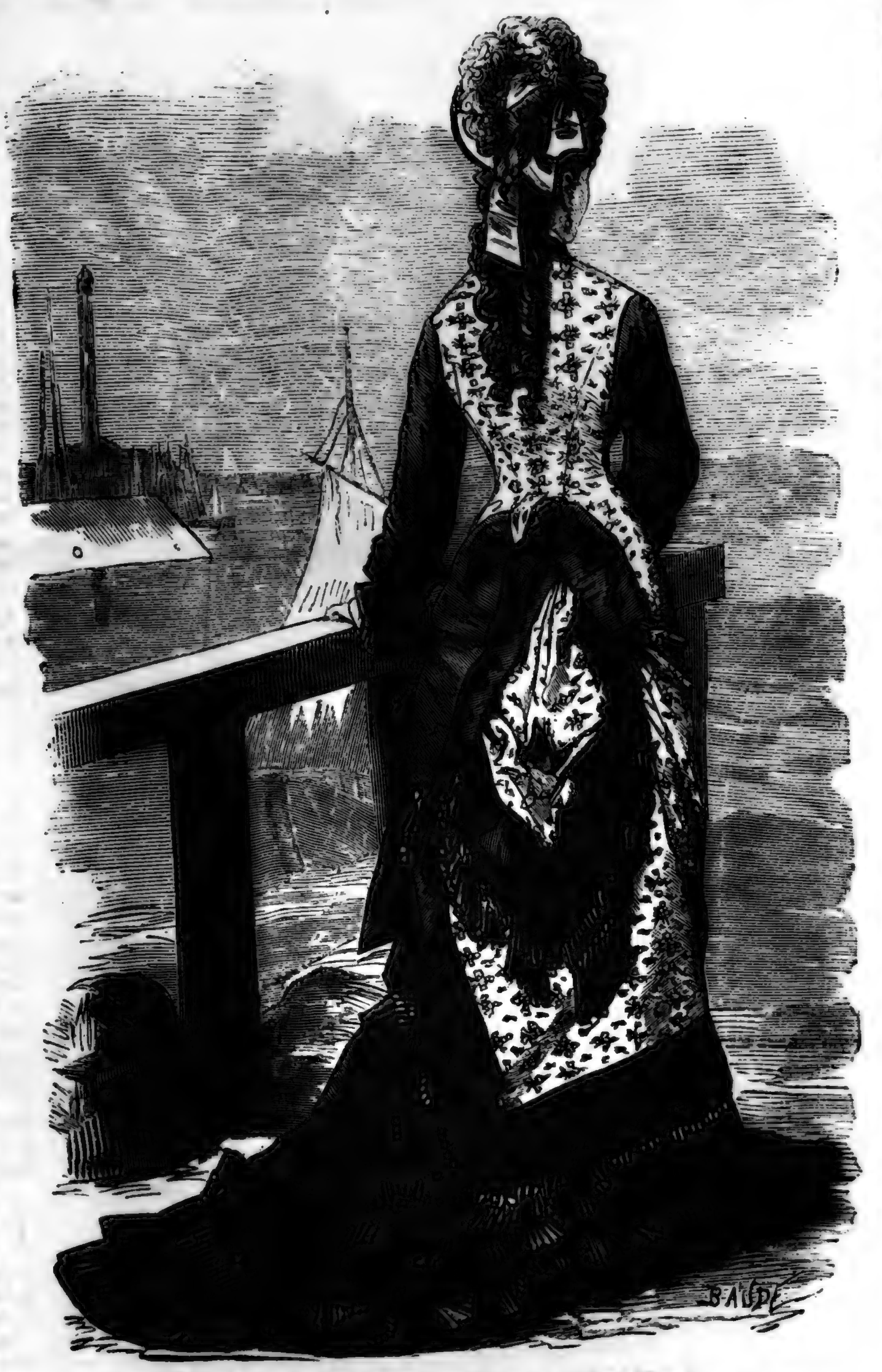
TRAVELLING.—Everybody travels nowadays—some more, some less; but the strange thing is that, with all this mania for roaming about, many people have not the faintest idea of the most elementary things connected with travelling, and the consequence is that an excursion which was intended to bring nothing but pleasure is often a dismal failure, productive of nothing but bad temper and discomfort. In the first place, as soon as you know that you are likely to leave home, even if it is only for a week, begin at once to think over what you will take, and, if necessary, make a list. If you wait till the last minute you are sure to forget something that you cannot possibly do without.



No. 180.—THE BENGALI COSTUME. (Back View.)
*Made-up Model*, 5*s*. 6*d*.; *Flat Pattern only*, 2*s*. 9*d*.; of Mesdames ADOLPHE and MARIE GOUBAUD, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

There are a great many people who, having made up their minds what train they intend to start by, think no more about it until they have only just left themselves time to catch it. Never do that, particularly if you are travelling on the Continent; unless you are well acquainted with your whereabouts you will have numberless questions to ask, to wait for your turn to take your ticket, to see to 'your luggage, and then, when weary, hot, and cross, you rush on to the platform, you hear the guard sing out his last "*En voiture, Messieurs, en voiture!*" You rush headlong into the first carriage you see, and find, directly the train has started, that your companions are just the very ones, of all others, you wished to avoid. If you manage to arrive at the station half an hour before the train starts you will avoid these trials.

In travelling in France the first thing to do is to take your ticket; then you point out your luggage to a porter, who weighs and labels it, and gives you a ticket for it. Every traveller is allowed a certain weight of luggage; beyond that weight it must be paid for. When once these matters are settled you have nothing more to think of but yourself. When you get into the waiting-room remain as near as you can to the door leading to the platform, and when it is opened you will be one of the first to leave the room, and will have time to choose a good place, which is important if the journey is to be a long one.

When you are comfortably installed you can do nothing but wait and see what kind of travelling companions chance has sent you—pleasant and polite, or the reverse. "There is no politeness in travelling, only egotism," a humourist has said. And it is only too true: but that is no reason why you should imitate those who have no objection to sacrifice the comfort of others for their own benefit. What can be more contradictory to all the plainest notions of social life—to say nothing of the precepts of charity and mutual benevolence taught by all religions! There cannot be a more alarming symptom for the future of a nation than an unmannerly egotism. Surely the maxim, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," is never more necessary than at such times; it is when travelling that people are most likely to require each other's services; and it is when they are shut up side by side and face to face in a railway carriage for many hours at a time that they should make amends for their uncomfortable position by pleasant manners and conversation. The constraint and silence resulting from this want of expansion between people who are obliged to remain together all day is sometimes very painful.

It is true that prudence often demands such constraint, as we must be utterly ignorant of the character and morality of our companions; and if we do not trust those who never open their mouths, we are still less likely to trust those who make friends too readily. Very often, however, what is simply meant as politeness is taken to be familiarity.

Then there are those dreadful travellers who tyrannise over all their companions, who take upon themselves to order and arrange everything without consulting anybody else, and who open and shut windows just as they like: and those others, still worse, who are always fussing and fuming, and are a perfect nuisance to themselves and everyone else.

Ladies cannot be too reserved while travelling, and yet they need not display the haughtiness and pride which are always out of place on such occasions. One does sometimes meet very nice people, but then sometimes, also, one's neighbours are queer, to say the least of it. A woman of tact can soon make a good guess at her surroundings, and has no difficulty in tracing her proper course. There are special carriages for ladies travelling alone, but one is not always obliged to go in them.

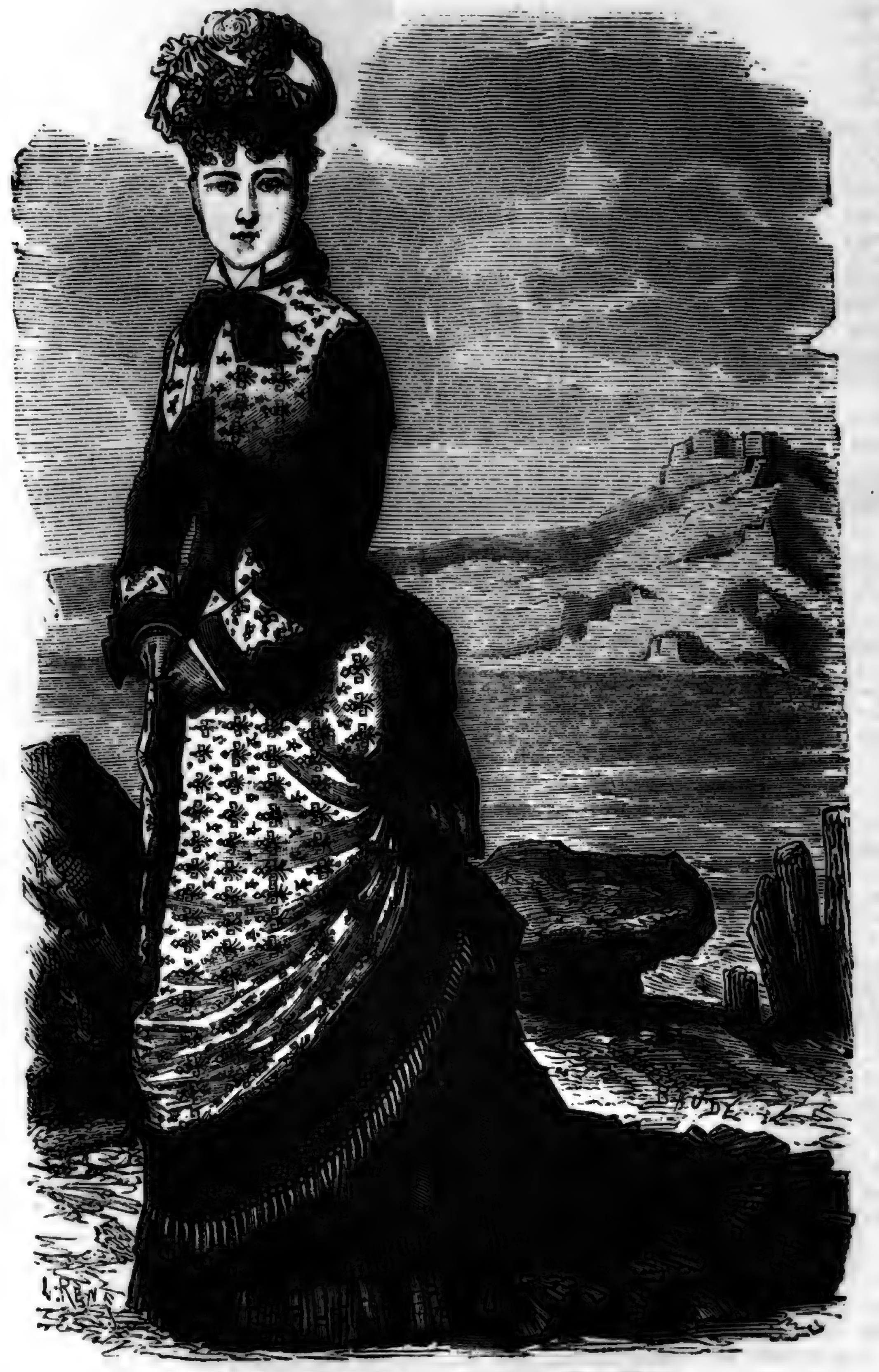
A last word as to travelling toilettes. The costume should be rather short and comfortable; nothing tight should be worn—it is sure to occasion suffering. Grey is the best of all colours, for it does not show the dust; and there are so many varieties of grey that it is quite possible to have a very elegant and, at the same time, convenient travelling costume.

## FASHION IN FURNITURE.

### II.

THE title of Early English, as applied to furniture, is one that has given rise to a great deal of discussion, and though many have written at more or less length on the subject, it still remains a very difficult matter to describe distinctly its particular features, and still more to define the exact period from which it is supposed to be borrowed. That it is of much later date than the Early English style of architecture appears certain, and, in fact, it seems by many to be considered as synonymous in character with the Jacobean and Queen Ann furniture now so justly admired. For the information of one or two correspondents, who seem puzzled by the term, it may be as well to mention that an Early English bedstead is in no way an exact copy of the kind of couch sometimes illustrated in the earlier chapters of the History of England, in which the occupant lies in a very uncomfortable-looking slanting position, with a crown on his head, a very limited supply of bedclothes, and his ungainly feet sticking up at the end. An Early English bedstead in the nineteenth century is as broad and as long as you please, and as comfortable as a good spring mattress and plenty of blankets can make it. The peculiarity is that such a bedstead is more firmly made, and more beautifully carved, than these useful articles of furniture have been for many years past. Two very good specimens of modern carved wooden bedsteads may now be seen in a room adjoining the art needlework exhibition at South Kensington. One of these, with a handsome canopy and two life-sized owls at the foot, is worthy to become an heirloom in a family, and be specially bequeathed in its owner's will; an honour no one would ever think of conferring on an ordinary brass bedstead.

It is a matter of hearty congratulation amongst the English furniture makers that the specimens in every style exhibited by them at the Centennial exhibition far exceed the American furniture in style and execution. The Americans readily acknowledge this superiority, and can scarcely sufficiently admire the beauty and solidity of the various articles sent out from England. Art furniture is steadily growing in favour here and elsewhere, and as the demand for it increases, the prices will, it is to be hoped, fall at an equal rate, so that in a short time there will be no necessity, from mere pecuniary considerations, for furnishing a house in a style that offends the taste, and is likely to make it a perpetual eyesore to its luckless inhabitants.



NO. 181.—THE BENGALI COSTUME. (Front View.)
*Made-up Model, 5s. 6d.; Flat Pattern only, 2s. 9d.;* of Mesdames ADOLPHE and MARIE GOUBAUD, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

Last month the attention of our readers was called to the excellent and artistic bedroom furniture made by Messrs. Dyer, Harper, & Dyer; this month a few paragraphs will be devoted to the art furniture of Mr. T. Jacob, who has opened premises at 42, Kentish Town Road, for its production at reasonable prices. Mr. Jacob, who learnt his art at Messrs. Jackson & Graham's, has carried off quite an array of prizes and medals from different societies and exhibitions for his beautifully designed and executed work. First in the list are a silver medal and £50, given by the Society of Arts in 1871 for an inlaid table, one of the most exquisite specimens of marquetry work it is possible to see. This and a small octagonal table for a lady's use, which obtained for its maker a diploma of merit at the Vienna exhibition, 1873, are made of amboyna, an African wood. The inlays are of ivory, ebony, purple, satin, and other woods; the design in both tables is so intricate, and the execution so wonderfully delicate and accurate, that the whole effect is much more like that produced by painting than by wood work

However, it is not in marquetry work only that Mr. Jacob excels; a cabinet and a lady's writing-table, both of ebony on the best mahogany, were a convincing proof that his attention has not been confined to one branch only of his art, but that he is equally successful in all. The cabinet is so constructed as to possess the greatest possible amount of usefulness in all its parts without being very large. It is supported by spindle legs, and contains a good-sized cupboard, the panels of which are gold, with painted flowers and butterflies; recesses on either side of the cupboard, for the reception of china or other ornaments, are lined with crimson velvet. A shelf above allows of a further display of china, and a mirror is judiciously introduced at the back between the cupboard and shelf. As a general rule, the back of a cabinet which is placed against the wall and not intended to be seen is rough and unfinished; but it is not so in this case—the back is as neatly finished as the front, and may be as closely inspected. All the metal work is prepared from special drawings, that it may be in accordance with the complete design; and the cabinet is so strongly made and put together that it may well defy the assaults of time and the batteries of careless housemaids, which are even more dangerous to furniture.

The lady's writing-table, also black and gilt, with an improved sliding shelf for writing on, is made in the same style, and is another example of Mr. Jacob's good taste in designing, and of the solid work which he produces. The table is delightful, and fitted with drawers and recesses, and is altogether a gem of a writing-table.

It will naturally be supposed that such work as this must be very expensive; but it is not so, for the prices (£38 the cabinet, and £35 the writing-table) of these beautiful articles are not higher than those asked for ordinary things of the same class, overloaded with inartistic and inappropriate ornaments, that crowd our drawing-rooms. They are not "wonderfully cheap," but neither are they wonderfully commonplace: and when the quality of the materials employed, and the fact that no two objects made from the same design leave the factory, are taken into consideration, it will be admitted that the prices are not higher than the beauty and perfect construction of the furniture warrant.

Mr. Jacob's designs for bedroom, drawing-room, and other furniture are all excellent, especially some designs for mantelpieces, with mirrors above, and recesses at the side of the mirror for china, &c. Anyone who wishes to furnish a house, or part of a house, in a thoroughly correct style and taste cannot do better than apply to Mr. Jacob for designs and estimates. He is an artist, and puts his whole soul into his work, and is too good a workman to allow anything flimsy or ill-made to leave his house.

An advertisement has lately appeared in some of the papers singing the praises of machine-made furniture. The particular merits of this furniture are not specified, and, indeed, it would probably be a difficult task to say wherein they consisted. In time, one might have a kind of friendly feeling towards such furniture, due to its being so constantly met with; for, of course, being made by machinery, the more that is made from the same pattern the better—for the maker. Fortunately this spirit has not always existed, or we should have no beautiful models to copy from now, nor is it likely to spread so fast as the newly-awakened love of true art and acquaintance with its principles.

The present rage for collecting china, and piling it up anywhere and everywhere in a house, is not one that will be altogether beneficial to the cause of art-furniture. When mantelpieces, sideboards, and cabinets have to be constructed with a view to the amount of china they can hold, we are too likely to have all these articles taking very much the shape of kitchen dressers. A few well-chosen and well-placed plates and vases are a great addition and suitable decoration to any room; but when every place is filled with the same objects to such an extent that every hasty movement is attended with peril to some precious dish or cup, and even the bedrooms are invaded by the beautiful but fragile host, the house becomes a museum, and as it gains in interest it is bound to lose in comfort and convenience. Everybody knows of at least one such house, where the fear of doing some dreadful and never-to-be-repaired damage keeps the visitor in a perpetual fear of apprehension lest some inadvertent gesture should bring a Sevres cup to the ground, or reduce a Dresden shepherdess to countless atoms. Such treasures should be kept in safe places; they are utterly destructive of comfort and ease of mind unless such precautions are taken.

Cretonnes and chintzes being much employed for covering furniture and for curtains, &c., it becomes a question of some importance to know where they can be satisfactorily cleaned. Messrs. Young and Co, of Lisson Grove, come to the rescue, and having made the cleaning of such fabrics a subject of special care and attention, are not only prepared to undertake restorations to colour and cleanliness on a large scale, but have shown results such as could be obtained by nothing less than a thorough study and practical knowledge of the subject.

A few hints to careful housewives will not come amiss. It seems cretonnes with black grounds generally require to be glazed like a chintz after cleaning. The black ground fades quickly, and a satisfactory colour cannot be given it without this process. Other cretonnes may be cleaned so as to look exactly like new. Chintzes almost invariably clean well. Chair coverings, &c., need not be unpicked; but cords, if there are any, should be taken off. Pink linings to curtains generally require to be taken out and cleaned separately, as the colour is apt run. Buckram linings to curtain valances must always be removed; ut this, and the replacing them, may be left to Messrs. Young, who employ a competent person for the purpose.

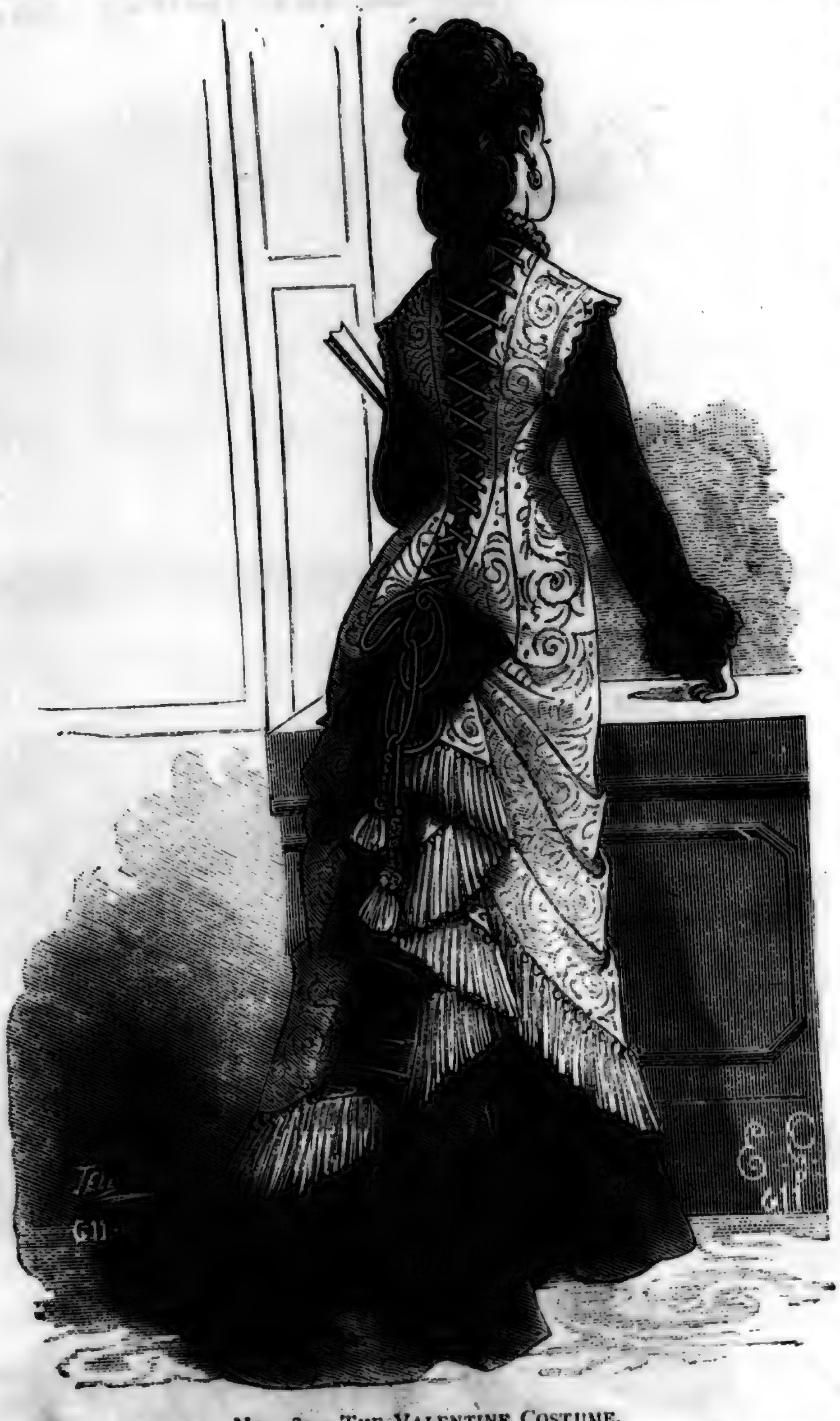
Damask and rep take colours very well. A piece of crimson damask was so brilliant in colour as to be almost dazzling. This firm also undertakes carpet cleaning, charging from fivepence to one shilling per yard; and the thorough cleaning, and remaking of beds and mattresse. In this case the charge is 3*s*. 6*d*. per foot, measuring across the bed or mattress, an easy method of reckoning the cost.

A second visit to Mr. Jacob's factory at 42, Kentish Town Road, has been a second pleasure, in which the reader shall share. This time Mr. Jacob was able to show the greater part of a suite of drawing-room furniture which he is now engaged in making. The mirror-frame, to be placed above the mantelpiece, was a conspicuous object. It is not simply a frame, and no more, but it is fitted with shelves below, and at the sides, for ornaments; in the lower part a narrow strip of mirror is introduced between a broad shelf and a narrower one above; at the sides a panel covered with crimson velvet is placed behind the shelves and forms an admirable contrast to the black and gold frame, as well as a good background for china ornaments. Above the mirror, between that and the top ornament, painted panels are introduced.

A cabinet for the same room was also in course of preparation. This second cabinet is in the same style as the one already described, and made throughout of the same materials; but with this difference—there is less ornamental work in it, and less carving and gilding, and the consequence is that the cabinet is only half the price of the first one—that is, £16 or £18, instead of £38. What better proof could there possibly be that art-furniture is no more costly than any other kind? Do we not all know of chiffoniers made of walnut-wood, masses of foolish curves and meaningless ornaments, which are considered cheap at £20? Here is an equally convenient cabinet of irreproachable taste and perfect construction and finish for less money; the one manufactured wholesale, and multiplied ad infinitum—the other made from a special design, carefully finished, and never repeated. It seems absurd to dwell on the advantages that must result from this way of making—they are so self-evident; and yet few people have the courage as yet to trust their furniture to a maker who, like Mr. Jacob, makes only on the best principles and from his own designs. It is easier and, perhaps, in the first outlay, cheaper, to buy a "walnut-wood drawing-room suite;" the walnut-wood suite is ugly and vulgar, and soon looks mean and shabby, but it is to be feared that, so long as price only is considered when furniture is being purchased, such suites will still be found. May that happy day soon dawn when they shall be thoroughly "out of fashion," and no more seen!

A corner cabinet, also black and gold, and for the same room as the looking-glass and larger cabinet, is quite a little beauty. It is simple in outline; the gold panels at the side are beautifully painted by the lady for whom it is being made; the door is glass: the cabinet is lined with crimson velvet, and a glass shelf is placed in the middle. Mr. Jacob has kindly prepared a sketch of a chimney-piece and mirror above, which came unfortunately too late to be illustrated this month; next month, however, the reader will, we hope, be able from this to judge of Mr. Jacob's talent as a designer.

LADY SARAH M.



No. 182.—THE VALENTINE COSTUME.

*Made-up Model*, 5*s*. 6*d*.; *Flat Pattern only*, 2*s*. 9*d*.; of Mesdames ADOLPHE and MARIE GOUBAUD, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

## DRESS.

**EILEEN.**—Will **MYRA** kindly tell Eileen in her next number what dresses, bonnets, &c., she would be likely to need for a residence at Cannes, from October till May.—1. People at Cannes dress very quietly, wearing ordinary materials during the week, and silk and velvet on Sundays. You would find a serge and a black silk costume both useful, also some demi-toilette dresses, for croquet parties, threaticals, and small private dances, of which there are a good many given by the residents and visitors during the season. The same style of bonnet you would wear here and a shady hat is all that is necessary. You can either alter your bodice by having a new silk lining, and cutting it into a square, or else by having the lining low, and adding a broad lace Elizabethan frill round the shoulders.

**ROSEMONDE ELISE.**—A French grey poplin, made as a Princess dress, edged with fringe, or with a frilling of white lace, interspersed with mousquetaire loops of grey faille ribbon. Sleeves coat-shaped, and trimmed to correspond with the scarves, either with fringe or lace.

**FRANCES.**—It is very difficult to decide upon an allowance for anyone you do not know personally, as tastes vary so much, and many ladies economize in various ways, while they have one pet extravagance which they must always indulge; but I think you might manage on £25 a year, as you do not go to balls, and make all your dresses at home, which is a great savingof expense. Never forestall your allowance, that is to say, always keep within the limits of what next quarter's money will easily pay for, and leave you a pound or two of ready money in hand for accidental expenses. I am glad you find our Journal useful. In the patterns that are given; the turnings are not allowed.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER, always grateful and beneficial to the Human Hair. It cannot fail to restore Grey Hair to its youthful colour. It will stop the hair falling, and produce luxuriant growth. MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S ZYLO-BALSAMUM, a simple Tonic Hairdressing of inestimable value to the young, and to all who would prevent their hair turning grey or falling out. Both preparations are never required at the same time—one or the other is suited to every condition of the Human Hair. Instructive printed matter as to both, in all languages, free to any address from Principal Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton Row, London. Every Chemist and dealer in Toilet Articles has both preparations.—[ADVT.]

**SUBSCRIBER.**—A grey damask alpaca will make a pretty, suitable underskirt to your polonaise. Trim the skirt with narrow-pleated flounces, three or four of them, so as to come as high, and reach the beginning of the polonaise; the latter should not be trimmed, as the material does not require it. I do not understand why you have not been successful with the "Renovo." I have used it, and so have several of my friends, and we have all been pleased with the result, and found it most useful in economising the quantity of light gloves generally bought at this season of the year.

**LYDIA** writes: Would you like to hear the very latest *canard* in Paris, where I am now staying? It seems that at a grand ball given here lately, one young lady was the object of universal observation and admiration, and probably of not a little envy. This young lady's toilette was entirely trimmed with real flowers; and though she danced all night with as much energy as other people, her lovely flowers were not in the least faded when she left, and did not seem to have lost a single leaf. It seems that the explanation of the mystery is as follows:—Some clever Indian chemist composed and presented to the Prince of Wales, during his travels in India, an essence, of which a few drops thrown on to flowers or leaves are sufficient to keep them perfectly fresh all through a ball. The essence was of course given to the Princess of Wales, who shared the precious gift with some of the ladies with whom she is most intimate, and it was to this royal generosity that the young lady owed her unique ornaments. Such is the story here. Have you heard anything of it in London?—Your story is new to me; *se non e vero e ben trovato!*

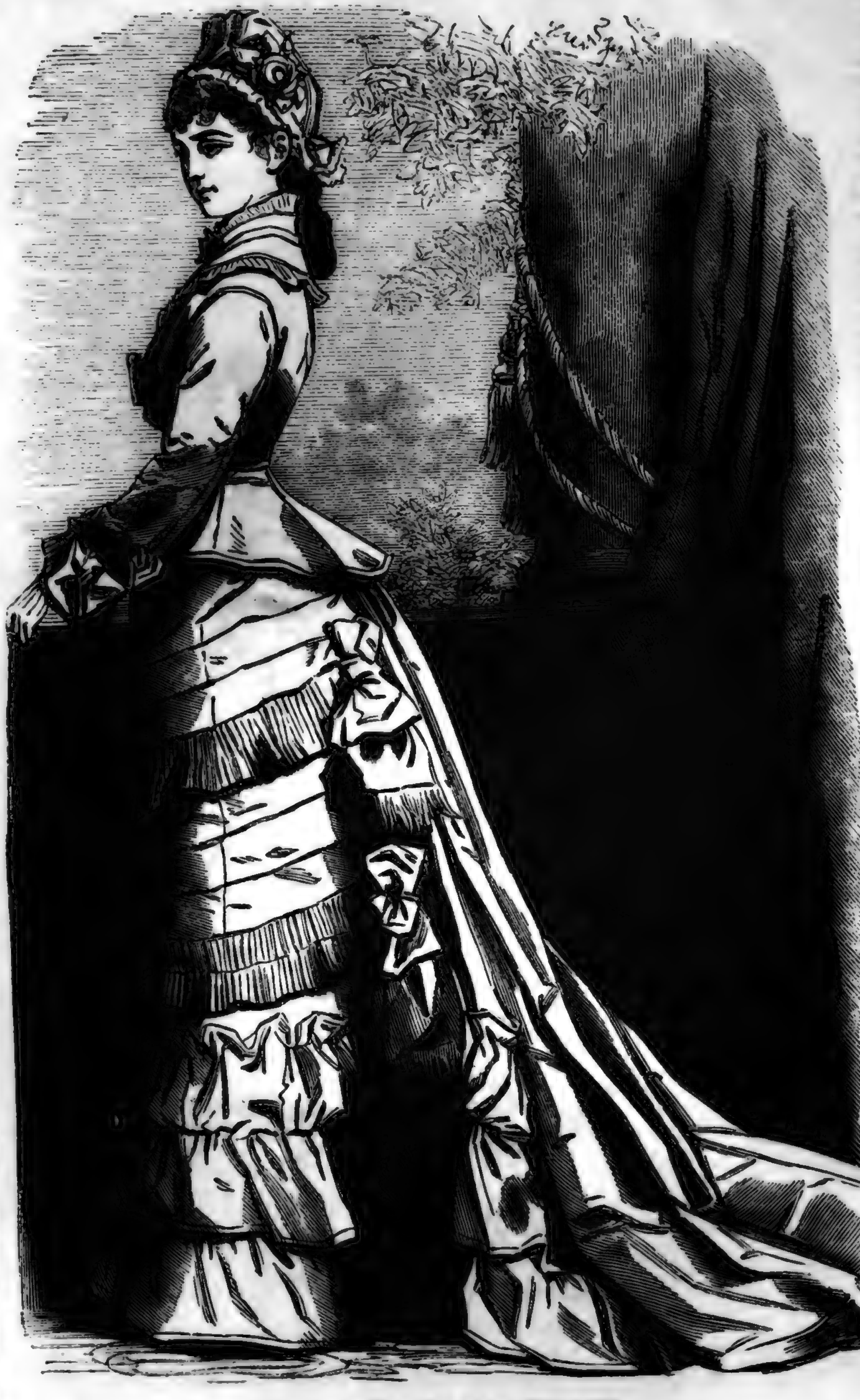
**SALLY B.**—I have a very good poplin dress, grey tulle sleeveless jacket, and tablier of satin, same shade; in fact, my wedding-dress. How could it be altered to make a useful one to wear any time? Also a light brown silk rep, long full skirt, I wear with a brown velveteen jacket and tablier. It is in good condition, but I am tired of it.—1. Wear with your poplin dress a Princess tunic of cashmere damassé, of the same shade of grey, and trim it with two pleated flounces, divided by black velvet mousquetaire loops. 2. Brown rep skirt, bordered with a pleating of brown silk, and two gathered flounces. Tunic composed of three cross-cut folds, each bordered with a narrow band of the rep, which you can make from one of the breadths, taken out of the full skirt. Corslet bodice, with a corded basque and rep sleeves, trimmed at the wrist with a gathered and a pleated silk flounce.

R. H. has of the enclosed silk a skirt and sleeves, with flounce and bias band. Also a rather short round tablier without sash which she has been wearing with velvet and merino sleeveless jackets; but as these are now out of fashion, would be very thankful if **MYRA** could give some suggestion as to a suitable colour and material for mixing, to form a costume.—Edge your silk skirt with a pleating of grey damasked alpaca, matching the stripe of your enclosed pattern. Very long double tunic, trimmed with black and grey fringe; corslet bodice, corded with silk, and silk sleeves with alpaca cuffs. The tunic and bodice are both made in the damasked alpaca. Sleeveless jackets are still fashionable, and ladies find them so useful that I think for some time they will continue to be so.

**MARY K. V.**—I have never seen pink Turkey twill, and believe that the real material is only made in the dark or Turkey red; but I will make inquiries, and if it is to be procured will let you know where, either through the Journal or by post on receipt of address and twelve stamps.

**A. GEORGE.**—The "Gem" tunic pattern was given in the large diagram-sheet of the February Journal. The price of the flat pattern is 1*s.* 9*d.* This style looks very pretty, either in silk or cashmere, trimmed with marabout or mousquetaire loops, the latter being most fashionable.

**RESTLESS.**—The long pockets would be becoming to you, as length takes away from the effect of stoutness; but nothing is pretty when it is exaggerated, so my advice is always to keep as much as possible within the medium sizes dictated by good taste.



No. 183.—THE CLORINDA TOILETTE.

*Made-up Model* 5*s.* 6*d.*; *Flat Pattern only*, 2*s.* 9*d.*; of Mesdames ADOLPHE and MARIE GOUBAUD, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

**ANXIOUS MUSICIAN.**—Navy blue, or any dark colour, takes better in a photograph. Light blue or écru colour would not look well. Navy blue will have the same effect as a black dress, and therefore is suitable. You have sent no patterns, so I cannot judge of the silk; but do not be photographed in it if it is, as you describe it, dove colour.

**AMY.**—Wear muslin. We have more than once, in our notes, had occasion to compliment the very elegant and beautiful muslin costumes manufactured in our furnishing houses. These attractive and timely confections seem more worn than ever. In thin, light muslins the choice is between French organdi and Swiss mull—the former being usually selected because of washing more easily, and retaining more perfectly its clearness after washing. The handsomest muslin dresses are so profusely trimmed with, that they may be said literally to be made up with, a combination of Valenciennes insertion and lace; but as few are willing to incur the expense of trimming so costly, imperial lace is used in the place of genuine Valenciennes; or, instead of insertion and lace, strips of tucked muslin, puffing, flouncing, &c., are made to answer the purpose. For the muslin costume, the polonaise this season is the favourite, but not to the exclusion of the cuirasse bodice, tablier, or overskirt, and demi-fitting blouse. A costume lately made, and to be worn over a slip of ciel blue silk, had the skirt trimmed with a fluted flounce four inches wide, edged with imperial lace around the bottom, and above this a nine-inch wide flounce, finished with a cluster of very minute tucks, drawn on with a puff and a standing frill, with imperial lace edging the top and bottom. The polonaise, buttoned up in the back, had a finishing nine inches deep at the bottom, formed of alternate bands of imperial insertion and puffs of muslin, with a six-inch wide flounce at the bottom, finished to match that on the skirt. The sleeves were formed of lengthwise puffings and bands of insertion, and the neck was finished with a double fluted standing frill. There were drooping bows of ciel blue gros-grain ribbon set in the drapery, bows on the sleeves, and a band of blue ribbon around the neck, terminating in a cluster of deep loops and ends at the back. A second costume, with a cuirasse bodice and sleeves, formed of lengthwise puffs, divided by bands of insertion, had the tablier supplanted by three scarves on the front of the skirt, formed of alternate puffs and strips of insertion placed diagonally, and edged at the bottom with a fluted ruffle trimmed with lace. There was a full draped back, trimmed with the fluted ruffle; and finishing the dress were bows of pale lilac gros-grain ribbon.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**MATRONIA.—WASHING UP.**—I have not replied to your question about soda used in washing up plates, dishes, &c., after use before this, as I wanted to make a practical test of the quantity of soda fairly necessary. This morning our "help" washed up the dinner things of yesterday, and the breakfast things used this morning—all greasy. The method followed was this: A heaped tablespoonful of soda was put into a sufficiently large pan, with the plates, &c. &c., and a gallon of boiling water poured on the whole. Each article was then washed, one by one, with a small "dish mop," and each placed on a tray to drain. Then all the first water was thrown into the sink, and another lot of clean boiling water poured into the pan, wherein each article was again plunged and allowed to drain. Then each article was at once wiped dry, and the whole set—at least twenty pieces—looked as bright as a looking-glass. The whole affair, from first to last, took less time than it has taken me to describe the process, and there was no extra haste used. The dish-washing plan is entirely our servant's. The little mop enables her to use water very much hotter than she could otherwise use.

To Schools, Institutions and Private Families.—STIDOLPH'S PATENT IMPROVED INSTITUTION BEDSTEAD, with INDESTRUCTIBLE CLOTH SACKING, unequalled for strength, cleanliness, buoyancy, and economy in bedding. No rust, noise, or derangement. Invaluable for every household. Designs and price list on application. Patentee and manufacturer, Thomas William Stidolph, Upholsterer, Dartford.—[ADVT.]

TO LADIES IN THE COUNTRY.—A large quantity of the richest black gros grain silk, full width, having been taken for debt, must be sacrificed to realise. Unusual opportunity. Price 4*s.* 10*d.*, 6*s.* 6*d.*, and 8*s.* 6*d.* per yard. Original price, 8*s.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*, and 12*s.* 9*d.* Patterns sent, and money returned if not satisfactory. Address, H. and W. HERBERT, 17, York Place, Baker Street, London, W.—[ADVT.]

LADIES TRAVELLING, visiting the seaside, and otherwise exposed to the searching rays of the sun and heated particles of dust, will find ROWLANDS' KALYDOR most cooling and refreshing for the face, hands, and arms. It eradicates all freckles, tan, sunburn, &c., and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion. Price 4*s.* 6*d.* and 8*s.* 6*d.* per bottle. Ask any chemist, perfumer, or hairdresser for ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, and avoid cheap imitations under the same or similar names.—[ADVT.]

**LA PETITE MENAGERE.**—A batterie de cuisine varies according to the style of housekeeping; but it is as well to remember, in providing the necessaries for even a modest establishment, that copper utensils, particularly saucepans, are the most economical. They are more expensive to purchase, but they wear so much better than others that the difference of cost is soon made up. Besides this, all food can be much better prepared in copper vessels than in earthen or iron ones, and they are more readily kept clean and bright. Iron saucepans, too, burn very readily, and when once they have lost their first polish, it is almost impossible to rub it back again. Cast-iron saucepans may be used for dishes that only require warming without being left on the fire for any length of time, and also for vegetables. In a well-furnished kitchen, where meals have to be prepared for a moderately-sized family, there should be ten or twelve copper saucepans of different sizes, with their lids, always kept beautifully clean, and tinned whenever they require it. A few iron saucepans, which must be renewed when the bottoms are injured by the fire; a large stewpan with its lid; two or three copper tart-dishes, without feet; two portable ovens, one large, the other small, and a few iron saucepan lids, in which hot coals or charcoal can be put; three or four gridirons, one of which must be specially reserved for fish, and thoroughly cleansed whenever it has been used; three or four frying-pans, of different sizes; two fish kettles, one long, the other square, and each supplied with its strainer, or false bottom; two Dutch-ovens, one of them rather large; two or three fine tin colanders, and a coarser one of tinned copper or iron for purées, with a mushroom-shaped pestle of hard wood and a wooden frame, into which the colander can be fitted, which makes the work much easier when a purée has to be beaten through; two or three hair sieves, one of which should never be used for anything but stock and gravy; two or three copper kettles of different sizes, useful, not only in the kitchen, but for many other domestic purposes; a copper preserving-pan, not tinned, for making jam, with a copper spatula; a few moulds for sweets; a pasteboard and roller—the board must be made of white wood, with ledges at the two sides; some pie-dishes and baking-tins. A good kitchen-range is always supplied with a boiler, and this must be kept filled with hot water for the use of the kitchen. Besides the utensils already named, a batterie de cuisine comprises a bain-marie, a coffee-pot, a few skimmers and spoons, larding-pins of different sizes; a chopper and chopping-board; knives for cutting meat or vegetables; a strong sheet-iron extinguisher for putting out the fire in the stoves; a mortar made of hard wood, or, better still, of stone or marble, with its pestle; a few tin boxes, with lids provided with hinges, for keeping salt, pepper, spices, and flour; a coffee-roaster, and a coffee-mill; a board for cleaning knives; a large tub for washing plates and dishes; a plate-rack, and, lastly, a sufficient number of sponges, brushes, and brooms, for washing, cleaning, and scouring.

**EDINA.**—One Edina was answered in the Workroom Supplement of April 8th, and another in that of June 10th. You will find the answers to your questions in one or the other of those Supplements.

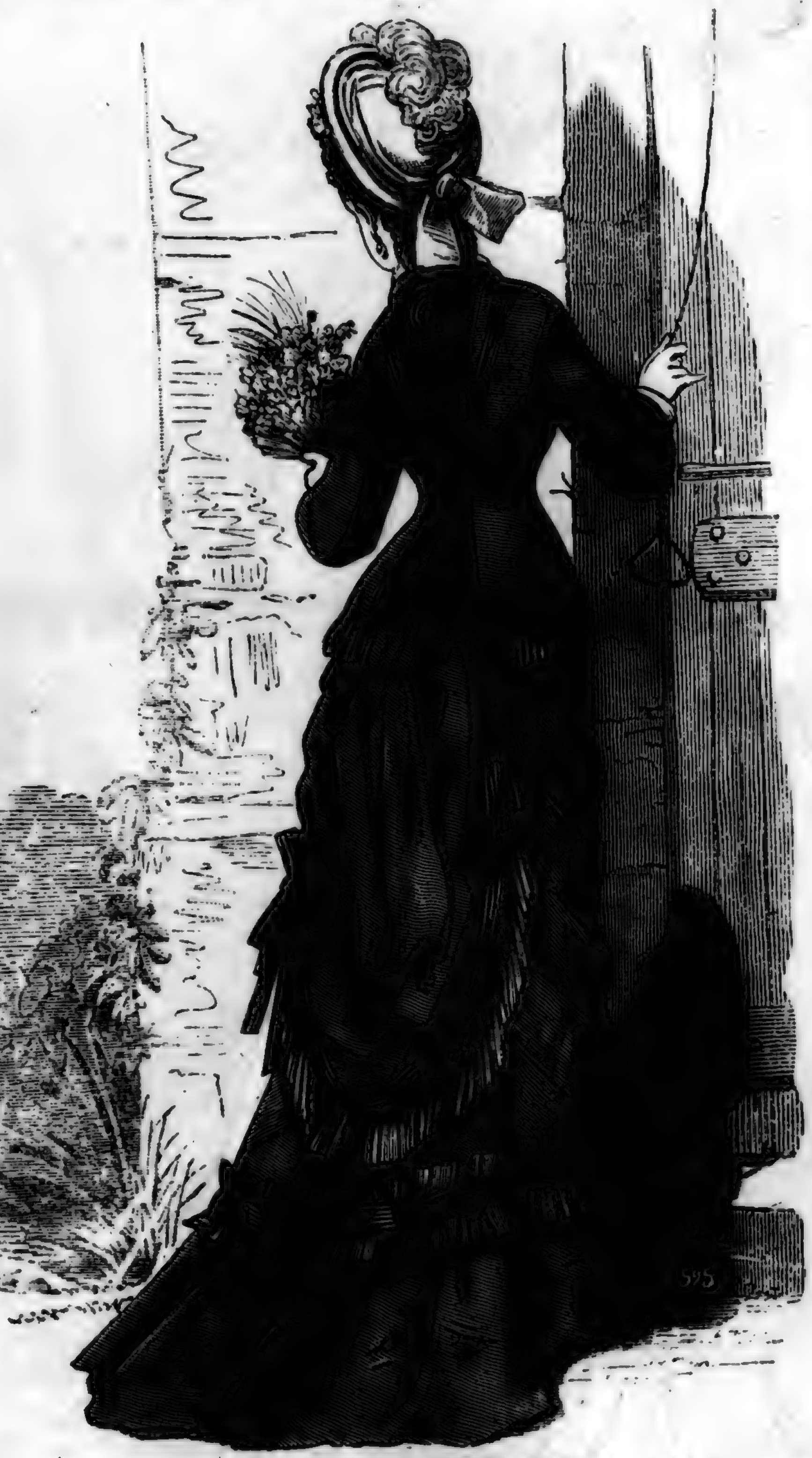
**LAURA S.**—To colour wild grasses, dry them slowly, and dip in Judson's dyes, diluted by water to the shade you require. These shades are very beautiful, and cost from *6d.* per bottle.

Madame **CONEY'S** boots are the height of fashion. Her high-leg buttoned boots, in glace kid, with fluted heels, at one guinea are a marvel of cheapness, and, notwithstanding their extreme lightness, they are durable. 76, Tottenham Court Road.—[ADVT.]

**MADAME MARIE BELVAL** has removed to 7, **CAVENDISH PLACE**, Cavendish Square, and continues to give lessons in singing at her own or pupils' residences. Terms—three lessons, one guinea. A reduction made or schools and families.—[ADVT.

Those ladies who have taken so kind an interest in the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, Golden-square, W., will be glad to learn that Madame Christine Nilsson has handed a handsome contribution of upwards of £1000 to the Committee of the Hospital, being the proceeds of her concert, on May 24th, in aid of the Building Fund of that institution.

**RICKETT.**—Will W. W. or any other kind friend kindly say whether she is willing to teach ecclesiastical embroidery, and upon what terms.



No. 184.—THE SYLVANIE COSTUME.

*Made-up Model, 5s. 6d.*; *Flat Pattern only, 2s. 9d.*; of Mesdames ADOLPHE and MARIE GOUBAUD, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

**RETHA.**—Would **MYRA** kindly inform me where I can obtain semaines de bonheur, also the price of them, and the price of the tierce bonheur.—Of Messrs. Gask and Gask, Oxford Street. Prices from *7s. 6d.*

Chintz and Cretonne curtains, furniture covers, &c., beautifully cleaned by **YOUNG & CO.**, Lisson Grove Dye Works, N.W., by whose process the colours are preserved and revived, and a high gloss imparted to the fabric, which resists the dust and prevents it being so easily soiled. See advertisement on page vii. —[ADVT.]

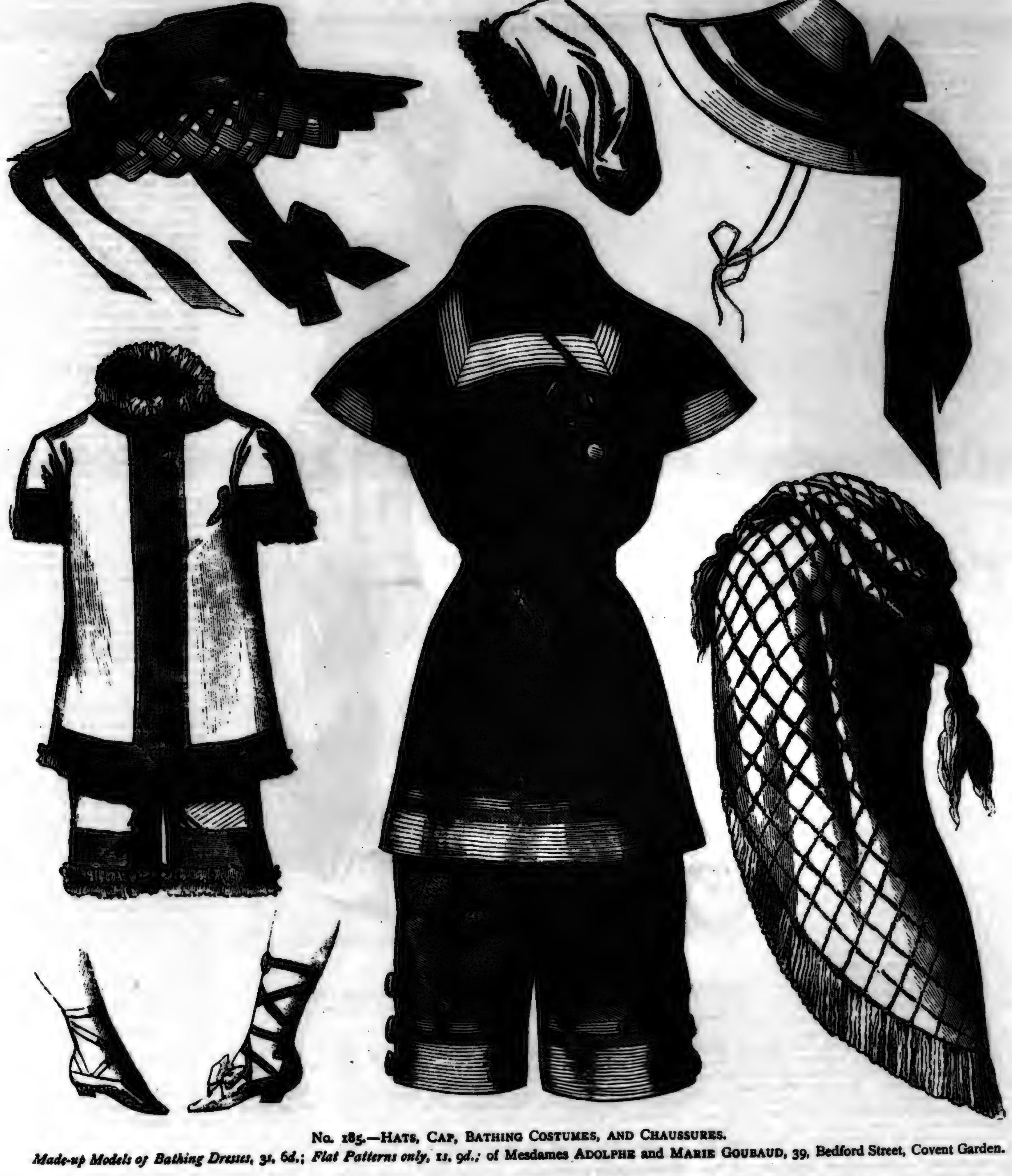
**MRS. STEVENSON**, dressmaker and milliner, 62, Fulham-road, South Kensington. Ladies' own materials made up from 10s. Special department for the alteration of old dresses to the existing fashion. A fashionable and elegant bonnet for half-a-guinea.—[ADVT.]

**ATTITUDES.**—The positions into which children, and especially young girls, put themselves when at work should be the object of constant care on the part of their parents and those who have the supervision of their education. Such care is particularly needed when children are engaged in writing. In the first place, they must be properly seated, that is, the seat must be straight and level, the shoulders on a horizontal line, and the back perfectly straight. Seats with backs, such as cane or rush-bottomed chairs, are better than stools or benches, as they allow the child to lean back and take a little rest at intervals. The position on a stool soon produces fatigue, and delicate children and young girls, unable to obtain rest in a good and healthy position by leaning backwards, seek it by bending over the table in front of them, and fall into easy but mischievous attitudes, which, if they do not absolutely produce deformities of figure, are apt to cause weakness in the chest and stomach. The seats should not be too high, and the children's feet should at all times rest on the floor or some other support. The table, too, on which children write and draw should be of a convenient height, so that the shoulders may remain perfectly level; an inclined table or desk is on this account to be preferred to a horizontal one. Another most important thing is that the sitting attitude should not be maintained too long, particularly with children of delicate constitutions. Two hours at a time is more than long enough. Standing in an almost motionless position is an attitude which, if prolonged for any length of time, is very fatiguing and injurious, and may cause curvature of the spine in young girls of weak health, or who have lost some of the natural elasticity of the body by wearing corsets at too early an age. So serious is the injury to health caused by constant standing, that great efforts are being made for the benefit of those who have most to suffer from it, viz., the assistants in shops. An article on the subject in the *Medical Examiner* says:—"A few months ago a movement was made by some influential ladies in Liverpool to induce the different tradespeople employing female assistants to provide seats behind the counters, in order that those who were disengaged might occasionally take rest. This appeal was responded to by the proprietors of many of the principal establishments, who have found on trial that bracket seats placed in convenient positions do not in any way interfere with business arrangements. Their prompt kindness has been greatly appreciated by their *employees*. A second appeal has lately been made to those shopkeepers who 'took no notice' of the first. This has been signed by all the leading members of the medical profession in Liverpool and Birkenhead. Surely something might be done in this direction in London also. We feel sure that in many cases the evil need only be pointed out for it to be at once remedied. There may, perhaps, be difficulties in the way, especially in some of the smaller drapery establishments, where there is often scarcely room enough for the assistants to pass each other behind the counter. But in every case where it is possible an effort ought to be made to provide some kind of rest for those whose employment compels them to stand for so many consecutive hours. Our attention is constantly being drawn to such painful diseases as varicose veins, &c., many of which are undoubtedly engendered and increased by these long periods of standing. We feel sure that we shall have the hearty co-operation of the ladies in urging upon London tradespeople the necessity of doing something at last to remedy this long 'standing' evil."

**"LEATHER-MAKE" SCOURED CALICO.**—The great and increasing demands for this now celebrated calico have made it absolutely imperative to have a depot in London; therefore premises have been taken nearly opposite the Marble Arch, Oxford Street, from which goods will be sent to our numerous customers with greater promptitude than is possible from a country place. Patterns will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 1d. for postage.—**CHRISTOPHER WILLIAMSON**, 231A, Oxford Street, London, or Leighton Buzzard.—[ADVT.]

**ELSIE** begs to inform **UNA** that the address for the outlines of illuminations is G. W. Ryde, 73, Western Road, Brighton.

**RACHEL WARRINGTON** writes:—Good sewing-machines are plentiful, but few excel the Singer machine in good qualities. It does everything that a lady could possibly require of her machine: it works well and rapidly, and does not get out of order easily. The system of hiring with option of purchase is a great help to many to whom the purchase-money would be a difficulty, but who would scarcely feel the loss of the 2*s.* 6*d.* per week, the cost of hiring. I have had much experience of this capital machine, and with many friends join in extolling it. We all agree that no better machine was ever made.



No. 185.—HATS, CAP, BATHING COSTUMES, AND CHAUSSURES.

*Made-up Models of Bathing Dresses*, 3*s*. 6*d*.; *Flat Patterns only*, 1*s*. 9*d*.; of Mesdames ADOLPHE and MARIE GOUBAUD, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

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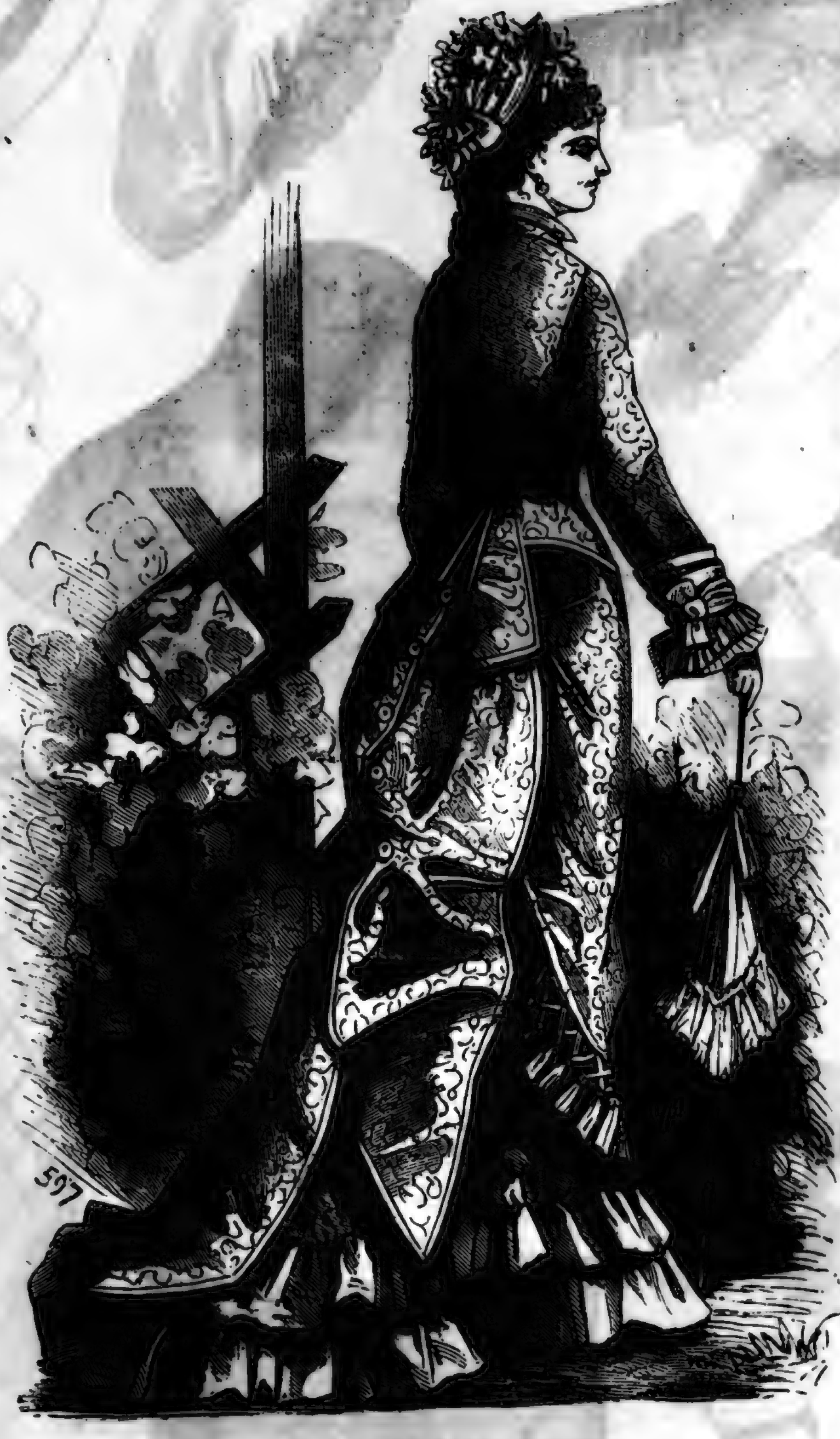
Ladies can have regular employment at home in knitting and fancy needlework by applying personally, from ten till four, to Miss DAVIS, 12, Tavistock Street, Bedford Square. Instruction gratis. Reference required.—[ADVT.]

**BOOKWORM.**—Newspapers continue to multiply all over the world. Corea has started a newspaper, and last year there were published in Japan two new daily, four weekly, and one monthly periodical. Who knows they may even have a MYRA'S JOURNAL of their own some day! Besides these, there were also published one novel, one dictionary, one geography, grammar, and history combined, and any number of blue-books.

**ANXIOUS MUSICIAN.**—I do not understand, if your parents are rich, and money must eventually come to you, the necessity of earning your own living; but if you think by doing so you would be happier, and you have the consent of your parents, then by all means seek some occupation, and remember that work is always honourable.

**AN OLD GENTLEWOMAN** writes:—Dear Madam, if I may trust the titles taken by some of your correspondents, you are not unused to being addressed by elderly people, and do not treat their communications with the contempt which the sayings and doings of old ladies generally draw upon them. The courtesy shown by you in this matter deserves our warmest thanks (for I am an old woman, too, and so may well say "our"); but I fear you will have to pay the penalty for it by receiving more old ladies' letters than you will know what to do with. At any rate, I am going to put your patience once more to the proof by writing you a long letter about conversation. When I was a young woman people used to converse; but now I never hear anything but talk, or, I may almost say, chit-chat. Now, the difference between the two is very great: conversation requires some intelligence, good language, wit, and knowledge; the other, talk, can do with very little intelligence, no knowledge to speak of, and the simplest language. The one is language in full dress, the other is language in undress. Both may be considered among the enjoyments of life, but which is best? That, I suppose, is not a fair question, and very few would answer it truthfully. One likes conversation because it supplies opportunities for display; another prefers chatting because it makes more friends. I am afraid egotism is at the bottom of most of our opinions. Some people are clever at a kind of conversation which they may carry on for an hour or so, just as they would fence or ride for an hour. This style of conversation consists of a good deal of teasing, considerable prolixity, much pretension, and an inexhaustible fund of paradoxes; but there need not be a glimmer of good sense in it. Conversation is dear, too, to those whose happiness it is to show their wit, to take a triumphant part in arguments, to enjoy the success of some lucky witticism or well-turned compliment, to give utterance to some clear-headed reasoning, or to relate a good anecdote. About a hundred years ago this kind of conversation was studied by all clever and worldly people; but there is no trace of it in the present day. But yet those who profess to prefer talking to conversing are not free from selfishness either; vanity may be at the root of their likes and dislikes, and their silence may safely be put down sometimes to the sulkiness of incapability; and they simply retire from conversation because they cannot take a part in it. Talking, to be good and worthy of the name, should be from the heart; there should be no pride in it, only perfect candour and simplicity. Lively and natural impressions are communicated in this way; ideas suddenly spring to light; we laugh, cry, grow animated, and calm down again, all in one hour. Talking is never exclusive; every subject is good, from State affairs to domestic calamities; one moment we are all discussing the latest revolution abroad, and the next we are equally interested in the more familiar details of a rebellion in the kitchen at home. The traveller on his return from a journey is minutely questioned as to his own adventures, and receives full particulars of all that has occurred in his absence. Sometimes an evening walk brings up reminiscences of the past to be softly talked over; at others a few intimate friends discuss their business, their children, their plans for the future. If all these subjects of talk are looked at too closely, they seem very trivial and childish; yet how delightful they are, and how terrible it would be if one could not understand or appreciate them. I am now a long way past sixty, and I look back to some of the "good talks" I have had during my life as the brightest spots in it, and I believe many will do as I have done, and remember these pleasant talks long after they have forgotten some brilliant conversation that they thought at the time would remain with them for ever.—[Many thanks for your nice letter. All you say is strictly true. I wish you would write your opinions on the fashionable phrases employed by young ladies, of which the adverb "awfully" is an instance.]



NO. 186.—LE REVEIL TOILETTE.

*Made-up Model*, 5s. 6d.; *Flat Pattern only*, 2s. 9d.; of Mesdames ADOLPHE and MARIE GOUBAUD, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

**AN** American correspondent writes:—One of the greatest attractions and evidently a very favourite resort in the Centennial grounds at Fairmount-park appears to be the handsome building erected by the Singer Manufacturing Company for the exhibition of their sewing machines. This enterprising firm, fearing that the space which might be allotted them in the Machinery Hall would be insufficient for a proper display of their numerous and superb exhibition, applied for, and were granted, the special concession of a piece of ground upon which to erect a building for themselves. This building, which is 65 ft. by 40 ft., is of the cottage style of architecture, beautifully ornamented. The interior is divided into four apartments—reception room, grand exhibition saloon, and retiring rooms. The exhibition saloon, which is 40 ft. by 25 ft., is subdivided into four departments. This saloon is most tastefully decorated, and the magnificent display of machines, with the gorgeous array of samples of work which are exhibited, present a *tout ensemble* perfectly unique. One of the most magnificent of the samples represents a lady attired in a superb Court dress, consisting of train and corsage of cream-coloured satin, richly embroidered with green and gold braid; skirt of ruby satin, embroidered with cream-coloured braid. This is a contribution from the London office. In another sample the train is trimmed with gold bullion, stitched on by the Singer—something never before accomplished by any other machine. The interests of the ladies are never neglected by the Singer Company, who gallantly supply us with our dear MYRA'S JOURNALS, to show what pretty dresses can be made by these admirable machines.

**QUEEN DIDO.**—It is a fact that L'Etrangere has not been a success in London, although your friend was quite right in saying people in Paris were wild about it. The dialogue has lost what brilliancy it had in translation, and the French comedy, which depended for its success on delicate *nuances*, is not adapted to the broader effects on which our actors are accustomed to rely. The moral of L'Etrangere is the mischief arising from a *mariage de convenance*—an evil of long standing in France, and not unknown here. The lesson is conveyed with the greatest candour, and no attempt is made to soften its stern moral teaching by any gentle emotion or reticence of language. The piece is, however, a fair specimen of the class to which it belongs. It is admirably mounted, and might have met a different fate at the Haymarket had the actors been more at home with the novel characters they were called upon to represent.

**R. E. W.** says:—You have answered your correspondent "Mary" so well about obedience to husbands that I must apologise for troubling you. I think it would be better if "Mary" read the New Testament a little more carefully before she ventures to think her own ideas more suitable for the present time. She asserts that "the Apostles never once exhorted women to love their husbands." Now, my Bible is the usual version, but in the Epistle to Titus, chap. ii. verse 4, I find young women plainly taught "to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children." And referring to the "slavery" of women in the days of the Apostles, we find them spoken of as "honourable women" in chapter xvii. verse 12 of the Acts. We can scarcely wish higher titles even in the "present time." I want to uphold your wise and womanly counsels, which are so valuable to many of us, by quoting an authority that, in my humble opinion, cannot err for all time.

**LIVE AND LEARN.**—Many thanks. No space for your kind letter.

**SOLID THIRST-QUENCHERS OF EFFERVESCING LOZENGES** relieve the most intense thirst, and obviate the frequent desire for taking fluids. Invaluable for invalids and in Hot Climates. "Effervesce as soon as put in the mouth."—*Chemist and Druggist*. "Destined to become very popular."—*Medical Record*. "Quaintly but well described as a thirst quencher."—*British Medical Journal*. "The ingredients are perfectly harmless."—*Medical Times*. "Mr. Cooper's invention we can strongly recommend to the profession."—*Era*. Price 1s., of all Chemists, and of the Patentee, W. T. COOPER, Chemist, 26, Oxford Street, London.—[ADVT.]

Ladies should send two postage stamps for illustrated sheets of the Beau-Ideal Embroidery, and Excelsior Trimmings, so highly spoken of by MYRA. Single cards post free.—WILLIAMSON, Draper, Leighton Buzzard.—[ADVT.]

**PARISIAN MILLINERY.**—Madame DE LANY will sell during this month, much below cost, all the surplus Summer Stock and Parisian Models in Hats, Bonnets, Caps, Headdresses, &c. 160, Kensington High Street, W., facing Metropolitan Railway Station.—[ADVT.]

**TO LADIES OF POSITION.**—A large quantity of the richest black gros grain silk, full width, having been taken for debt, must be sacrificed to realise. Price 6s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per yard; original price, 10s. 6d. and 12s. 9d. Patterns sent, and money returned if not satisfactory. Address, Messrs. H. and W. HERBERT, Silk Brokers, 17, York Place, Baker Street, London, W.—[ADVT.]

**JUDSON'S DYES—DYEING AT HOME.**—Ribbons, silk, feathers, scarves, lace, braid, veils, handkerchiefs, clouds, Shetland shawls, or any small articles of dress, can be easily dyed in a few minutes, violet, magenta, crimson, mauve, purple, pink, ponceau, claret, &c. Sold by chemists and stationers, sixpence per bottle.—ADVT.]

## PAPER MODELS.

**Persevering Polly.**—We gave a list of Mesdames Goubaud's Paper Models in a recent number, but repeat for the information of our new subscribers. These models are exact facsimiles of the dresses made in Paris, or illustrated in this and other Fashion Journals. The flat patterns alone cost exactly one-half of the following prices. With every made-up model a flat paper pattern to cut out by is given.

| | *s.* | *d.* |
|---|---|---|
| Mantles, Walking and Yachting Jackets, Casaques, Mantillas, Paletots, ordinary size and trimmings ... ... ... ... ... ... | 2 | 9 |
| With Elaborate Trimmings, or of special make | 3 | 6 |
| Polonaise ... ... ... ... ... ... | 3 | 6 |
| Waterproof Cloak ... ... ... ... ... | 3 | 0 |
| Ulster Coat ... ... ... ... ... ... | 3 | 6 |
| Pelerine ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 |
| Garden Hoods ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 |
| The New Sash with Waistband ... ... ... | 1 | 0 |
| Short Loose Jacket for the House ... ... ... | 1 | 6 |
| Tunic ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 2 | 0 |
| Tunics for Evening Wear ... ... ... ... | 2 | 6 |
| Bachilik Hood ... ... ... ... ... | 2 | 0 |
| Louis XVth Waistcoat ... ... ... ... | 1 | 6 |
| Princess Morning or Breakfast Dress ... ... | 4 | 0 |
| Short Walking Costume, complete, including Tunic, Under-skirt, and Jacket Bodice ... | 5 | 0 |
| Indoor Dress ... ... ... ... ... ... | 5 | 0 |
| Ditto, ditto, elaborately trimmed ... ... ... | 5 | 6 |

Flat Pattern alone for all the above-named garments sent, post free, for half the price of made-up models, but these cannot be cut to measure. In order to ensure perfect accuracy in the fit and set of the dress, &c., **Mesdames Goubaud** enclose with each made-up and trimmed Model all the Flat Patterns necessary to cut out by. A discount of 10 per cent. taken from these Prices upon Orders amounting to 20*s.* and upwards. In consequence of **Mesdames Goubaud's** large correspondence, they are obliged in every instance to require payment in advance for all patterns ordered of them.

## HEALTH AND PERSONAL ATTENTION.

**Canary Bird.**—Antephelic milk removes all discolourations from the skin. It is sold in bottles, costing 6*s.*, and can be sent to any address, carriage free, on application, with post office order or stamps forwarded, to Madame Elise Corinne, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London.

**A. B.**—We are glad to hear of your sensible resolution; in your case repentance is easy. Hydrogen Peroxide, the base of most hair bleaching liquids, oxidises and destroys the colouring matter already secreted in the hair, but does not prevent its formation; hence the natural colour of the new hair. All that is needful is to restore the existing hair to its original hue. On receipt of 36 stamps we will have made up and posted to you, the ingredients with which you can yourself make a lotion that will do this.

**Eva Noel.**—1. We imagine, from your description of the redness of the scar, that it is a recent one. You will find that it will ultimately fade, until perfectly white. All you can do is to keep it and the surrounding skin as pliant and cool as possible during this change. Cold cream, or, better, Mason's Almond and Glycerine Ice, applied night and morning, will do this. We will, if you wish, have a block posted to you for fifteen stamps. 2. Diet does not so directly influence the complexion that any rules can be laid down. Speaking of the height of physical beauty to which the ancient Greeks attained, Ruskin says:—"Making this their object, they passed their lives in simple exercise, living wholesomely, giving themselves no fever fits either by fasting or over-eating, constantly in the open air. . . . This rounded fulness and waxy morbidezza of skin was attained by daily use of the bath and of perfumed oils and unguents." 3. Any chemist will get antephelic milk for you, or if you send us 6*s.* in stamps, we will have a bottle sent to your address, carriage free.

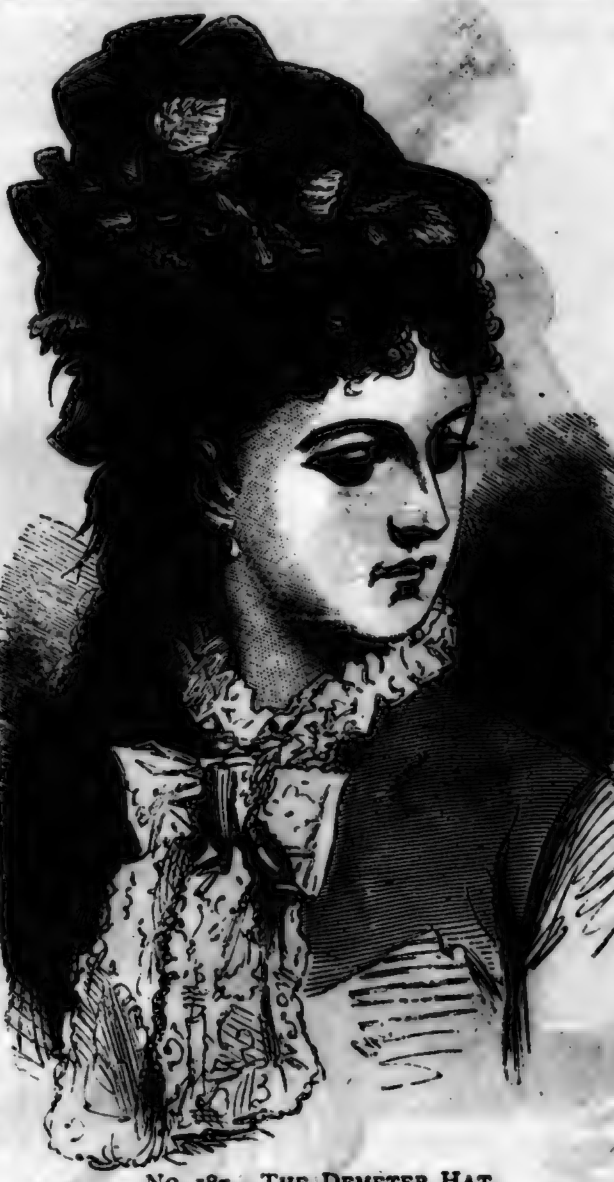
**Indispensable to Travellers.**—Paper collars and cuffs for ladies and gentlemen. Samples and lists for six stamps.—**Edward Tann**, 308, High Holborn.—Advt.

**Ladies!**—Are you, or do you know of any person, suffering from Rheumatism, Toothache, Headache, Ague, or Swelled Face? Any bleeding of the lungs, soreness or ulceration of the throat, or inflammatory pains, external or internal, in any part of the body? Has any accident produced burns, bruises, sprains, wounds, inflammation, or hemorrhages? Then resort to "Pond's Extract" of the shrub Witch Hazel, the most potent, clean, wholesome pain reliever and healer in the world. This assertion is attested to by every person who has used it. We know of no exceptions. It is not a patent medicine, and is endorsed in the medical publications of all schools. Pond's Extract is sold by all first-class chemists at 13½*d.*, 2*s.* 3*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, and 8*s.* 6*d.* per bottle—largest the cheapest. If your druggist does not have it for sale, request him to obtain it for you. Depot, 482, Oxford Street, London.—[Advt.]

**Marguerite (J.)** will find that frequently rubbing the hands with an astringent dissolved in eau-de-Cologne, and afterwards dusting them with a cooling powder before putting on the gloves, will prevent the excessive perspiration complained of. For 24 stamps we will have prepared an astringent powder, which she can herself dissolve in an ordinary bottle of eau-de-Cologne, and will post it to her, with a packet of Mason's Glove Powder, which is admirably adapted for use in conjunction with the astringent.

**Laura L.**—With regard to freckles, see answer to "Sunshine." The black spots should be pressed out with a watch-key, after well steaming the face over a basin of boiling water. A paste of alcohol and sulphur should be afterwards applied; but if you use the freckle lotion you may omit this, adding instead 1 oz. flour of sulphur to the lotion.

**E. M. M.** will find that a saturated solution of barium monosulphine, mixed with an equal bulk of glycerine, and painted on the skin once a fortnight, for ten minutes or a little longer, and then carefully washed off, will entirely prevent the growth of hair.



No. 187.—The Demeter Hat.

As a lady is known by the fit of her boots and gloves, we would recommend our fair correspondents to pay a visit to Madame Coney, the well-known artist in boots, 76, Tottenham Court Road. Her boots, in addition to being comfortable, certainly add to the beauty of the foot. Her prices are moderate. Discount for cash.—[Advt.]

**A Clear Complexion.**—Pimples, black specks, and unsightly blotches on the face, neck, arms and hands can be instantly removed by using **Mrs. James's** Herbal Ointment, made from herbs only, and warranted free from anything injurious. It imparts such a lovely clearness to the skin that really astonishes everyone. Ladies at the seaside derive wonderful benefit from the use of this, as it entirely eradicates tan, freckles, sunburn, and roughness occasioned by the winds, and completely does away with that flushed appearance after meals. Mrs. **James** merely solicits a trial from those who have not used it, after which she feels confident they will use nothing else. A box of the ointment (bearing Government stamp), with directions for use, sent, quite free from observation, post free to any address, on receipt of 13 stamps.—**Mrs. C. James**, 226, Caledonian Road, London, N. (late of Offord Road). Larger boxes, three times the quantity, 25 stamps.—[Advt.]

**Miss B.**—Sea-bathing often causes irritation of the scalp, and renders the hair dry and harsh for a long time, but without any permanent injury resulting. These effects may be completely prevented by sprinkling the hair whilst drying with a wash of borated glycerine.

**Chasseur a Pied.**—Had you read the June number of **Myra**, and profited by it, you would have been cured long ere this by Strachan's Chemical Corn Plasters. Many ladies who have tried them are astonished at their efficacy. We will have a box posted you for 15 stamps.

**Mrs. H.**—Corn-flour is, as a rule, starch pure and simple, and as such is a very insufficient nutriment for infants and convalescents, being destitute of nitrogenous or flesh-forming principles; grave mistakes are constantly made in this way. If corn-flour is used it should be in conjunction with plenty of rich milk and cream and eggs.

**Negotin.**—1. Rouge is not necessarily hurtful to the skin. In the finer sorts the colouring matter is pure carmine. A packet of the finest you can receive by post for 15 stamps. 2. The same remark applies to "Blanc de Perle," though many kinds are very poisonous. This also for 15 stamps.

**Lizzie.**—You are fortunate in getting sunburnt so soon. Till Midsummer one hardly felt the sun this year. To soften the skin and allay soreness, you can hardly do better than use Mason's Almond and Glycerine Ice. Mr. Mason, 25. High Street, Gosport, will post you a block for 15 stamps.

**D. L. D., Brighton.**—Muddiman's Spanish Hairwash is one of those pleasant and harmless compounds which anyone may use without fear of injury, and which on most heads will have a decidedly beneficial effect. It cleanses the head and strengthens the hair, and gives it a glossy appearance, which very much adds to the beauty of a good chevelure, besides invigorating the roots of the hair and increasing its growth. Several instances of the great benefit derived from the constant use of the Spanish hair-wash have come under our personal notice; in one case the hair has been restored with remarkable freshness.

**Mrs. A——y.**—1. Salt water is a first-rate tonic for the eyes, and the smarting you fear to be injurious will be ultimately beneficial to them. 2. See answer to Miss B.

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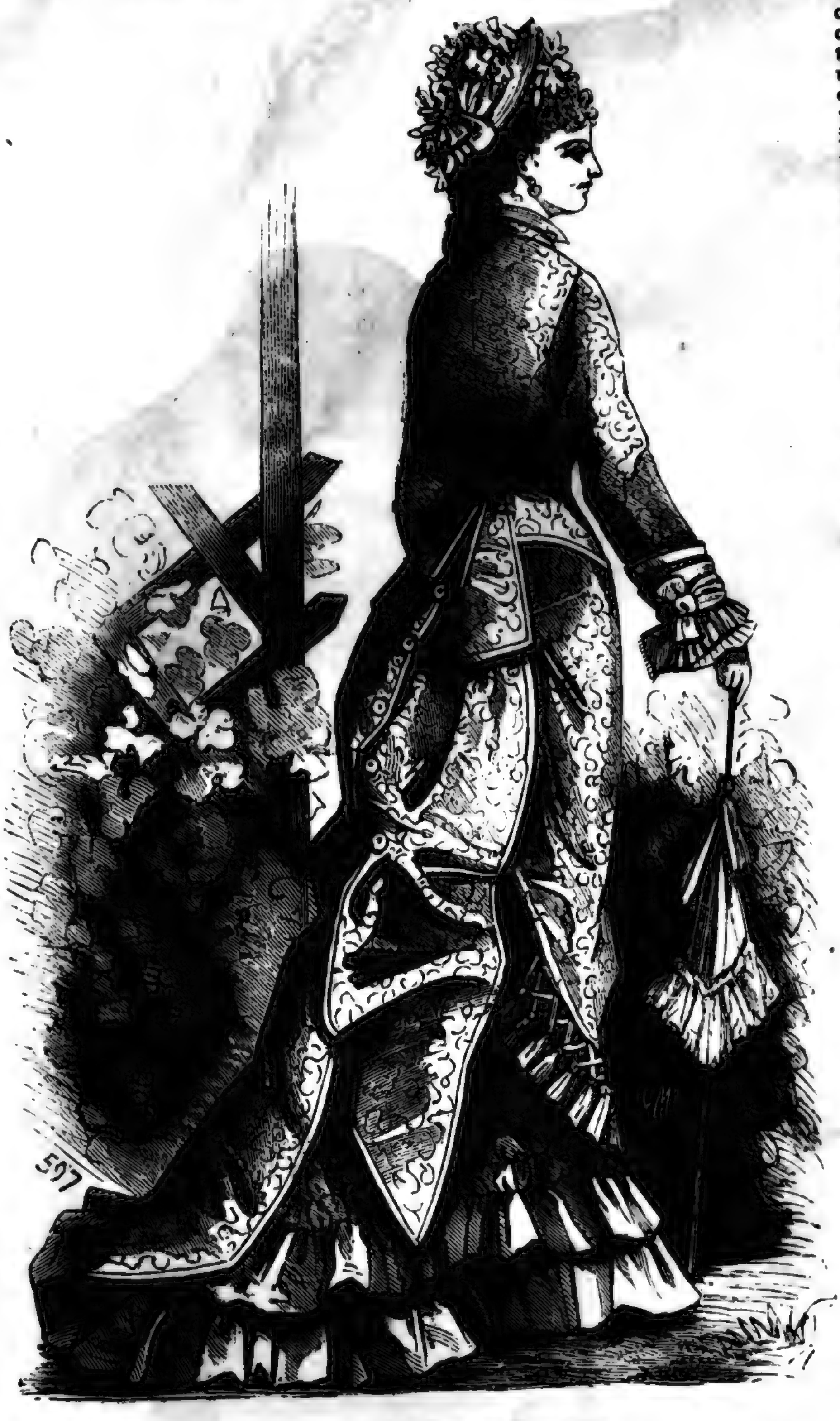
**L. Y.**—The occasional use of an alkaline hair-wash tends to strengthen the hair; but it must not be too caustic. Carbonate of soda, unless in very small quantities, is a dangerous ingredient; we prefer borax, with camphor and rosemary. We will have a packet (sufficient for one quart of hair wash) prepared from our own recipe, and sent to you for 14 stamps.

Stylish coarse straw bonnets and hats, lined navy blue or black velvet, with white écru, or ivory feathers, 21*s.* Elegant hats, including the "Gainsborough" and "Sandringham," lined velvet, trimmed lace, and wreaths of wild flowers, strawberries, blackberries, cherries, or the new seaweed-wreaths, from 14*s.* 6*d.* Any of the above sent on approval. **A. & C. Meehan**, Poulteney Bridge, Bath.—[Advt.]

**The Dinner Table.**—The Fern, Ivy, Vine Leaf, Passion-Flower, Rose, Shamrock, and variety of other beautiful designs in Table Damasks. A large Pattern Book, containing samples of all qualities to select from, sent for three stamps. Household Linens of all descriptions direct from the Manufacturers at Wholesale Prices. Price list post free. Address by letter only, **Imperial Linen Company**, 68, Coleman Street, London, E.C.—[Advt.]

**Skin Diseases** may be prevented and removed by the timely use of **Walton's** Kaloderma, which is acknowledged by thousands who have tried it to be the most wonderful and harmless preparation ever discovered for protecting the skin (especially when tender and irritable) from the sudden changes of weather, &c. It removes tan, freckles, sunburn, redness, roughness, eczema, erysipelas, scurvy, pimples, blotches, all kinds of eruptions, unsightly discolourations and disfigurement of the face, neck, arms and hands; is delightfully cooling, healing, soothing, and refreshing after the ride, promenade, or drive, heat of ball-room, exposure to the scorching sun, sea air, and saline vapour. Ladies visiting the sea-side or travelling will find its use a positive luxury. The Kaloderma is now largely prescribed by the faculty for healing inflamed wounds, cuts, and abrasions, when every other means have failed. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, &c. Sold by all chemists and perfumers, and by **T. Walton**, analytical chemist, Haverstock Hill, London. Post free for 33 stamps. Agents—Sanger and Son, 150, Oxford Street; Butler and Crispe, 4, Cheapside; Swann, 12, Rue Castiglione, Paris, &c.—[Advt.]

**AN OLD GENTLEWOMAN** writes:—Dear Madam, if I may trust the titles taken by some of your correspondents, you are not unused to being addressed by elderly people, and do not treat their communications with the contempt which the sayings and doings of old ladies generally draw upon them. The courtesy shown by you in this matter deserves our warmest thanks (for I am an old woman, too, and so may well say "our"); but I fear you will have to pay the penalty for it by receiving more old ladies' letters than you will know what to do with. At any rate, I am going to put your patience once more to the proof by writing you a long letter about conversation. When I was a young woman people used to converse; but now I never hear anything but talk, or, I may almost say, chit-chat. Now, the difference between the two is very great: conversation requires some intelligence, good language, wit, and knowledge; the other, talk, can do with very little intelligence, no knowledge to speak of, and the simplest language. The one is language in full dress, the other is language in undress. Both may be considered among the enjoyments of life, but which is best? That, I suppose, is not a fair question, and very few would answer it truthfully. One likes conversation because it supplies opportunities for display; another prefers chatting because it makes more friends. I am afraid egotism is at the bottom of most of our opinions. Some people are clever at a kind of conversation which they may carry on for an hour or so, just as they would fence or ride for an hour. This style of conversation consists of a good deal of teasing, considerable prolixity, much pretension, and an inexhaustible fund of paradoxes; but there need not be a glimmer of good sense in it. Conversation is dear, too, to those whose happiness it is to show their wit, to take a triumphant part in arguments, to enjoy the success of some lucky witticism or well-turned compliment, to give utterance to some clear-headed reasoning, or to relate a good anecdote. About a hundred years ago this kind of conversation was studied by all clever and worldly people; but there is no trace of it in the present day. But yet those who profess to prefer talking to conversing are not free from selfishness either; vanity may be at the root of their likes and dislikes, and their silence may safely be put down sometimes to the sulkiness of incapability; and they simply retire from conversation because they cannot take a part in it. Talking, to be good and worthy of the name, should be from the heart; there should be no pride in it, only perfect candour and simplicity. Lively and natural impressions are communicated in this way; ideas suddenly spring to light; we laugh, cry, grow animated, and calm down again, all in one hour. Talking is never exclusive; every subject is good, from State affairs to domestic calamities; one moment we are all discussing the latest revolution abroad, and the next we are equally interested in the more familiar details of a rebellion in the kitchen at home. The traveller on his return from a journey is minutely questioned as to his own adventures, and receives full particulars of all that has occurred in his absence. Sometimes an evening walk brings up reminiscences of the past to be softly talked over; at others a few intimate friends discuss their business, their children, their plans for the future. If all these subjects of talk are looked at too closely, they seem very trivial and childish; yet how delightful they are, and how terrible it would be if one could not understand or appreciate them. I am now a long way past sixty, and I look back to some of the "good talks" I have had during my life as the brightest spots in it, and I believe many will do as I have done, and remember these pleasant talks long after they have forgotten some brilliant conversation that they thought at the time would remain with them for ever.—[Many thanks for your nice letter. All you say is strictly true. I wish you would write your opinions on the fashionable phrases employed by young ladies, of which the adverb "awfully" is an instance.]



No. 186.—LE REVEIL TOILETTE.

*Made-up Model*, 5s. 6d.; *Flat Pattern only*, 2s. 9d.; of Mesdames ADOLPHE and MARIE GOUBAUD, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

AN American correspondent writes:—One of the greatest attractions and evidently a very favourite resort in the Centennial grounds at Fairmount-park appears to be the handsome building erected by the Singer Manufacturing Company for the exhibition of their sewing machines. This enterprising firm, fearing that the space which might be allotted them in the Machinery Hall would be insufficient for a proper display of their numerous and superb exhibition, applied for, and were granted, the special concession of a piece of ground upon which to erect a building for themselves. This building, which is 65 ft. by 40 ft., is of the cottage style of architecture, beautifully ornamented. The interior is divided into four apartments—reception room, grand exhibition saloon, and retiring rooms. The exhibition saloon, which is 40 ft. by 25 ft., is subdivided into four departments. This saloon is most tastefully decorated, and the magnificent display of machines, with the gorgeous array of samples of work which are exhibited, present a *tout ensemble* perfectly unique. One of the most magnificent of the samples represents a lady attired in a superb Court dress, consisting of train and corsage of cream-coloured satin, richly embroidered with green and gold braid; skirt of ruby satin, embroidered with cream-coloured braid. This is a contribution from the London office. In another sample the train is trimmed with gold bullion, stitched on by the Singer—something never before accomplished by any other machine. The interests of the ladies are never neglected by the Singer Company, who gallantly supply us with our dear MYRA'S JOURNALS, to show what pretty dresses can be made by these admirable machines.

**QUEEN DIDO.**—It is a fact that L'Etrangere has not been a success in London, although your friend was quite right in saying people in Paris were wild about it. The dialogue has lost what brilliancy it had in translation, and the French comedy, which depended for its success on delicate *nuances*, is not adapted to the broader effects on which our actors are accustomed to rely. The moral of L'Etrangere is the mischief arising from a *mariage de convenance*—an evil of long standing in France, and not unknown here. The lesson is conveyed with the greatest candour, and no attempt is made to soften its stern moral teaching by any gentle emotion or reticence of language. The piece is, however, a fair specimen of the class to which it belongs. It is admirably mounted, and might have met a different fate at the Haymarket had the actors been more at home with the novel characters they were called upon to represent.

R. E. W. says:—You have answered your correspondent "Mary" so well about obedience to husbands that I must apologise for troubling you. I think it would be better if "Mary" read the New Testament a little more carefully before she ventures to think her own ideas more suitable for the present time. She asserts that "the Apostles never once exhorted women to love their husbands." Now, my Bible is the usual version, but in the Epistle to Titus, chap. ii. verse 4, I find young women plainly taught "to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children." And referring to the "slavery" of women in the days of the Apostles, we find them spoken of as "honourable women" in chapter xvii. verse 12 of the Acts. We can scarcely wish higher titles even in the "present time." I want to uphold your wise and womanly counsels, which are so valuable to many of us, by quoting an authority that, in my humble opinion, cannot err for all time.

**LIVE AND LEARN.**—Many thanks. No space for your kind letter.

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SOLID THIRST-QUENCHERS OR EFFERVESCING LOZENGES relieve the most intense thirst, and obviate the frequent desire for taking fluids. Invaluable for invalids and in Hot Climates. "Effervesce as soon as put in the mouth."—*Chemist and Druggist.* "Destined to become very popular."—*Medical Record.* "Quaintly but well described as a thirst quencher."—*British Medical Journal.* "The ingredients are perfectly harmless."—*Medical Times.* "Mr. Cooper's invention we can strongly recommend to the profession."—*Era.* Price 1s., of all Chemists, and of the Patentee, W. T. COOPER, Chemist, 26, Oxford Street, London.—[ADVT.]

Ladies should send two postage stamps for illustrated sheets of the Beau-Ideal Embroidery, and Excelsior Trimmings, so highly spoken of by MYRA. Single cards post free.—WILLIAMSON, Draper, Leighton Buzzard.—[ADVT.]

PARISIAN MILLINERY.—Madame DE LANY will sell during this month, much below cost, all the surplus Summer Stock and Parisian Models in Hats, Bonnets, Caps, Headdresses, &c. 160, Kensington High Street, W., facing Metropolitan Railway Station.—[ADVT.]

TO LADIES OF POSITION.—A large quantity of the richest black gros grain silk, full width, having been taken for debt, must be sacrified to realise. Price 6s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per yard; original price, 10s. 6d. and 12s. 9d. Patterns sent, and money returned if not satisfactory. Address, Messrs. H. and W. HERBERT, Silk Brokers, 17, York Place, Baker Street, London, W.—[ADVT.]

JUDSON'S DYES—DYEING AT HOME.—Ribbons, silk feathers, scarves, lace, braid, veils, handkerchiefs, clouds, Shetland shawls, or any small articles of dress, can be easily dyed in a few minutes, violet, magenta, crimson, mauve, purple, pink, ponceau, claret, &c. Sold by chemists and stationers, sixpence per bottle.—ADVT.]

## PAPER MODELS.

**PERSEVERING POLLY.**—We gave a list of Mesdames Goubaud's Paper Models in a recent number, but repeat for the information of our new subscribers. These models are exact facsimiles of the dresses made in Paris, or illustrated in this and other Fashion Journals. The flat patterns alone cost exactly one-half of the following prices. With every made-up model a flat paper pattern to cut out by is given.

| | *s.* | *d.* |
|---|---|---|
| Mantles, Walking and Yachting Jackets, Casaques, Mantillas, Paletots, ordinary size and trimmings ... ... ... ... ... ... | 2 | 9 |
| With Elaborate Trimmings, or of special make | 3 | 6 |
| Polonaise ... ... ... ... ... ... | 3 | 6 |
| Waterproof Cloak ... ... ... ... ... | 3 | 0 |
| Ulster Coat ... ... ... ... ... ... | 3 | 6 |
| Pelerine ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 |
| Garden Hoods ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 |
| The New Sash with Waistband ... ... ... | 1 | 0 |
| Short Loose Jacket for the House ... ... ... | 1 | 6 |
| Tunic ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 2 | 0 |
| Tunics for Evening Wear ... ... ... ... | 2 | 6 |
| Bachilik Hood ... ... ... ... ... | 2 | 0 |
| Louis XVth Waistcoat ... ... ... ... | 1 | 6 |
| Princess Morning or Breakfast Dress ... ... | 4 | 0 |
| Short Walking Costume, complete, including Tunic, Under-skirt, and Jacket Bodice ... | 5 | 0 |
| Indoor Dress ... ... ... ... ... ... | 5 | 0 |
| Ditto, ditto, elaborately trimmed ... ... ... | 5 | 6 |

Flat Pattern alone for all the above-named garments sent, post free, for half the price of made-up models, but these cannot be cut to measure. In order to ensure perfect accuracy in the fit and set of the dress, &c., MESDAMES GOUBAUD enclose with each made-up and trimmed Model all the Flat Patterns necessary to cut out by. A discount of 10 per cent. taken from these Prices upon Orders amounting to 20*s.* and upwards. In consequence of MESDAMES GOUBAUD'S large correspondence, they are obliged in every instance to require payment in advance for all patterns ordered of them.

## HEALTH AND PERSONAL ATTENTION.

**CANARY BIRD.**—Antephelic milk removes all discolourations from the skin. It is sold in bottles, costing 6*s.*, and can be sent to any address, carriage free, on application, with post office order or stamps forwarded, to Madame Elise Corinne, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London.

**A. B.**—We are glad to hear of your sensible resolution; in your case repentance is easy. Hydrogen Peroxide, the base of most hair bleaching liquids, oxidises and destroys the colouring matter already secreted in the hair, but does not present its formation; hence the natural colour of the new hair. All that is needful is to restore the existing hair to its original hue. On receipt of 36 stamps we will have made up and posted to you, the ingredients with which you can yourself make a lotion that will do this.

**EVA NOEL.**—1. We imagine, from your description of the redness of the scar, that it is a recent one. You will find that it will ultimately fade, until perfectly white. All you can do is to keep it and the surrounding skin as pliant and cool as possible during this change. Cold cream, or, better, Mason's Almond and Glycerine Ice, applied night and morning, will do this. We will, if you wish, have a block posted to you for fifteen stamps. 2. Diet does not so directly influence the complexion that any rules can be laid down. Speaking of the height of physical beauty to which the ancient Greeks attained, Ruskin says:—"Making this their object, they passed their lives in simple exercise, living wholesomely, giving themselves no fever fits either by fasting or over-eating, constantly in the open air. . . . This rounded fulness and waxy morbidezza of skin was attained by daily use of the bath and of perfumed oils and unguents." 3. Any chemist will get antephelic milk for you, or if you send us 6*s.* in stamps, we will have a bottle sent to your address, carriage free.

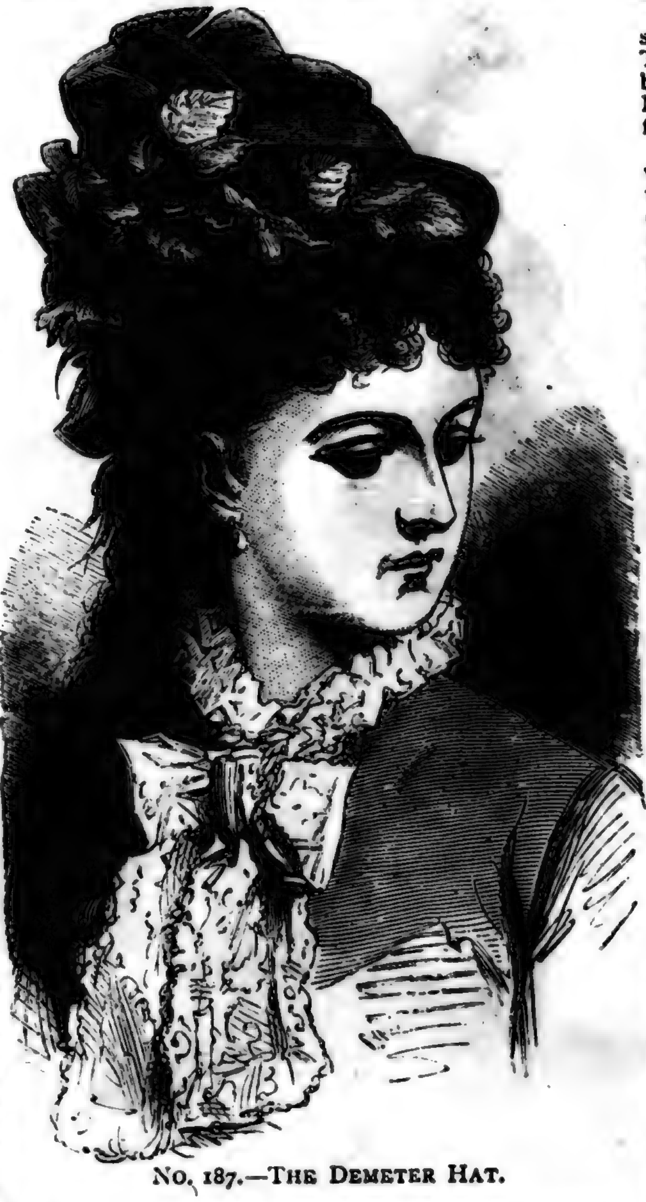
**INDISPENSABLE TO TRAVELLERS.**—Paper collars and cuffs for ladies and gentlemen. Samples and lists for six stamps.—EDWARD TANN, 308, High Holborn.—ADVT.

**LADIES!**—Are you, or do you know of any person, suffering from Rheumatism, Toothache, Headache, Ague, or Swelled Face? Any bleeding of the lungs, soreness or ulceration of the throat, or inflammatory pains, external or internal, in any part of the body? Has any accident produced burns, bruises, sprains, wounds, inflammation, or hemorrhages? Then resort to "Pond's Extract" of the shrub Witch Hazel, the most potent, clean, wholesome pain reliever and healer in the world. This assertion is attested to by every person who has used it. We know of no exceptions. It is not a patent medicine, and is endorsed in the medical publications of all schools. Pond's Extract is sold by all first-class chemists at 13½*d.*, 2*s.* 3*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, and 8*s.* 6*d.* per bottle—largest the cheapest. If your druggist does not have it for sale, request him to obtain it for you. Depot, 482, Oxford Street, London.—[ADVT.]

**MARGUERITE (J.)** will find that frequently rubbing the hands with an astringent dissolved in eau-de-Cologne, and afterwards dusting them with a cooling powder before putting on the gloves, will prevent the excessive perspiration complained of. For 24 stamps we will have prepared an astringent powder, which she can herself dissolve in an ordinary bottle of eau-de-Cologne, and will post it to her, with a packet of Mason's Glove Powder, which is admirably adapted for use in conjunction with the astringent.

**LAURA L.**—With regard to freckles, see answer to "Sunshine." The black spots should be pressed out with a watch-key, after well steaming the face over a basin of boiling water. A paste of alcohol and sulphur should be afterwards applied; but if you use the freckle lotion you may omit this, adding instead 1 oz. flour of sulphur to the lotion.

**E. M. M.** will find that a saturated solution of barium monosulphine, mixed with an equal bulk of glycerine, and painted on the skin once a fortnight, for ten minutes or a little longer, and then carefully washed off, will entirely prevent the growth of hair.



NO. 187.—THE DEMETER HAT.

As a lady is known by the fit of her boots and gloves, we would recommend our fair correspondents to pay a visit to Madame Coney, the well-known artist in boots, 76, Tottenham Court Road. Her boots, in addition to being comfortable, certainly add to the beauty of the foot. Her prices are moderate. Discount for cash.—[ADVT.]

**A CLEAR COMPLEXION.**—Pimples, black specks, and unsightly blotches on the face, neck, arms and hands can be instantly removed by using MRS. JAMES'S Herbal Ointment, made from herbs only, and warranted free from anything injurious. It imparts such a lovely clearness to the skin that really astonishes everyone. Ladies at the seaside derive wonderful benefit from the use of this, as it entirely eradicates tan, freckles, sunburn, and roughness occasioned by the winds, and completely does away with that flushed appearance after meals. Mrs. JAMES merely solicits a trial from those who have not used it, after which she feels confident they will use nothing else. A box of the ointment (bearing Government stamp), with directions for use, sent, quite free from observation, post free to any address, on receipt of 13 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 226, Caledonian Road, London, N. (late of Offord Road). Larger boxes, three times the quantity, 25 stamps.—[ADVT.]

**MISS B.**—Sea-bathing often causes irritation of the scalp, and renders the hair dry and harsh for a long time, but without any permanent injury resulting. These effects may be completely prevented by sprinkling the hair whilst drying with a wash of borated glycerine.

**CHASSEUR A PIED.**—Had you read the June number of MYRA, and profited by it, you would have been cured long ere this by Strachan's Chemical Corn Plasters. Many ladies who have tried them are astonished at their efficacy. We will have a box posted you for 15 stamps.

**MRS. H.**—Corn-flour is, as a rule, starch pure and simple, and as such is a very insufficient nutriment for infants and convalescents, being destitute of nitrogenous or flesh-forming principles; grave mistakes are constantly made in this way. If corn-flour is used it should be in conjunction with plenty of rich milk and cream and eggs.

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## LATEST FROM PARIS.

THERE is very little to record that is actually new. Our modistes and milliners are harping upon the strings which have been played on in the earlier part of the season, and modes then introduced are now exaggerated and passed off upon strangers as novelties. The graceful and simple Princess dress is disfigured by a series of battlemented scarfs, which tie in a bundle the already sufficiently helpless victim of this too ridiculous fashion. Another absurdity is the abuse of the colour red. At first a tiny cord of red was worn, then cardinal scarfs appeared; red bows and garniture followed; and now we have red umbrellas, and scarlet plastrons to the ivory-white dresses. The Alsacienne coiffure, even, has not escaped the universal rage for red, but appears with one red and one black ribbon. A favourite arrangement is to place black trimmings upon écru, cream, or ivory vêtements, and add bows of bright cardinal ribbon to this combination. Bonnets are of various colours, but red ribbons predominate.

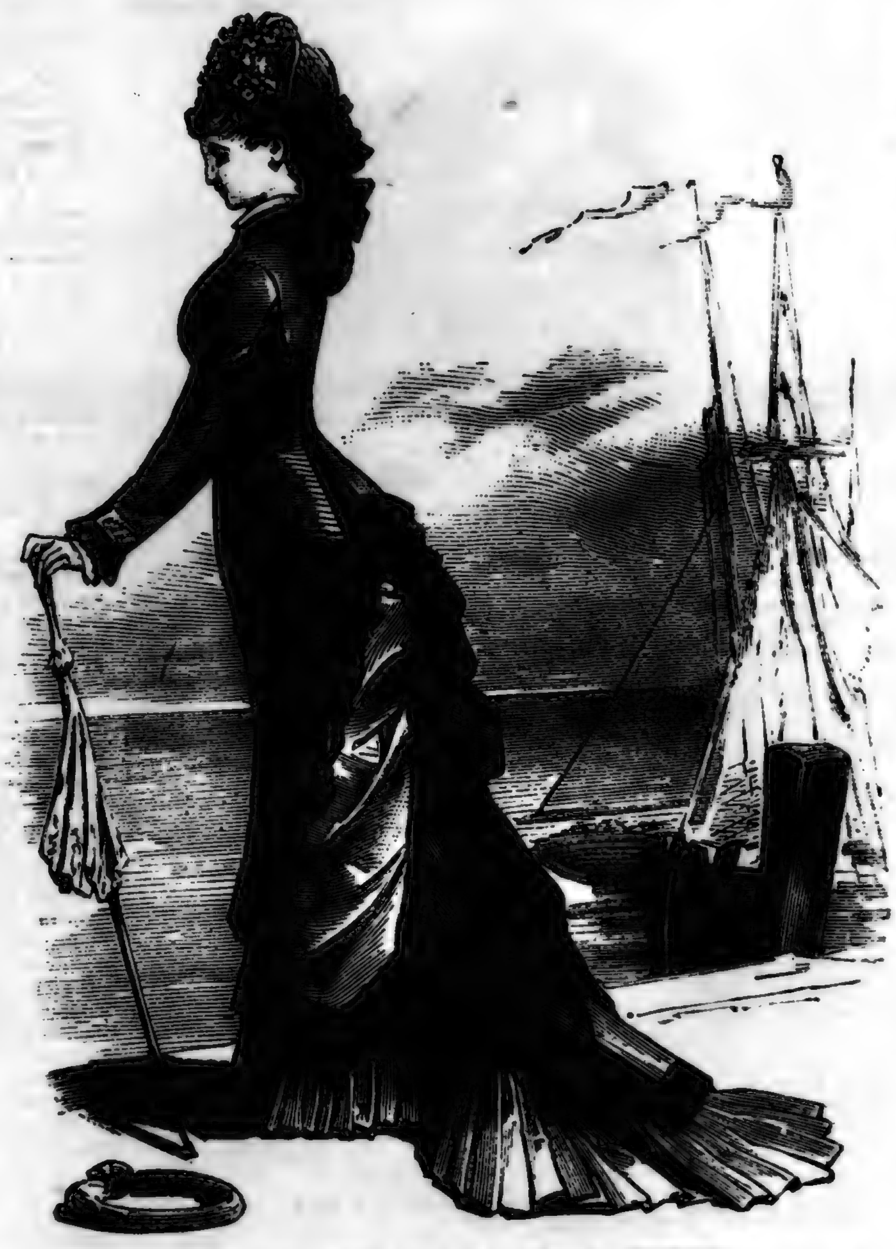
A very stylish Tyrolese chapeau was made of coarse white straw, and trimmed with a broad draping of black velvet, fastened in front by a large steel buckle; an aigrette composed of cocks' feathers and a bunch of moss rosebuds. Another Tyrolese chapeau was of coarse black straw, and trimmed with wide ribbon in two colours, forget-me-not and cardinal red. This one had a bunch of red poppies and forget-me-nots.

A white straw hat had a flat brim covered with black velvet. The trimming was a wreath of green parrot's feathers, the head of the bird forming an aigrette in front.

The same hat is also made of black straw, with the brim covered with a fringe of black beaded cocks' feathers. The trimming is of black ribbon velvet, with a black beaded cock placed on one side of the crown, and fastened by a jet buckle.

Another chapeau has a small brim, very flat and low on the forehead. The binding of black velvet, and the drapery of chequered ivory-coloured ribbon, tied to hold a long ostrich feather, which falls over the hair at the back.

A very pretty little girl's hat is made of Leghorn straw, with wide brim. A bunch of forget-me-nots and rosebuds is placed on the crown, and a chequered scarf round it, with fringed ends falling at the back.



No. 190.—THE KATE FIELD BEACH COSTUME.
*Made-up Model*, 5s. 6d.; *Flat Pattern only*, 2s. 9d.; of Mesdames ADOLPHE and MARIE GOUBAUD, 39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

A black chip hat is made with a high crown, and the brim flat on one side and raised on the other by a black velvet agrafe, with a black and white feather.

A brown straw hat of a high shape has a rounded crown and narrow brim, slightly raised. A torsade of brown velvet is placed round the crown. Two large shaded feathers are placed in front, held in place by a bird, and crossing at the back.

Although it is from Lyons and not Paris that the latest novelty arrives, I include a mention of the new silk, a superb fabric, especially manufactured at the request of your obedient servant. The speciality of this silk consists in the absence of all dress or addition during manufacture, to the pure silk. The dye is also a speciality and a secret; and the manufacturers guarantee that it will neither "cut nor grease."

I have a dress length of this new silk, which will be at once made up and used as an every-day dress, to test its wearing powers and its durability. If I am as satisfied with the wear as I am with the appearance of this lovely silk, I shall accept the office of naming it, feeling sure that the "Soie MYRA" will give great satisfaction. It will be manufactured in five qualities by the Lyons Silk Manufacturing Company, 179, Regent Street, and Lyons, who have made the specimen sent to me. The result of this trial shall be communicated to you, dear ladies, in due time. *En attendant*, you may be glad to know that the Lyons Company have reduced all their plain silks twenty per cent. in price, both black and coloured; and are also selling their damasked and brocaded silks, as well as the striped and fancy silks, at greatly reduced prices; in fact, all silks from 4*s*. 6*d*. to 6*s*. per yard are being sold at 3*s*. 9*d*. per yard, to clear off as usual in autumn for the winter stock.

The prettiest thing that has been manufactured for some time is the Indian cashmere, with open stripes, which has just been introduced as the very newest dress material. No doubt many of us have seen in our mothers' or grandmothers' wardrobes batiste handkerchiefs, with several rows of open hemstitch round the edge; the stripes on plain Indian Cashmere are exactly like these, but arranged perpendicularly. This pretty striped cashmere, which is light and transparent, has been made for summer toilettes, but will be equally serviceable for charming dinner and evening toilettes next winter; and if made in light colours it will make them look very dressy. Being transparent it may be employed in a great variety of ways, for although the vogue for mingling two materials has lasted so long, there is no sign yet of its wearing out.

There are two styles of stripes in all the fashionable shades: white and ivory will be worn over an under-dress of faille or foulard of any colour; écru over navy blue for wearing during the day, and over lighter blue, bronze, light plum-colour, ruby, and red for the evening; pink will accompany dark grey, and all shades of red will look well with grey. However, winter is a long way off, and it is not very safe to prophecy what may happen in the future, or to lay down laws which every dressmaker will alter or obey as she sees fit. But the fabric is so new, so pretty and good, and above all so reasonable in price, that everyone ought to hear of it. The width of the cashmere is forty-six inches, and the price about 8*s*. 9*d*. per yard, at Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

Many of these dresses will be made without tunics or polonaises, but the trimming will simulate some kind of tunic—possibly very irregular, but quite the thing; in other words, the pleated or gathered flounces will be put on the skirt with the long irregular angles of a tunic, which will look as if it were thrown on the skirt. Plenty of bows of ribbon (La Mode has a great tenderness for all manner of ribbons) would make a sufficient trimming for the dress.

Another novelty is the Maréchale belt, and is composed of two cords of oxidised or silver-plated metal, fastened round the waist by a clasp to match. At one end of the cord a fan is suspended; the other finishes off with a pretty metal tassel.

The last speciality detailed from Paris is a red fan with black mounts. Cardinal red bows are worn as loops for black fans. It is my duty to mention these eccentric fashions, which I cannot, however, approve.

MYRA.

# DEBENHAM & FREEBODY.

## August, 1876.

## SILKS.

The present moment is an exceptionally favourable time for the purchase of Black or Coloured Silks. The whole of the present Stock is marked at Lower Prices than they have been for some years; while, in consequence of the comparative failure of this Season's Silk Crop, there is a prospect of an immediate advance in the value of from ten to twenty per cent. Early purchases are recommended at the following rates:—

**BLACK, WHITE, AND WHITE AND BLACK STRIPED SILKS**, from 2*s.* 6*d.* per yard.
**PLAIN GROS GRAINS**, from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* 6*d.*
**BLACK SILKS**, in good reliable makes, from 3*s.* 6*d.*
**IRISH AND LYONS POPLINS**, from 2*s.* 6*d.* per yard.
**FIGURED DAMASK SILKS**, from 3*s.* 6*d.* per yard.

**Patterns Post Free.**

## COSTUMES.

In rebuilding a portion of our premises, a large and commodious **COSTUME ROOM** has been arranged on the Ground Floor, and it is now replete with the more recent Novelties for the present Season. The enlarged space, coupled with increased means of production, enables us to make an Exhibition of from **Two to Three Hundred Models**, and every variety of Morning Dress and Travelling Costume will be found displayed. An assortment of **Plain and Braided Serge and Beige Costumes**, in novel patterns and designs, prepared expressly for Travelling, Yachting, and Sea-side wear, from £2 2*s.* upwards. Illustrations and Patterns of Material post free.

**SILK COSTUMES.**—A large selection of the best Parisian Models, modified to suit the best English Taste, are shown daily in all the New Tones, in Plain and Figured Silks.

**BLACK SILK COSTUMES**, from £6.
**COLOURED SILK AND FOULARD COSTUMES**, from £7 10*s.*
**SILK COSTUMES**, for Dinner and Evening Wear, from £8 10*s.* to £40

*Ball and Fete Dresses, Bridesmaids' Dresses, Silk Costumes for Young Ladies, Silk Costumes for Promenade and Evening Wear.*

**MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.**—A novel feature in this Department is the Stock of **TRAVELLING HATS AND BONNETS**, made from the same materials as the Costumes, and trimmed to correspond. These useful Hats are likely to be in great demand, as they are tasteful in design and moderate in price.

## SPECIALITIES IN KID GLOVES.

| | |
|---|---|
| **BRUSSELS KID GLOVES.** | Best Quality, improved Cut, One Button, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Two Buttons, 2*s.* 11*d.* Three, Four, or Six Buttons at proportionate prices.<br>Children's Brussels Kid Gloves, with One or Two Buttons, in all sizes. |
| **SEAMLESS KID GLOVES.** | In the best quality of French Kid. Cut on a new principle, which obviates the usual side seams.<br>Two Buttons, 4*s.*; Three Buttons, 4*s.* 6*d.*; Four Buttons, 5*s.*; Six Buttons, 6*s.* |
| **FRENCH KID GLOVES.** | Wide Double Welts. Strongly recommended for wear.<br>One Button, 3*s.*; Two Buttons, 3*s.* 6*d.*; Gentlemen's Double Sewn, 3*s.* 9*d.* |

*A Sample Pair of any of the above sent on receipt of Stamps or Post Office Order.*

**DEBENHAM & FREEBODY, Silk Mercers and Warehousemen,**
**Wigmore Street, and Welbeck Street, London, W.**

EASY TEETHING.

## DO NOT LET YOUR CHILD DIE!

Fennings' Children's Powders Prevent Convulsions; are Cooling and Soothing.

## FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS,

*For Children Cutting their Teeth, to prevent Convulsions. Do not contain Calomel, Opium, Morphia, nor anything injurious to a tender babe.*

Sold in Stamped Boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. (great saving), with full Directions. Sent post free for 15 Stamps. Direct to ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

*Read* FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK; your Chemist will give you a copy free.

SAFE TEETHING.

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## G. W. JONES, 101, OXFORD STREET.

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**CHOICE FLOWERS AND FEATHERS** for Bonnets and Evening wear, consisting of Novelties, mounted in the most tasty manner, all at the most Moderate Prices.

**CAPS AND HEAD-DRESSES** in choice and extensive variety, from the simple bow or corlbune, to the old ladies' cap. Great taste will be found in this department.

**THE NEW TURQUOISE BLUE AND STEEL JEWELLERY,** in Pins, Pendants, Earrings, Necklets, Brooches, &c. A great novelty, and admirably adapted for dress. A choice assortment from Paris.

**THE NEW PORCELAIN FLOWER JEWELLERY,** in Brooches, Earrings, Pendants, Pins (for the hair), Colliers, &c. A novelty from Paris.

**VELVET BAGS and PARISIAN GIRDLES** in great variety.

**CORAL ORNAMENTS** (Pink or Scarlet) for the Hair, in Pins, Sprays, &c.

**WHITBY AND PARIS JET JEWELLERY.** A large assortment of the choicest designs. Orders accompanied with remittance or town reference attended to.

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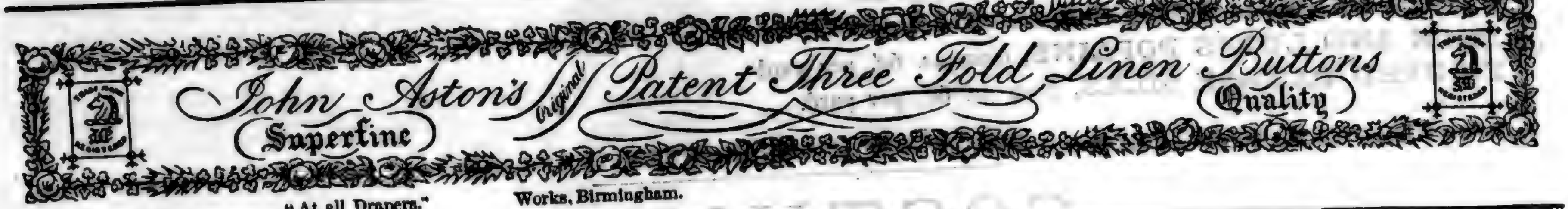

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**COMPOUND DIGESTIVE FLUID (LIQ: PANCREATO-PEPSINÆ)** a combination of Pancreatine and Pepsine, is the most efficient preparation hitherto in use for promoting the thorough Digestion of Food in a perfectly natural manner. Experience has proved it to be far more beneficial in its effects than ordinary Pepsine, or any other digestive agent.

Prepared and sold in bottles at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. by

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May be had from all Chemists.

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## LEFT-OFF CLOTHES.

M. M. S. says:—I can confidently recommend, as a strictly honest person, and one with whom I and my friends have had dealings for over fourteen years, Mrs. WESTACOTT, of Nos. 1 and 2, Queen Street, Barnstaple, North Devon, who gives the greatest value in cash for all kinds of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's LEFT-OFF CLOTHING, &c. &c. Consignments of Clothing of any description may be safely forwarded to Mrs. W., who will remit the full value by *return of post*. Mrs. W. always pays Carriage, so that distance does not prevent her doing business with Ladies and Gentlemen in any part of the United Kingdom. The strictest confidence observed. This is the Largest Establishment of the kind in the West of England. Observe the address—1 and 2, Queen Street, Barnstaple. No post-cards.

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## LISSON GROVE STEAM DYE WORKS.

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## YOUNG & CO.,

### Dyers and Cleaners.

**SILKS, SATINS, BROCADES, &c.,**

Dyed in all the newest and most fashionable colours.

**DRESSES**

Of all-wool Materials, Cleaned or Dyed to look equal to new without being unpicked.

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Dyed by a new process, which produces an exceptionally brilliant and fast Black, and does not rub off.

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Cleaned and Calendered on an improved system, and

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Carts to all parts of London.

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## TRY IT! IT NEVER FAILS!!

MUDDIMAN'S CELEBRATED SPANISH WASH, for RENEWING, CLEANSING, THICKENING and PREVENTING the HAIR from FALLING OFF or TURNING GREY. This Wash is not used as a Perfume, but as a Restorative after illness, or any other cause which may make the hair fall off or turn grey. It instantly removes all scurf and dandriff, leaving the skin pure and healthy. As a promoter of the growth of the human hair it stands unrivalled. Thousands can testify to the benefit they have received from the use of this invaluable Wash. No toilet ought to be without it. Prepared by the Sole Proprietor,

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In Bottles, 2s. 6d. and 5s. each.

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Agents Wanted everywhere.

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THORNHILL'S 10-guinea Silver-Fitted Ladies' Travelling DRESSING BAG. See page 64 of "Thornhill's New Illustrated Price List," post free.

THORNHILL'S Solid Leather DRESSING CASES. From 25s. 6d. See page 66 of Priced List.

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*Cutler, Silversmith, and Dressing Case Maker,*
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C. A. writes, in answer to an inquiry in the "Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine," for an honest dealer in Left-off Clothing. In reply, begs to forward the address of one with whom she and her friends have dealt with many years, viz., Mrs. COCKRAM, 1, Queen Street, Barnstaple, North Devon. This person may be trusted to receive a consignment of Clothing of every description, and may be relied upon sending a Post Office Order for its full amount, immediately upon receipt of goods. Mrs. COCKRAM always pays Carriage, and distance does not prevent her transacting business with Ladies in any part of the United Kingdom. C. A. would recommend a preliminary correspondence.

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OBSTINATE ERUPTIONS of the SKIN.—All pimples, blotches, freckles, redness of the nose, and spots on the face or neck will be effectually removed by using Marris's celebrated Sulphur Soap and Compound Sulphur Lozenges. Price, Soap, 1s.; Lozenges, 1s. 1½d. By post, 14 stamps each.

THE COMPLEXION Beautified, and a delicate marble-like appearance imparted to the skin by MARRIS'S Blanc de Perle (powder or liquid). Price 1s. and 2s. 6d.; by post 15 or 34 stamps.

FRECKLES, SUNBURNS, and TAN removed by LAPPEEN'S Freckle Wash. Price 1s. and 2s. 6d.; by post 15 or 34 stamps.

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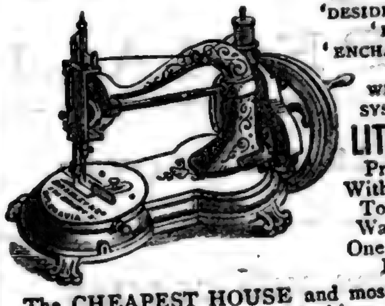
## SEWING MACHINE WORKS,

170, EBURY STREET, BELGRAVIA, LONDON.



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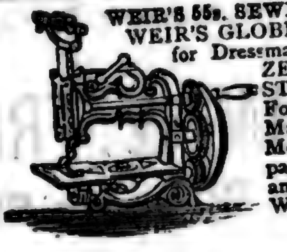

WEIR'S 55s. SEWING MACHINE for Families. WEIR'S GLOBE 42s. SEWING MACHINE for Dressmakers. WEIR'S New Patent ZEPHYR, 84s. Shuttle LOCK-STITCH MACHINE. Hand or Foot. Machines by any other Maker taken in Exchange. A Month's free Trial. Easy terms of payment. Carriage paid. Samples and Prospectus Free. J. G. WEIR, 2, Carlisle St., Soho Sq., W.

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**Trade Mark. "SUN." Trade Mark.**

Our best soft Six-cord is unsurpassed for strength, finish, and uniform quality; will be found freer from knots and more elastic than any other Sewing Cotton. *Suitable for Hand or Machine use.*

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**FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, &c**

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**If you want Comfort, Don't wear Garters,**

**If you want your Children's legs tidy, Don't let them wear Garters.**

**If you want to avoid Doctors' Bills, Don't wear Garters,**

BUT ORDER THE

## NEW PATENT STOCKING SUSPENDER

*Of any Draper, Hosier and Ladies' Outfitter, or*

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Children's, 1*s.* 6*d.*; Maids', 2*s.*; Ladies', 3*s.*

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The Great American Discovery

For Cleaning Kid Gloves

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Woollen Fabrics Instantaneously.

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This article supplies the great desideratum that has been felt for a long time past for an article that would enable parties to clean their own **KID GLOVES** in a few minutes, equal to new, (at a cost of less than **ONE FARTHING PER PAIR,**) and obviates the very unpleasant odour that attaches to them when cleaned by any other process; it also removes stains from all kinds of Woollen Fabrics, Silks, Velvets, Furs, &c.

No. 1, price 1*s.* per box, will clean over 50 pairs.
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Post Free 1½*d.*

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HAS MADE GREAT PURCHASES, AND IS SELLING

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Commencing 3s. 6d. per yard.

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PATTERNS AND ILLUSTRATIONS FREE.

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NESTLE'S MILK FOOD is highly recommended by the best Medical Authorities as a PERFECT DIET, containing all the elements necessary to promote HEALTH, STRENGTH, and GROWTH. It is delicious, soothing, and satisfying, and is retained on the stomach when all other foods are rejected.

INFANTS fed on this food have a healthy, lively appearance. CHILDREN increase rapidly in weight. INVALIDS find it very nourishing, and can enjoy it when other foods create nausea.

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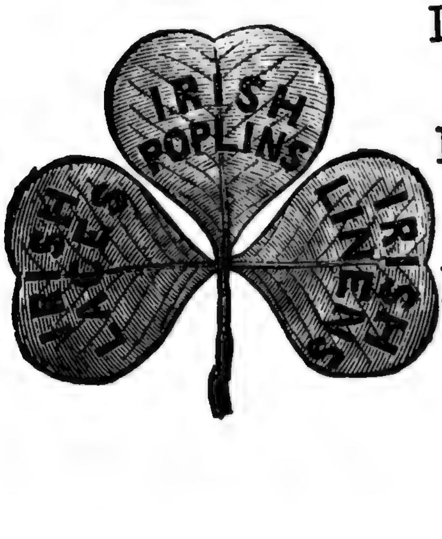
THE IRISH WAREHOUSE.



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*LADIES' LINEN SETS AND EMBROIDERED SKIRTS.*

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LAUGHER & COSENS, 97, OXFORD STREET, W.

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**WEDDING AND INDIA OUTFITS.**

FRENCH LAWN PLAITED COLLARS AND CUFFS. Trimmed Real Valenciennes, 9*s*. 6*d*., 15*s*. 6*d*., and 21*s*. the set.
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NEW CREME AND BLACK LACE SCARF BONNET STRINGS. From 6*s*. 9*d*. to 22*s*. 6*d*.

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REFRESHING,
PURE,
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The reason why so many are unable to take Cocoa is, that the varieties commonly sold are mixed with Starch, under the plea of rendering them soluble; while really making them *thick, heavy,* and *indigestible.* This may be easily detected, *for if Cocoa thickens in the cup it proves the addition of Starch.* CADBURY'S Cocoa Essence is genuine; it is therefore three times the strength of these Cocoas, and a refreshing Beverage like Tea or Coffee.

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**CAUTION.**
Please observe the Paris Blue is only genuine when sold in Squares, wrapped up in pink paper bearing I. RECKITT & Sons' name and trade mark. Refuse all Blue which is not so wrapped.

As Supplied to the
DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH'S
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## *To Ladies Of Position*

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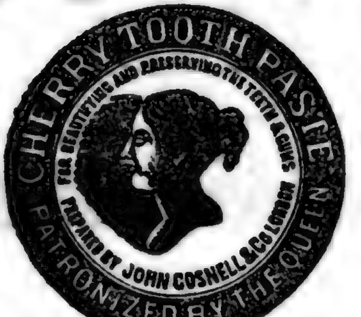
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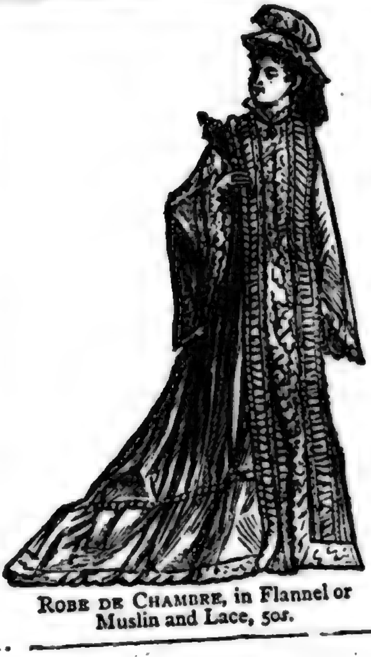

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## DESCRIPTION OF THE NEEDLE-WORK DESIGNS.

### No. 81.—Netting Implements and Foundation of Plain Netting.

It is surprising to find that many ladies do not know a netting-needle from the mesh; we therefore illustrate both. The upper figure is the mesh over which the stitch is worked; the lower figure is the needle, which at each extremity opens sufficiently to allow of the thread passing freely, both in threading and in working off the thread. The third figure shows a foundation of plain netting, which consists of 44 stitches worked over the stirrup thread, the ends of which are left loose to match them. In our illustration, of course, they would really be tied to the ribbon or stirrup, which passes under the foot. All netting is begun upon a foundation similar to this, which can be joined into a round by slipping the first stitch on to the back, and netting on and on without turning back at the termination of each row.

### Nos. 82 and 102.—Basket for Cards or Counters.

This little basket is octagonal in shape, and flat; it measures seven inches in diameter. It is worked all over with little stars in rich blue chenille, which is passed through the regular holes of the willow work; a black cross-stitch is worked in the centre of each star, and the willow shows between the stars. The basket requires no trimming, and can be simply lined with thin silk put in quite smoothly.

### No. 83.—Edging in Crochet Braid.

This simple pattern consists of mignardin braid and crochet squares united by a twisted stitch. It is easily worked.

### Nos. 84 and 100.—Embroidery on Net.

These borders can be worked in two ways, either by hand or machine. If worked by hand, a simple chain-stitch is used. This can also be done far more quickly by the Willcox and Gibbs machine. A third mode is to braid the net by hand, or by a Singer machine. The design is traced on paper placed over it, and the pattern followed by the braid.

### No. 85.—Point-lace Edging.

An elegant pattern worked with narrow laced braid, and point-lace stitches, united by bars.

### No. 86.—Laced Braid Border.

These fancy braids are now very fashionable for trimmings; we, therefore, give several. The braid is united by a few crochet stitches.

### Nos. 87 and 89.—Two Squares in Guipure Lace.

Both these patterns are very much covered, and yet do not owe their beauty to raised stitches. They would look well employed with squares of Richelieu embroidery, or with a light, graceful lace made of Renaissance braid. The stitches in this design are not very varied, but they produce an excellent effect; the little chequers are produced by pyramid-stitch, joined one to the other; the wheels are in spider-stitch: the outside border only is worked in point d'esprit.

No. 2. In this pattern there are different stitches easily recognisable; the outside edging is in point d'esprit. The pattern is worked in linen-stitch, pyramid-stitch, spider and twisted-stitch.

### No. 88.—Cravat End of Venetian Embroidery.

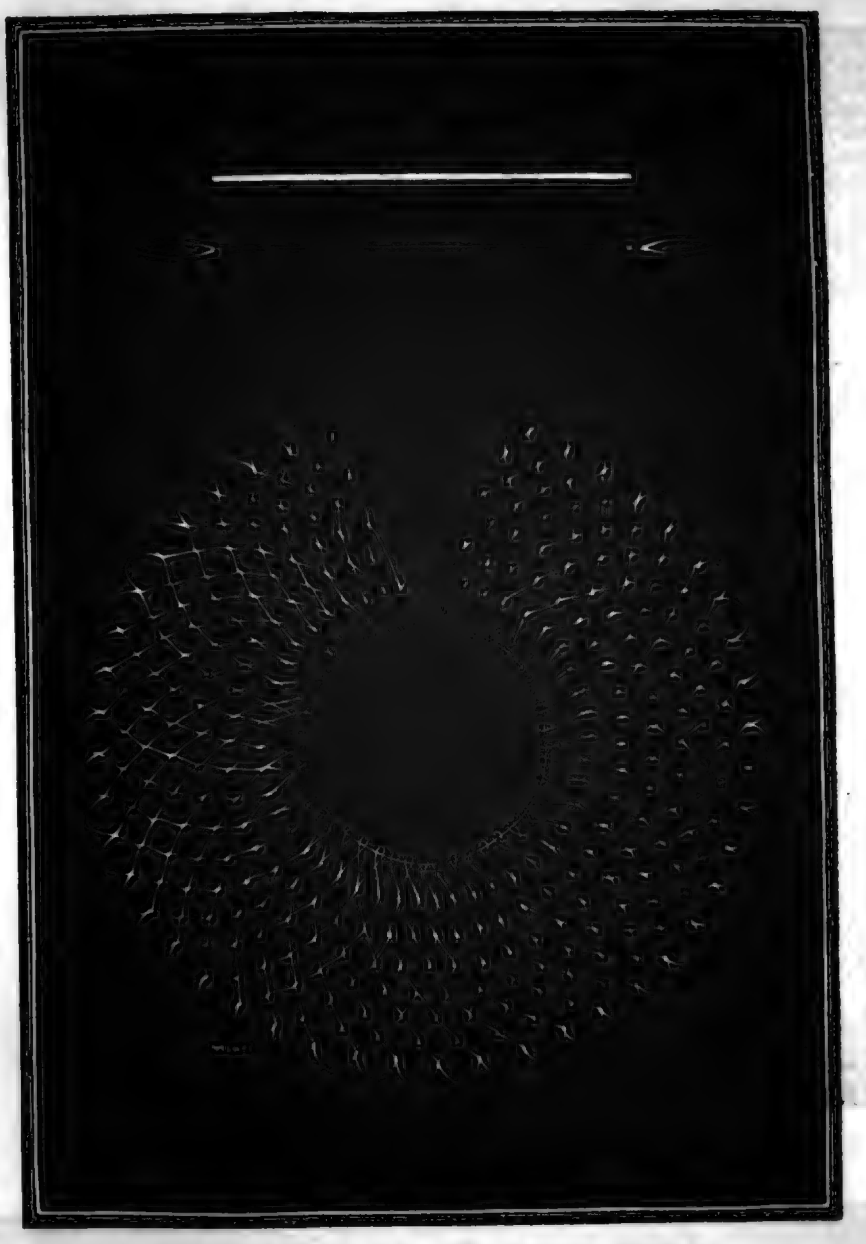
Very light shades of foulard or faille, such as blue, cream, pink, or maize, are best suited for making this cravat. The embroidery is worked with cord of the same shade as the cravat; but it may also be done in a different colour, care of course being taken that the hues are such as agree well together. When the work is finished, the material is carefully cut away under the bars.

### No. 90.—Embroidered Edging.

This edging is worked on linen or cambric, and is a suitable trimming for tunics, polonaises, &c. The directions (Myra's Journal, August) given for working embroidery may be followed here; the traced material must be tacked on toile-cirée, and the outlines traced with rather coarse cotton. The bars should be worked first, as the cotton can then be carried along the lines between the bars, and afterwards worked over, which not only strengthens the work, but makes it much neater as well. The bars must be worked with fine cotton, which can be carried across two or three lines before working the buttonhole-stitch, to give them firmness. All the outlines are worked in button hole-stitch, and the corners and points neatly finished and joined in the way already described. When the work is finished and taken off the toile-cirée, the linen can be cut away under the bars which are separate from it, and only adhere to the sides. This pattern requires close tacking to the toile-cirée; otherwise it would be impossible to prevent tightening the bars too much, and drawing the work out of place.

### No. 101.—Embroidered Edging.

This pretty edging is worked like No. 90; the material is carefully tacked on toile-cirée, the outlines traced with coarse cotton, and then the bars are worked in buttonhole-stitch with fine cotton, and loose from the linen. In the large patterns the outside scallop is worked in buttonhole-stitch, the inner one as well, and here the linen must be cut away before the work is done, if the embroideress is clever enough to keep the line straight and well-shapen, but not till after if she has not sufficient trust in her powers. The plain centre line following the shape of the pattern between the other two may be closely sewn over. The outside scallop of the edging should have plain sewing on the inner edge and buttonhole-stitch on the outer edge, or it would be possible to make it a thick scallop, padded with darning-cotton, and then worked over in buttonhole-stitch; but this, though it wears and washes well, is not so suitable an edging for the style of work. The centre of the leaves is worked in a kind of lace-stitch with twisted cotton. The work is previously untacked, and the linen cut away where necessary.



No. 81.—Netting Mesh and Netting Needle.

Plain Netting Foundation.

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## DESCRIPTION OF THE DIAGRAM-SHEET.

Side No. 1.—First Model: Mauresque tunic, to be made of cream-coloured guipure, edged with wide insertion, dotted with stars, and guipure lace to match. The front is cut square at the neck, closed all down by a seam in the middle, and ornamented with ribbon bows from space to space. The back forms braces, fastened at the waist by a bow, and is then continued in two long ends tied behind.

No. 1, front of the tunic; No. 2, back.

Second Model: Bathing costume of dark blue serge, trimmed with broad white woollen braid. The blouse is loose, crossed in front, and buttoned on the left side by white buttons and an anchor brooch. The collar is square, and turned down at the dotted line. The sleeve is short, to leave the arm at freedom.

No. 3, front of the blouse; No, 4, back; No. 5, collar; No. 6, sleeve,

Third Model: Trousers of the same material as the blouse, and trimmed in the same way. They open at the side; the front is put on to a pointed band and the back into a straight band, which can be drawn up.

No. 7, trousers; No. 8, front part of band: No. 9, back part of band.

Side No. 2.—Fourth Model; Burnous for the beach, made of blue and red flannel, and trimmed with fringe to match. The cloak is cut on the bias; it has no seam at the back, but a small pleat on the shoulder. The hood is drawn and fastened to the neck of the burnous, and forms revers, drawn at the dotted line on the diagram. Woollen tassels are put on in front, and at the point of the hood.

No. 10, half of burnous; No, 11, hood.

Fifth Model: Genevieve corsage for a country toilette. The corsage is accompanied by a waistcoat of cream-coloured linen, scalloped and embroidered at the edge. It is tight-fitting, and has an open basque, long in front and short at the back. The waistcoat is fastened under the front, beginning at the waist, and following the mark on the pattern. Small Milan buttons are employed to fasten it in front; the neck is edged with lace and trimmed with a faille draping, finished with a bow. The half-length sleeve has an embroidered flounce, headed by a band of faille.

No. 12, front of the corsage; No. 13, waistcoat; No. 14, side-piece; No. 15, back; No. 16, sleeve.

Sixth Model: Costume for a little boy, from seven to eight years of age, to be made of écru linen, edged with narrow braid to match. The jacket is open in front, and fastened at the top by a single button; the back is semi-fitting, and has a seam in the middle. A pocket is put on one side; coat-sleeve trimmed with braid, arranged like a parement. The trousers are close below the knee, and fastened at the side by buttons. The trousers are put into a band at the top.

No. 17, front of jacket; No. 18, back; No. 19, sleeve; No. 20, pocket; No. 21, front of trousers; No. 22, back of trousers; No. 23, band,

---

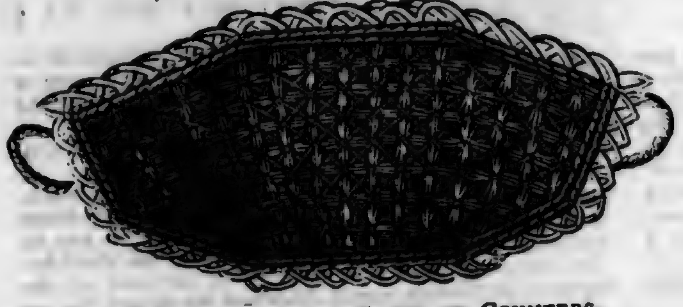
## DESCRIPTION OF OUR COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

### Travelling Toilettes.

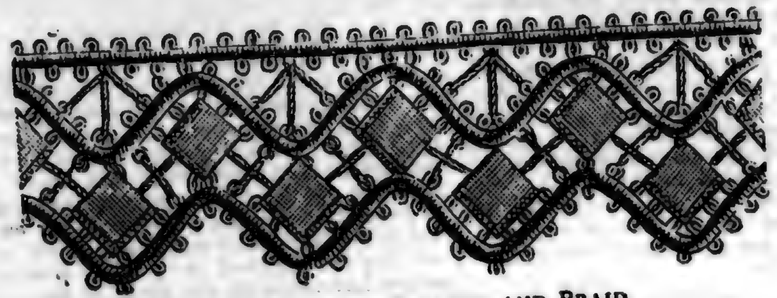
1. Costume of plain réséda cashmere, and fancy woollen material, in green and white chequers. Demi-trained skirt, trimmed in front with a flounce and pleated heading. A band of braid follows the outlines at the side, and another band crosses the middle of the skirt at the back, drawing in the fulness of it, and is finished off at the side with an antique silver buckle. The polonaise forms a cuirasse bodice at the back, trimmed with gilt buttons, and ornamented with a silk aumoniere, fastened to the waist by a ribbon to match. A coat of arms is embroidered on a white ground in the middle of the aumoniere. Parements with gilt buttons on the sleeves. Plain linen lingerie. Black straw hat, with a long veil of cream-coloured gauze.

2. Little girl from five to seven years of age. Costume of navy-blue ribbon, Princess-shaped in front. The front is joined to the back by the side-piece, which also joins the skirt at the edge. The skirt is trimmed with two flounces, and put into a band at the waist, which passes underneath. Sailor collar, and mousquetaire parements on the sleeves. Cream-coloured braid is put round all the edges. White linen lingerie. Pifferaro hat, trimmed with striped blue ribbon, and a cream-coloured feather.

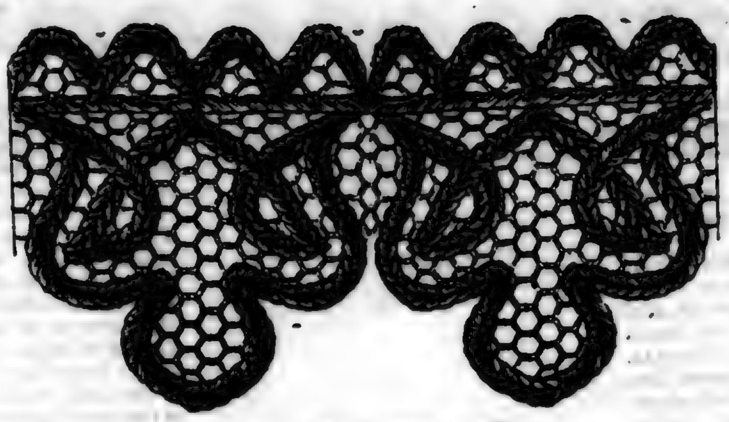
3. Costume of tri-coloured striped zépherine, trimmed with brown linen.—Demi-trained skirt, edged with alternate gathered striped flounces and pleatings of the plain linen. Striped tunic, trimmed down the front with a band of brown linen, edged with pleatings, and a brown pleating round the tunic. Jacket bodice, with a brown pleated collar and plastron, fastened at the top by a bow of pink ribbon. Striped pleatings on the sleeves, and brown pointed parement, with a pink bow. Plain white linen lingerie. Grey straw chapeaux, edged and trimmed with brown ribbon. A blue feather at the top, and a pink band underneath. With this costume a brown linen sleeveless jacket can be worn, the edge finished by a bias band of the striped material.



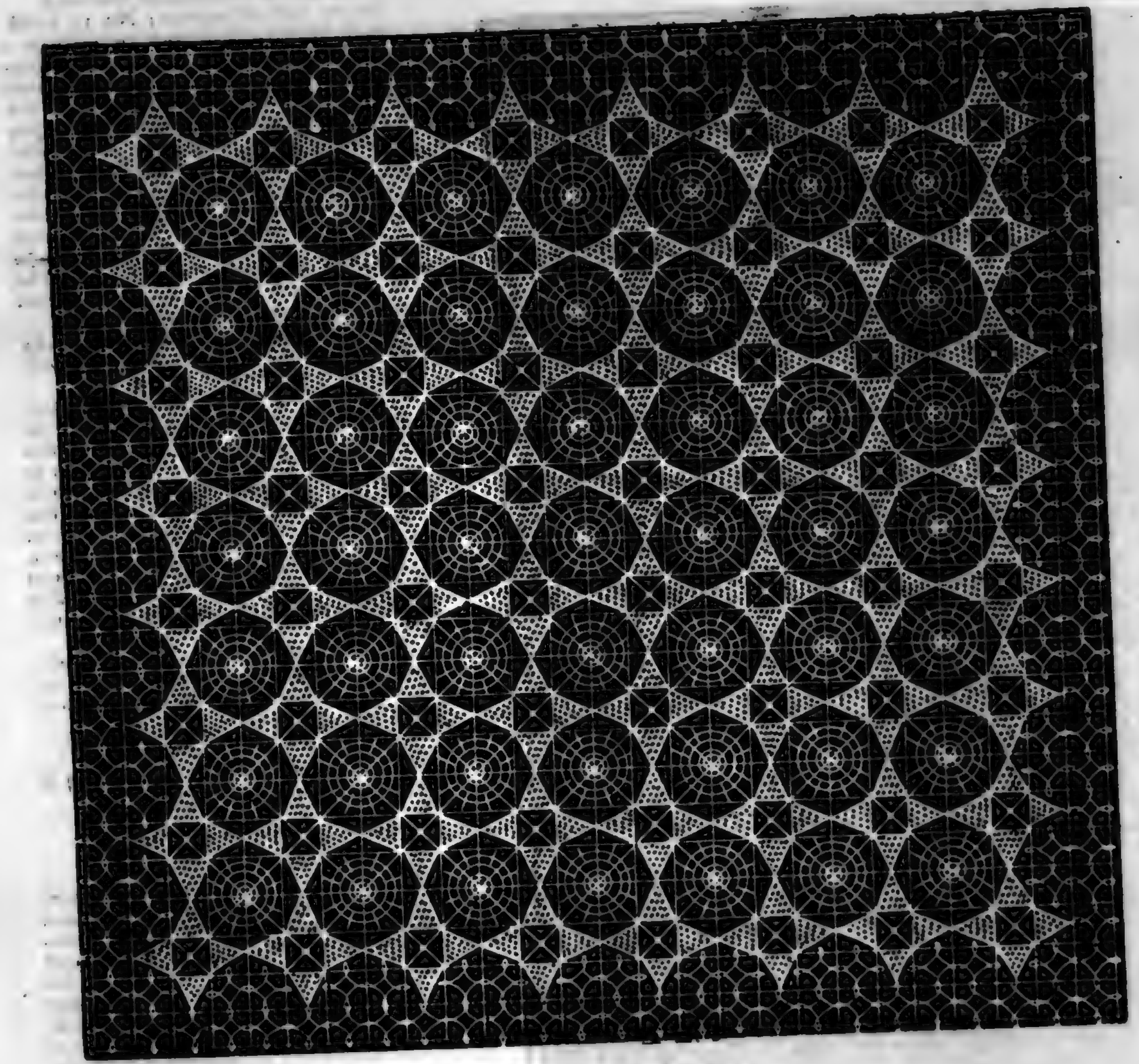
No. 82.—Basket for Cards or Counters.



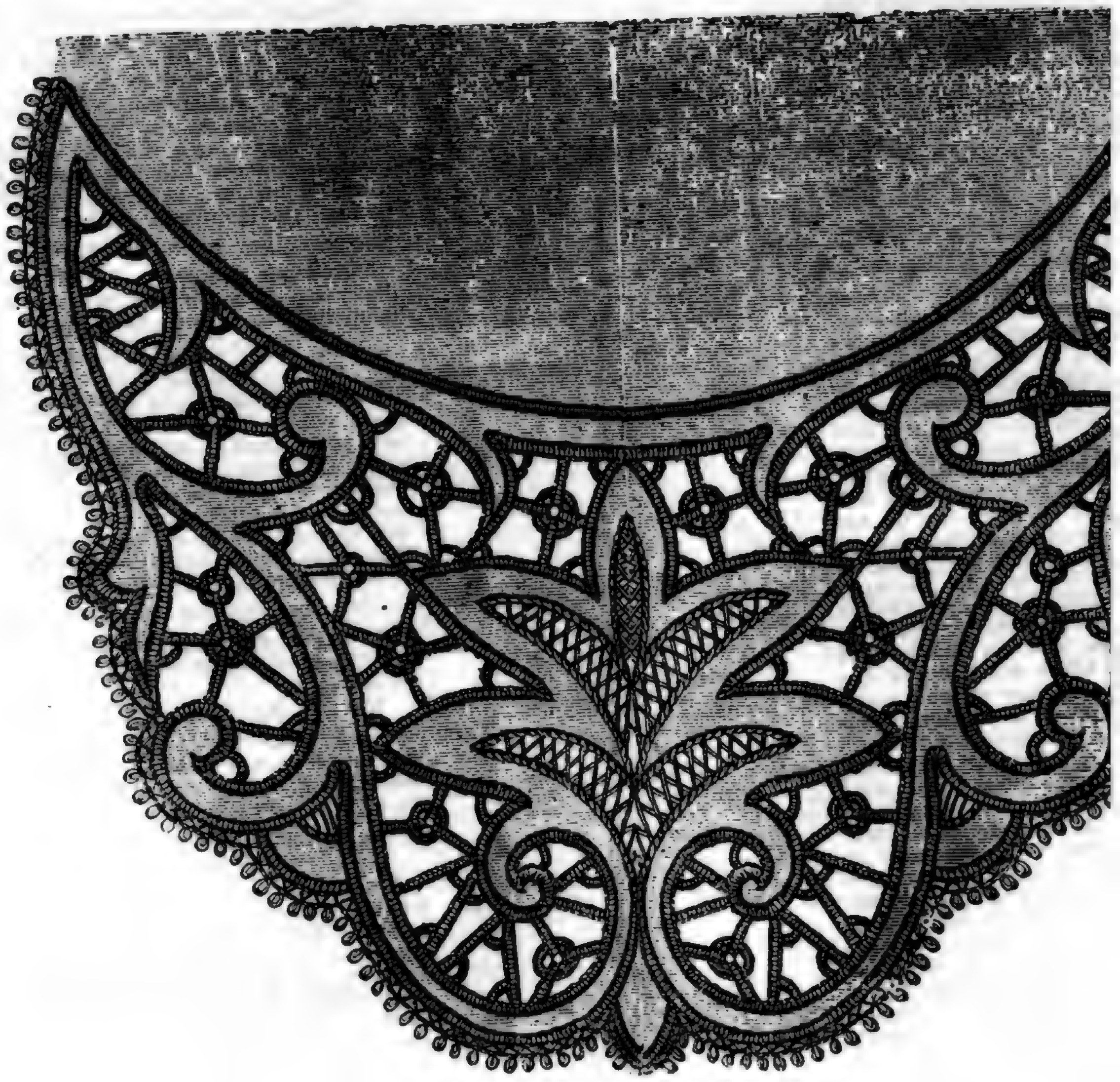
No. 83.—Edging in Crochet and Braid.



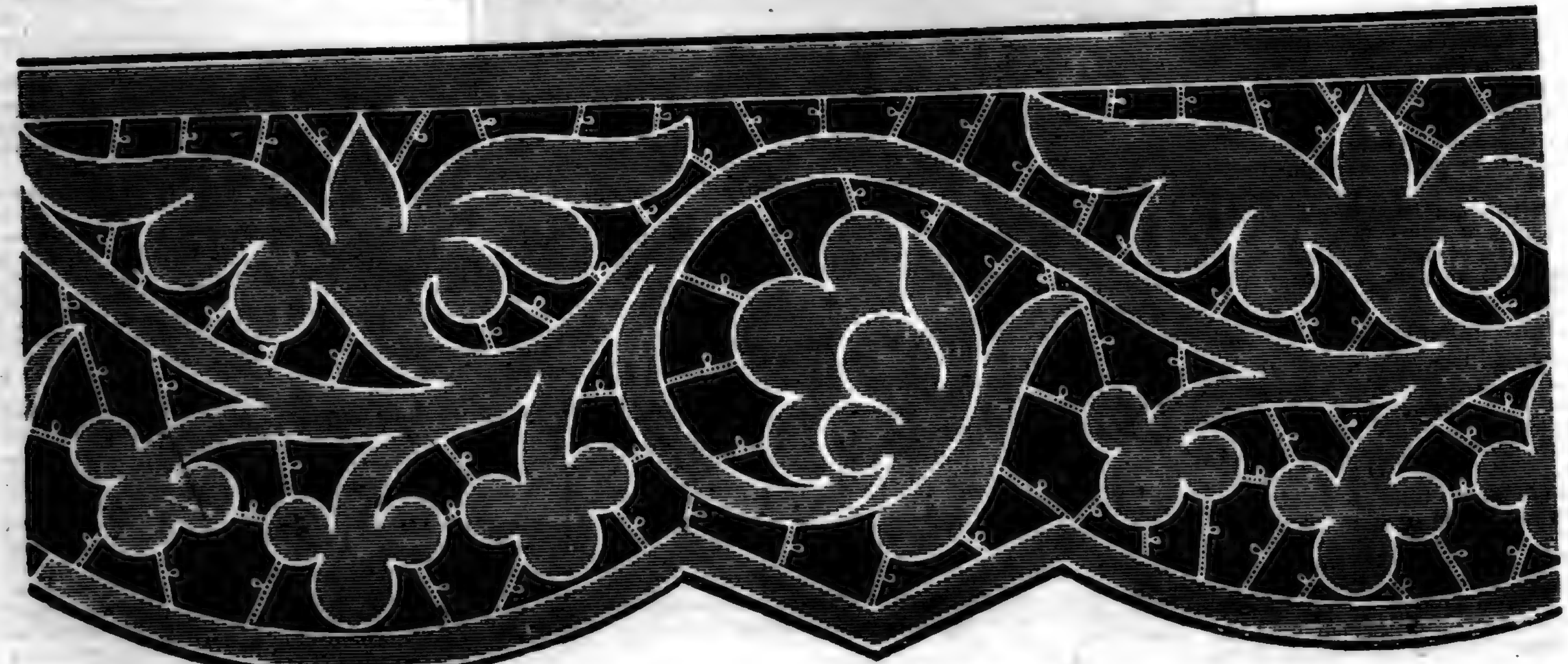
No. 84.—Embroidery on Net.



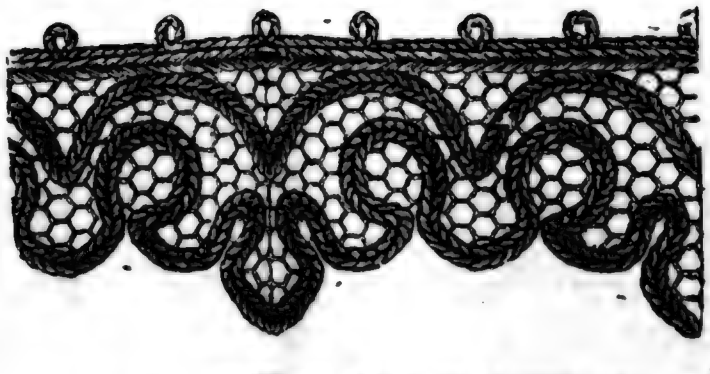
No. 87.—Guipure Square.



No. 88.—Venetian Lace Cravat End.

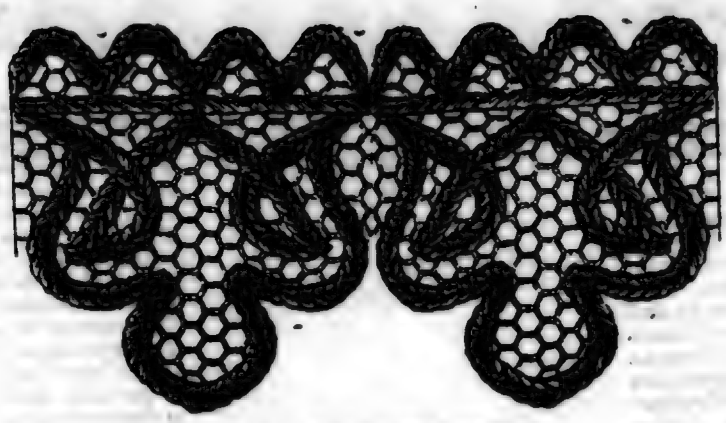


No. 90.—Renaissance Embroidery Garniture.

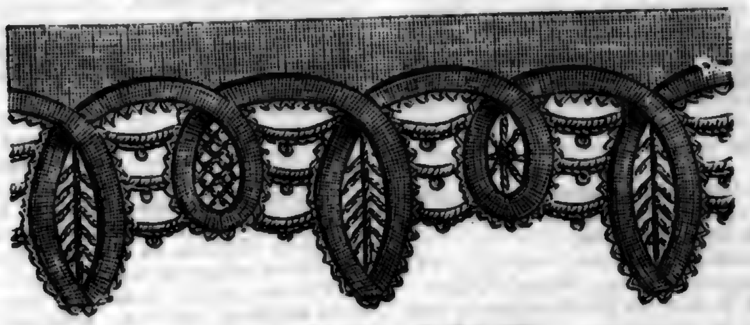


No. 100.—Embroidered Border on Brussels Net.

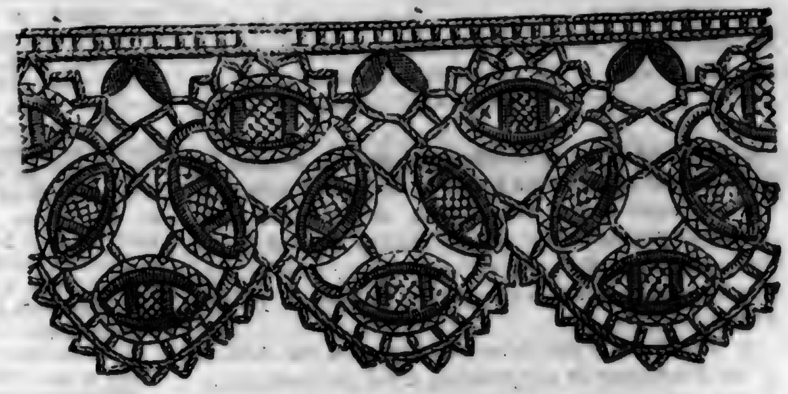
*We beg to recommend Messrs.* WALTER EVANS & Co. *for every kind of Crochet and Knitting Cotton, Emb*



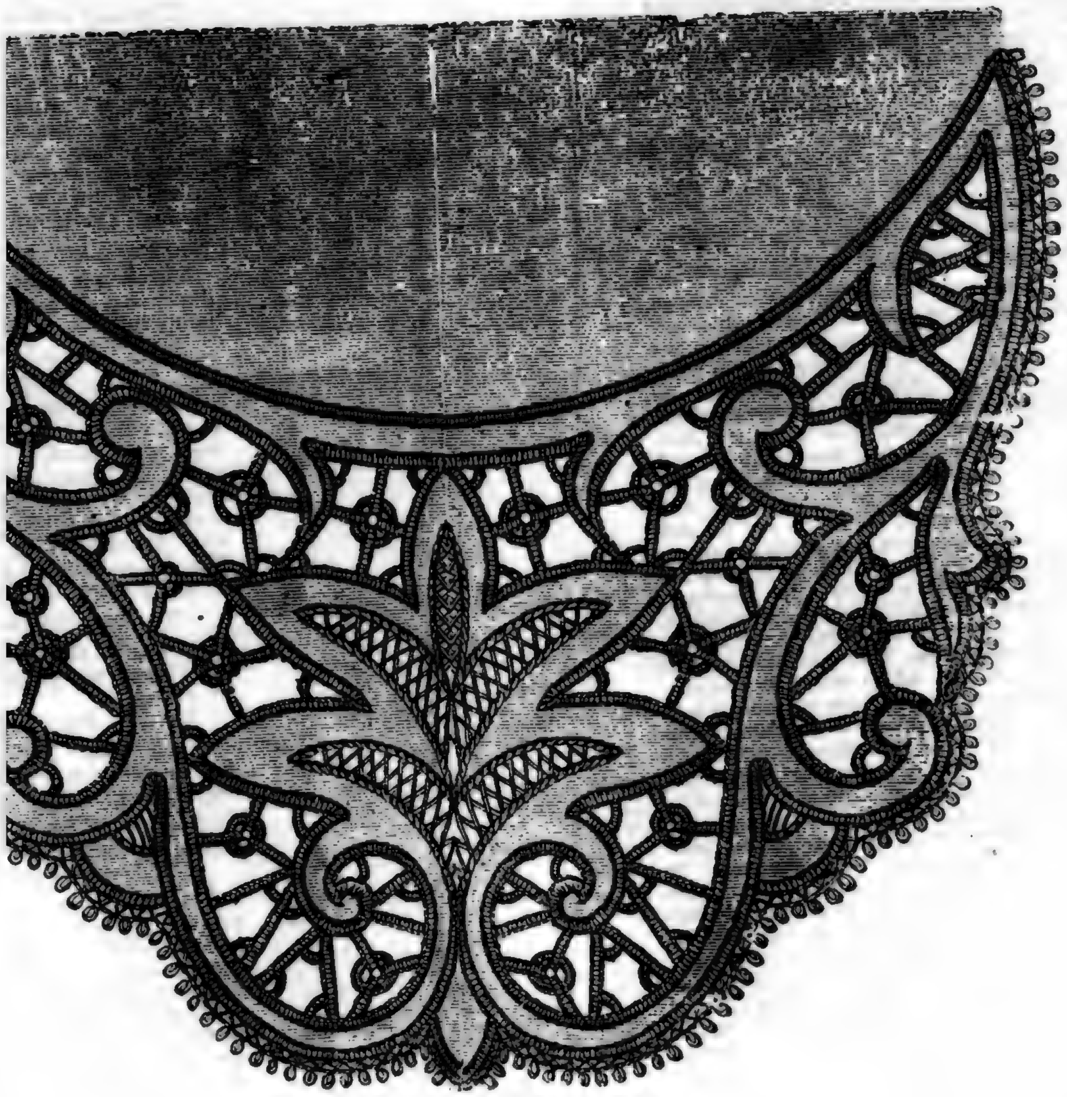
No. 84.—Embroidery on Net.



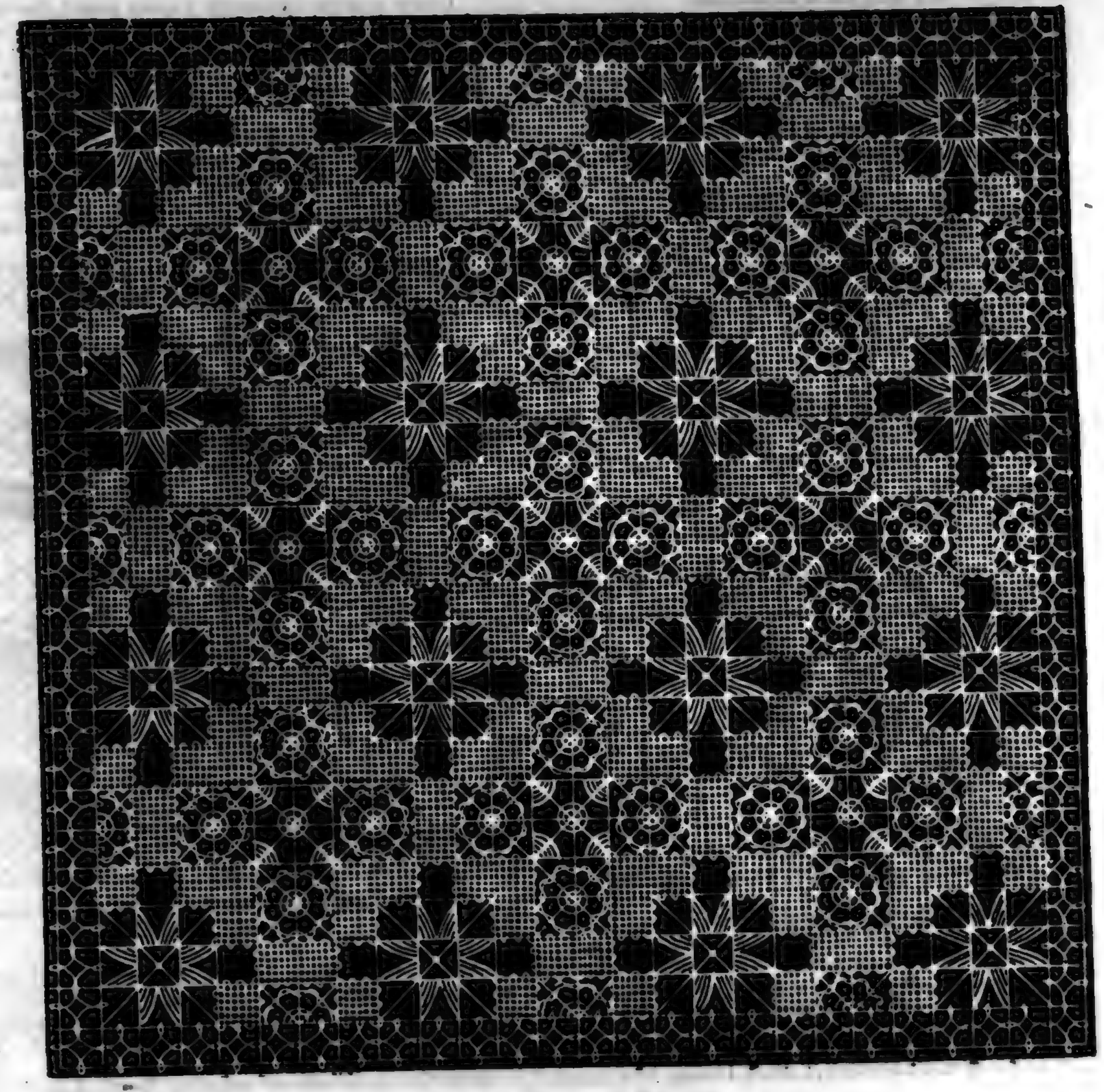
No. 85.—Point-lace Edging.



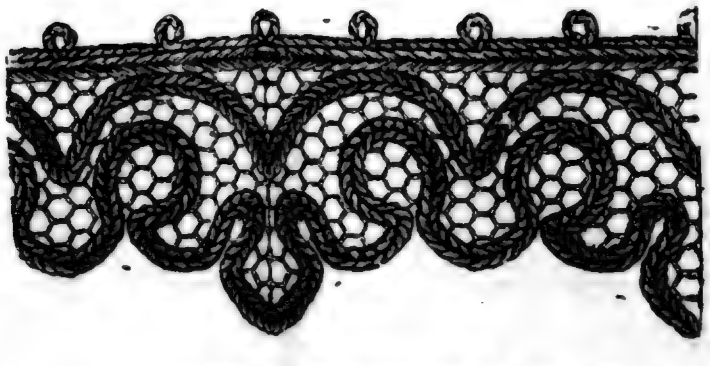
No. 86.—Laced Braid Border.



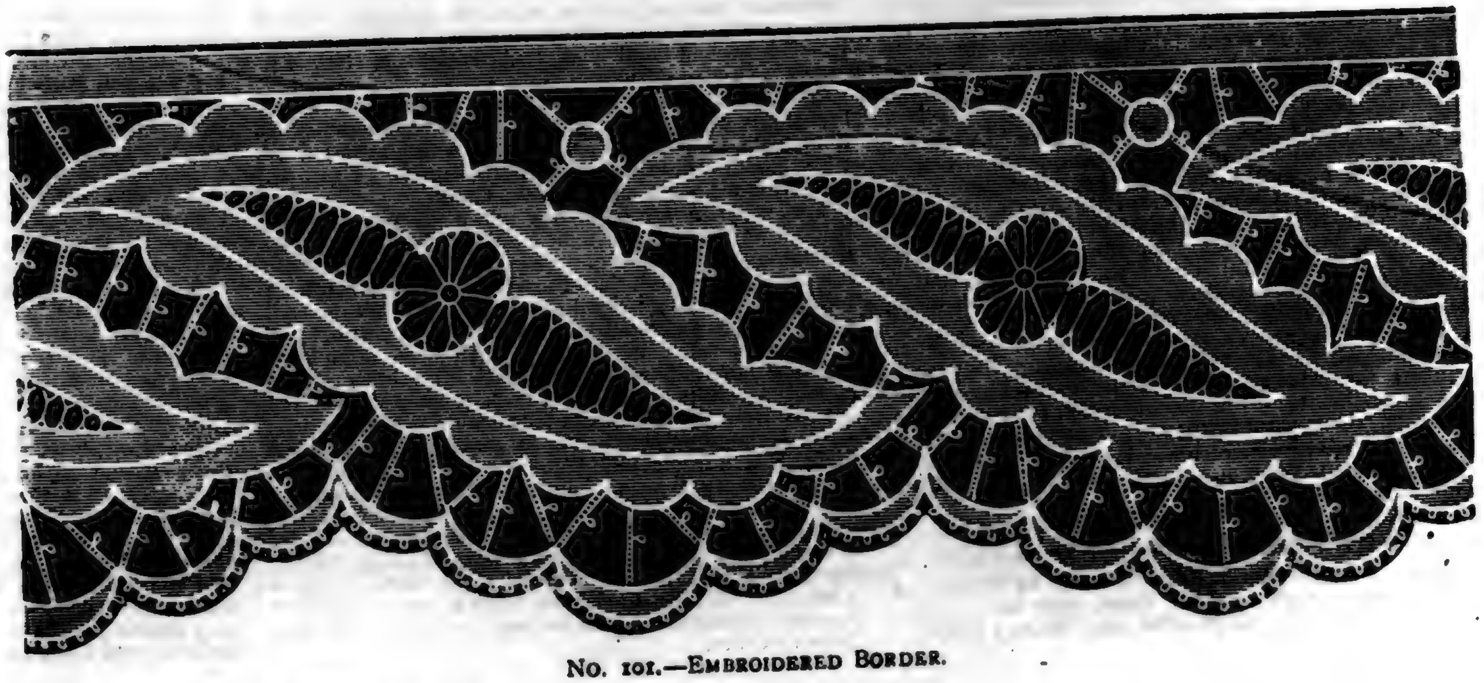
No. 88.—Venetian Lace Cravat End.



No. 89.—Guipure Square.



No. 100.—Embroidered Border on Brussels Net.



No. 101.—Embroidered Border.

s & Co. *for every kind of Crochet and Knitting Cotton, Embroidery and Macramé Lace Thread.*

# RULES FOR THE FREE EXCHANGE.

*1. A Free Exchange, gratis, and open to all who have Articles to barter for others, is open in* Myra's Journal.

*2. The length of the gratis Advertisement (when the Address of the Exchanger is printed) is limited to twelve words.*

*3. The Addresses of Exchangers must be printed in full, in order to secure the benefit of the Free Exchange.*

*4. In cases where Exchangers do not wish their Addresses printed, their Names will be entered in the Office Exchange Book, in the usual way; and in that case a payment is to be made of One Shilling in postage stamps.*

*5. The Price of the Advertisement (when the Address of the Exchanger is not printed) is 6d. for each line o eight words.*

*6. The Free Exchange being intended for barter only, articles for sale will not be admissible.*

*7. Subscribers using the Free Exchange must give their Full Name and Address; no Initials will be accepted. Post-office Address not inserted. No post-cards are to be sent to any Address for the Exchange. All letters for this department should be addressed to* Myra, *39, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.*

## EXCHANGE.

Royal Portraits, books, illuminations, scrap albums, songs, Myra's Journal, &c. Lists sent.—Miss Aldens, Clifton House, near Headington, Oxon.

Have three pieces by Sydney Smith, 16 good songs, and 20 other pieces, all nearly new. What offers?—Miss Wilson, 30, Soho Street, Reading.

Mrs. Lowndes, Hazeldean, Upper Addiscombe Road, Croydon.—Seaside house wanted in exchange for above. Particulars on application.

Handsome point-lace fichu and ruffles, value 17s.; also some deep point-lace, suitable for table border or mantelpiece. What offers?—E. McKee, Burney, Bagnalstown.

Boy's fashionable linen suit, five years, cost 6s. 6d. What offers?—Mrs. Nelson; Hudson Road, Sunderland.

To exchange, a boy's thick pilot cloth Ulster, suitable for boy of 15, new last winter, only worn a few times; cost £2 18s. when new. Would take a lady's check Ulster in exchange. Also a large thick Paisley shawl, cost £7 when new. What offers?—Miss A. Luce, Moselle Villas, St. Peter's Road, Margate, Kent.

I have for exchange three rows of handsome jet beads. Should prefer a gold bracelet or Genoese beads for neck, or handsome belt.—Miss S., 5, York Place, Windsor.

I will work very handsome point-lace covers for fans, either for exchange or money; any coloured or shaped fan covered. My own designs. What offers?—Miss S., 5, York Place, Windsor.

The first six months of "Sunday," 1876; quite good. What offers?—Miss Lena Evans, 4, High Street, Cardigan.

Magnificent Indian scarf, embroidered in white silk; gold-braided evening tablier and cuirasse; gold fringe, 2½ inches deep; evening and day head-dresses and fichus. Will exchange for handsome long jacket in thin cloth. All good offers requested. All new.—Mrs. Wriford, 12, Chiswick Street, Carlisle.

New Songs and Pieces; 3 volumes. Also loose ditto. Lists sent.—Mrs. Bradbury, Clifton House, New Headington, Oxon.

Lady's valuable gold lever watch to be disposed of. Keeps excellent time. Miss C. Aldens, Clifton House, New Headington, Oxon.

G. G. has 8 yards of pretty white tarlatan in the piece, 1¾ yard wide. Pattern, two small gilt stars, joined by three black loops. Would take in exchange some good dress material, say, white satteen or batiste. Also for exchange a braided pinafore for a child two or three years old.—G. G., Coley Avenue, Reading.

Songs.—"Meet me in the Willow Glen" (A. Lee); "Green Isle of Beauty" (G. Spencer); "Somebody's Waiting for me at the Well"; "Poor though my cot may be" (C. W. Glover); "Mary of Argyle" (S. Nelson); "Beautiful Night" (S. Nelson). S. E. will give any two of the above Songs for the instrumental solo, "Jet d'eau" (S. Smith), or "I waited for the Lord" (G. F. West). Also an instrumental solo.—Miss S. E. Heygate, West Haddon, near Rugby.

Wanted, "Kingsley's Poems." Cash or exchange. Silence negative.—Miss Tomkins, Rosebury, Balham.

I have for exchange a pretty dinner dress, Eau-du-Nil silk grenadine, made on nice white silk, body lined also with silk. Only worn twice; cost of grenadine, without making or white silk, £3; will take £3 for the entire dress. Height, 5 ft. 5 in. Mrs. Fisher, Winterbourne, Newbury, Berks.

## ADVERTISEMENTS AND SALES.

I have a dark blue riding-habit, made by Nicolls, of Regent Street, worn very few times, cost ten pounds; will take five, or exchange.—No. 289, Myra's Office.

I have 8 yards of very fine new lace-edged muslin kilting, 9 inches deep, which cost 12s.; will sell for 8s. on account of mourning. 12 yards white striped silk grenadine for 33s., cost 48s. A grey waterproof, almost new, very long, with silk-lined hood, 24s., or exchange. Black and yellow sofa cushion, filled with very best new feathers; what offers?—M. E., No. 290, Myra's Office.

Pale blue tarlatan dress, slip to match, body V-shaped, sleeves to elbow, ample skirt and tablier, worn once, price 15s., or with wide black velvet trimmings, £1. Also, 6 yards of mauve tarlatan, good night colour, for 2s. 6d. Also, white silk parasol, much frilled, lined with pink or blue, only used a few times, 10s.—No. 291, Myra's Office.

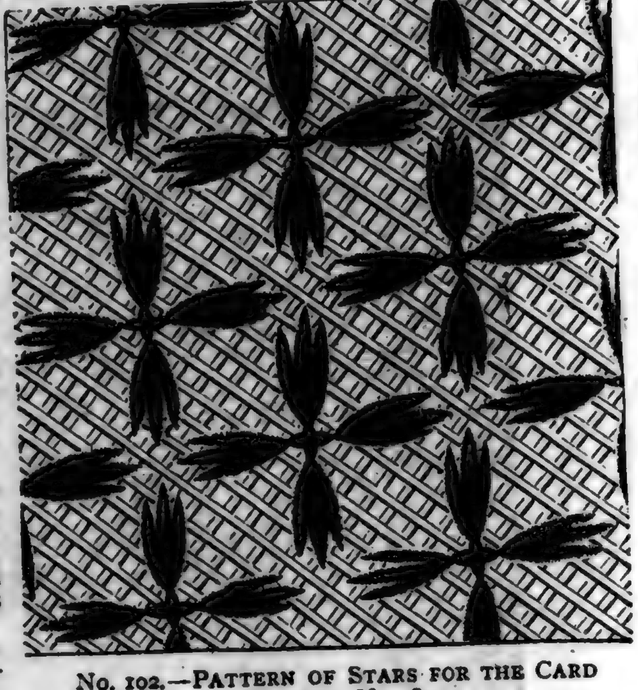
New songs, quarter price (best composers). List sent. Two sleeveless jackets, nearly new, 7s. 6d. each. Description sent.—No. 292, Myra's Office.

Perambulator in excellent condition; cost £5; will take £2 10s.—Cumberland, No. 293, Myra's Office.

Handsome Astrachan jacket, as good as new; cost £8; will take £5. Sent on inspection.—Cumberland, No. 293, Myra's Office.

I have a large handsome Paisley shawl, barely worn; open to offers. Also a very handsome satin full-dress Stuart tartan scarf, cost £2 10s., never worn; open to offers.—Address A. Z., Myra's Office.—[We cannot forward any letters, as you did not send your address.]

O. G. has a splendid Cambridge blue silk dress, long train, richly trimmed with satin, and deep fringe; been worn twice. Price £3 10s.; cost £6 10s. Black and white corded silk sash, with deep fringe ends, 2½ yards long, 15s. Small bird of paradise feather, 5s. Long length of point-lace, 4s. 6d. per yard. Black fan, spangled, 5s. Also some beautiful silk pocket-bags, worked in the Bréton style (figures) by an invalid lady, 9s. each. They are unique. 2½ yards handsomely worked strip of figured linen. What offers? Want much, black cashmere and grenadine.



No. 102.—Pattern of Stars for the Card Basket, No. 82.

Miss Clyde sends 20 roots of Devonshire ferns, 6 varieties, or 100 leaves, for 14 stamps. A box containing 100 roots, 6 varieties, 5s. No charge for package.—Albert Terrace, Newport, Barnstaple.

I have a full size (3 feet wide) water bed, by Hooper, best make, cost 22 guineas, equal to new, only having been used three days, with patent lift. I will exchange it for a second-hand piano.—Mrs. Usill, No. 284, Myra's Office.

The new netted fichu and tunic, as now sold at the best shops, new, £2 10s. 6d. Pretty white silk grenadine tunic, with satin stripes, trimmings white satin; good white blonde, broad satin bow at back, new, £1 12s. 6d. No post cards.—No. 284, Myra's Office.

For exchange, a pretty black and white pique dress; black cloth polonaise, trimmed with silk bands and bead trimming; black satin quilted petticoat, half satin-silk; braided brown cloth half-fitting jacket: brown ostrich feather, 13 in. long; small drooping scarlet ditto. All offers in dress requested.—286, O., Myra's Office.

I have for sale 6 wool-worked chair-seats, large size, group of flowers filled in with chocolate colour, price 5 guineas; 5 yards white point lace, 3 inches wide, for £2 10s.; 1 point lace lappet for head dress, for 10s. 6d.; 1 pair Honiton point cravat ends, 3s. 6d.; striped knitted socks, Scotch wool, suitable for boy of from 4 to 6 years of age, at 2s. per pair. The above are all thoroughly well and tastefully worked.—No. 288, Myra's Office.

Gymnasium in perfect condition, for exchange or sale. It contains all the exercises for rowing, walking, riding, dumb-bells, chest and arm extension exercises, cost £16 when new; little used; can be fixed in any room 8 feet square. Excellent exercise for boys and girls.—No. 289, Myra's Office.

Music, songs, and vocal music, in good condition, for exchange.—No. 290, Myra's Office.

A six-shooter revolver for sale or exchange. What offers?—No. 291, Myra's Office.

A lady has for disposal two silk dresses, two shades of brown, stylishly made. Also long grey silk. Will take for two six guineas, or offers to equal in value. Both large size, and made for a tall person. Disposed of on account of deep mourning.—Address, C. L. W., Myra's Office.

Dressmaking.—Ladies' dresses, costumes, and mantles economically, fashionably, and stylishly made from their own materials. Nicely trimmed, from 10s. 6d.; handsomely trimmed, from 12s. 6d.—Mrs. Arnold, 141, Mayall Road, Brixton. No. 296, Myra's Office.

A Clear Complexion.—Pimples, black specks, and unsightly blotches on the face, neck, arms, and hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. James's Herbal Ointment, made from herbs only, and warranted free from anything injurious. It imparts such a lovely clearness to the skin that really astonishes everyone. Ladies at the seaside derive wonderful benefit from the use of this, as it entirely eradicates tan, freckles, sunburn, and roughness occasioned by the winds, and completely does away with that flushed appearance after meals. Mrs. James merely solicits a trial from those who have not used it, after which she feels confident they will use nothing else. A box of the Ointment (bearing Government stamp), with directions for use, sent, quite free from observation, post free to any address on receipt of 13 stamps.—Mrs. C. James, 226, Caledonian Road, London, N. (late of Offord Road). Larger boxes, three times the quantity, 25 stamps.

## NEEDLEWORK ANSWERS.

Mary R. V.—In netting a landing net a square should be first made, either of twelve or fourteen stitches, according to the size of the mesh; increase two stitches in each of the corners, and work regularly on until your net is the size you require. Ordinary string can be used, but it must be good, and quite free from knots.

Milly says:—Will you kindly give us in the next issue (or as early as possible) of your most valuable and interesting journal a design in netting and darning for long curtains, with directions how to make square netting long. I can get the square all right, but do not know how to go on so that the holes may continue square. By doing so, you will oblige.—Instructions for long square netting were given in Paris Patterns and Models; but I repeat, to save you referring, when you have netted enough squares for the proper width, increase one stitch at the end of every row, and net the first and second stitch together as one, which will decrease one each row, and preserve the square form of the holes.

Mrs. Williams wishes to thank Myra for recommending her Briggs and Ashcroft's transferring papers for tracing embroidery patterns. Such an article has long been needed, and ladies can now, without any trouble, supply that need themselves, and will be greatly pleased with me that they are freed from the usual tedious pencilling, or the long waiting while "another strip" is traced for them at a shop. For the benefit of your correspondents, I will describe the way I use the transferring papers. I place the design on the fabric to be traced, and pass a warm iron over the back of the paper, and the pattern is then distinctly transferred. Blue designs are transferable to light-coloured fabrics; amber designs to dark-coloured fabrics. Materials with a rough surface should be smoothed with a hot iron before stamping. Benzine will erase the patterns if required; but, if care be taken, this is seldom wanted.

A Subscriber to Myra's Journal sees in the July number that, under "Miscellaneous," she answers F. E. H. stating she does not know of any use for old postage-stamps. The following use of them is pretty and useful for bazaars. Thread a long string of stamps, which will twist round in threading. Put a snake's head of black cloth, with scarlet between, which makes a pen-wiper, putting two beads for eyes at one end, and at the other a tail, made of four pieces of black cloth. Should this serve Myra's purpose, it will give pleasure and interest to a subscriber. They are usually charged 6s. each at fancy sales.—[Many thanks.]

A Would-be Learner.—For a cross-way border, take a darning instead of a netting-needle, and cast on five stitches over a fine knitting-needle. Then work X five rows, increasing one at the end of the 1st, 3rd, and 5th; then work three rows plain, and then six rows, in the 1st, 3rd, and 5th of which the two last stitches are knotted together as one stitch. Then repeat from X till the lace is sufficiently long. The Vandyked border is embroidered with buttonhole-stitch, and the lace is darned from illustration.

Of all the numbers of hair washes, differing from each other as widely as possible in their ingredients and appearance, one of those that really produces the effects it professes to, is Kershaw's Quinine Hair-wash. This pleasant preparation is cool and clean, and, being neither greasy nor thick, is delightful to use at all times, but especially so in warm weather. It strengthens the hair, and if used in time will check any falling off, which with many people is a kind of periodical weakness, very amazing and mortifying, as the hair generally refuses to grow again as fast as it falls off.

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*This address is sufficient, the firm being well known in the West of England.*

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*Presented with* "MYRA'S JOURNAL OF DRESS AND FASHION" *for August,* 1876.

# THE LILY MAGAZINE
OR
THE FLOWER OF PURE FICTION

No. 71.—VOL. III.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1876. [ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

# THE DAY OF MY DEATH.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

*Author of "THE GATES AJAR," "NUMBER THIRTEEN," etc.*

IN THREE PARTS.

◆

The characters in this narrative are fictitious. The incidents the author does not profess to have witnessed. But they are given as related by eye-witnesses whose testimony would command a verdict from any honest jury. The author, however, draws no conclusions and suggests none.

## PART I.—THE HOUSE IN NEMO'S AVENUE.

ALISON was sitting on a bandbox. She had generally been sitting on a bandbox for three weeks,—or on a bushel-basket, or a cupboard shelf, or a pile of old newspapers, or the baby's bath-tub. On one occasion it was the baby himself. She mistook him for the rag-bag.

If ever we had to move again,—which all the beneficence of the Penates forbid!—my wife should be locked into the parlour, and a cargo of Irishwomen turned loose about the premises to "attend to things." What it is that women find to do with themselves in this world I have never yet discovered. They are always "attending to things." Whatever that may mean, I have long ago received it as the only solution at my command of their superfluous wear and tear, and worry and flurry, and tears and nerves and headaches. A fellow may suggest Jane, and obtrude Bridget, and hire Peggy, and run in debt for Mehetable, and offer to take the baby on 'Change with him, but has he by a feather's weight lightened Madam's mysterious burden? My dear sir, don't presume to expect it. She has just as much to do as she ever had. In fact, she has a little more. "Strange, you don't appreciate it! Follow her about one day, and see for yourself!"

What I started to say, however, was that I thought it over often,—I mean about that invoice of Irishwomen,—coming home from the office at night, while we were moving out of Artichoke Street into Nemo's Avenue. It is not pleasant to find one's wife always sitting on a bandbox. I have seen her crawl to her feet when she heard me coming, and hold on by a chair, and try her poor little best to look as if she could stand twenty-four hours longer; she so disliked that I should find a "used-up looked house" under any circumstances. But I believe that was worse than the bandbox.

On this particular night she was too tired even to crawl. I found her all in a heap in the corner, two dusters and a wash-cloth in one blue-veined hand, and a broom in the other; an old corn-coloured silk handkerchief knotted over her hair,—her hair is black, and the effect was good,—and her little brown calico apron-string literally tied to the baby, who was shrieking at the end of his tether because he could just not reach the kitten and throw her into the fire. On Alison's lap, between a pile of shirts and two piles of magazines, lay a freshly opened letter. I noticed that she put it into her pocket before she dropped her dusters and stood up to lift her face for my kiss. She forgot about the apron-strings, and the baby tipped up the wrong way, and hung dangling in mid-air.

After we had taken tea,—that is to say, after we had drawn around the ironing-board put on two chairs in the front entry, made the cocoa in a tin dipper, stirred it with a fork, and cut the bread with a jack-knife,—after the baby was fairly off to bed in a champagne-basket, and Tip disposed of, his mother only knew where, we coaxed a consumptive fire into the parlour grate, and sat down before it in the carpetless, pictureless, curtainless, blank, bare, soapy room.

"Thank goodness, this is the last night of it!" I growled, putting my booted feet against the wall, (my slippers had gone over to the Avenue in a waterpail that morning,) and tipping my chair back drearily,—my wife "*so* objects" to the habit!

Allis made no reply, but sat looking thoughtfully, and with a slightly perplexed and displeased air, into the sizzling wet wood that snapped and flared and smoked and hissed and blackened, and did everything but burn.

"I really don't know what to do about it," she broke silence at last.

"I'm inclined to think there's nothing better to do than to look at it."

"No; not the fire. Oh, I forgot,—I haven't shown it to you."

She drew from her pocket the letter which I had noticed in the afternoon, and laid it upon my knee. With my hands in my pockets—the room was too cold to take them out—I read:—

"DEAR COUSIN ALISON:—

"I have been so lonely since mother died, that my health, never of the strongest, as you know, has suffered seriously. My physician tells me that something is wrong with the periphrastic action, if you know what that is," [I suppose Miss Fellows meant the peristaltic action,] "and prophesies something dreadful, (I've forgotten whether it was to be in the head, or the heart, or the stomach,) if I cannot have change of air and scene this winter. I should dearly love to spend some time with you in your new home, (I fancy it will be drier than the old one,) if convenient to you. If inconvenient, don't hesitate to say so, of course. I hope to hear from you soon.

"In haste, your aff. cousin,
"GERTRUDE FELLOWS.

"P.S.—I shall of course insist upon being a boarder if I come.
"G. F."

"Hum-m. Insipid sort of letter."

"Exactly. That's Gertrude. No more flavour than a frozen pear. If she had one distinguishing peculiarity, good or bad, I believe I should like her better. But I'm sorry for the woman."

"Sorry enough to stand a winter of her?"

"If we hadn't just been through this moving! A new house and all,—nobody knows how the flues are yet, or whether we can warm a spare room. She hasn't had a home, though, since cousin Dorothy died. But I was thinking about you, you see."

"Oh, she can't hurt me. She won't want the library, I suppose; nor my slippers, and the small bootjack. Let her come."

My wife sighed a small sigh of relief out from the depths of her hospitable heart, and the little matter was settled and dismissed as lightly as are most little matters out of which grow the great ones.

I had just begun to dream that night that Gertrude Fellows, in the shape of a large decaying pear, had walked in and sat down on a dessert plate, when Allis gave me a little pinch and woke me.

"My dear, Gertrude has *one* peculiarity. I never thought of it till this minute."

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"Confound Gertrude's peculiarities! I want to go to sleep. Well, let's have it."

"Why, you see, she took up with some Spiritualistic notions after her mother's death; thought she held communications with her, and all that, Aunt Solomon says."

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"Of course. But, Fred, dear, I'm inclined to think she *must* have made her sewing-table walk into the front entry; and Aunt Solomon says the spirits rapped out the whole of cousin Dorothy's history on the mantel-piece, behind those blue china vases,—you must have noticed them at the funeral,—and not a human hand within six feet."

"Alison Hotchkiss!" I said, waking thoroughly, and sitting up in bed to emphasize the opinion, "when I hear a spirit rap on *my* mantel-piece, and see *my* tables walk about the front entry, I'll believe that,—not before!"

"Oh, I know it! I'm not a Spiritualist, I'm sure, and nothing would tempt me to be. But still that sort of reasoning has a flaw in it, hasn't it, dear! The King of Siam, you know—"

I had heard of the King of Siam before, and I politely informed my wife that I did not care to hear of him again. Spiritualism was a system of refined jugglery. Just another phase of the same thing which brings the doves out of Mr. Hermann's empty hat. It might be entertaining if it had not become such an abominable imposition. There would always be nervous women and hypochondriac men enough for its dupes. I thanked Heaven that I was neither, and went to sleep.

Our new house was light and dry; the flues worked well, and the spare chamber warmed admirably. The baby exchanged the champagne-basket for his dainty pink-curtained crib; Tip began to recover from the perpetual cold with which three weeks' sitting in draughts, and tumbling into water-pails, and playing in the sink, had sweetened his temper; Allis forsook her bandboxes for the crimson easy-chair (very becoming, that chair), or tripped about on her own rested feet; we returned to table-cloths, civilized life, and a fork apiece.

In short, nothing at all worth mentioning happened, till that one night,—I think it was our first Sunday,—when Allis waked me at twelve o'clock with the announcement that some one was knocking at the door. Supposing it to be Bridget with the baby,—croup, probably, or a fit,—I unlocked and unlatched it promptly. No one was there, however; and telling my wife, in no very gentle tone, if I remember correctly, that it would be a convenience, on such cold nights, if she could keep her dreams to herself, I shut the door distinctly and returned to my own.

In the morning I observed a little white circle about each of Allis's blue eyes, and after some urging she confessed to me that her sleep had been much broken by a singular disturbance in the room. I might laugh at her if I chose, and she had not meant to tell me, but somebody had rapped in that room all night long.

"On the door?"

On the door, on the mantel-piece, on the foot of the bed, on the head-board,—Fred, right on the head-board! I listened till I grew cold listening, but it rapped and it rapped, and by-and-by it was morning, and it stopped."

"Rats!" said I.

"Then rats have knuckles," said she.

"Mice!" said I, "wind! broken plaster! crickets! imagination! dreams! fancies! blind headache! nonsense! Next time wake me up, and fire pillows at me till I'm pleasant to you. Now I'll have a kiss and a cup of coffee. Any sugar in it?"

Tip fell down the cellar stairs that day, and the baby swallowed a needle and two gutta-percha buttons, which I had been waiting a week to have sewed on my vest, so that Alison had enough else to think about, and the little incident of the raps was forgotten. I believe it was not recalled by either of us till after Gertrude Fellows came.

It was on a Monday and in a drizzly storm, that I brought her from the station. She was a thin, cold phantom-like woman, shrouded in water-proofs and green *barège* veils. Why is it that homely women always wear green *barège* veils? She did not improve in appearance when her wraps were off, and she was seated by my parlour grate. Her large green eyes had no speculation in them. Her mouth—an honest mouth, that was one mercy—quivered and shrank when she was addressed suddenly, as if she felt herself to be a sort of foot-ball that the world was kicking about at pleasure,—your gentlest smile might prove a blow. She seldom spoke unless she were spoken to, and fell into long reveries, with her eyes on the window or the coals. She wore a horrible sort of ruff,—"illusion," I think Allis called it,—which, of all contrivances that she could have chosen to encircle her sallow neck, was exactly the most unbecoming. She was always knitting blue stockings,—I never discovered for what or whom; and she wore her lifeless hair in the shape of a small toy cart-wheel, on the back of her head.

However, she brightened a little in the course of the first week, helped Alison about the baby, kept herself out of my way, read her Bible and the "Banner of Light" in about equal proportion, and became a mild, inoffensive, and, on the whole, not unpleasant addition to the family.

She had been in the house about ten days, I think, when Alison, with a disturbed face, confided to me that she had spent another wakeful night with those "rats" behind the head-board; I had been down with a sick-headache the day before, and she had not wakened me. I promised to set a trap and buy a cat before evening, and was closing the door upon the subject, being already rather late at the office, when the expression of Gertrude Fellows's face detained me.

"If I were you, I—wouldn't—really buy a very expensive trap, Mr. Hotchkiss. It will be a waste of money, I am afraid. I heard the noise that disturbed cousin Alison;" and she sighed.

I shut the door with a snap, and begged her to be so good as to explain herself.

"It's of no use," she said, doggedly. "You know you won't believe me. But that makes no difference. They come all the same."

"*They?*" asked Allis, smiling. "Do you mean some of your spirits?"

The cold little woman flushed. "These are not *my* spirits. I know nothing about them. I did not mean to obtrude a subject so disagreeable to you while I was in your family; but I have seldom been in a house in which the Influences were so strong. I don't know what they mean, nor anything about them, but just that they're here. They wake me up, twitching my elbows, nearly every night."

"Wake you up *how?*"

"Twitching my elbows," she repeated, gravely.

I broke into a laugh, from which neither my politeness nor the woman's heightened colour could save me, bought the cat and ordered the rat-trap without delay.

That night, when Miss Fellows had "retired,"—she never "went to bed" in simple English like other people,—I stole softly out in my stockings and screwed a little brass button outside her door. I had made a gimlet-hole for it in the morning when our guest was out shopping; it fitted into place without noise. Without noise I turned it, and went back to my own room.

"You suspect her, then?" said Alison.

"One is always justified in suspecting a Spiritualistic medium."

"I don't know about that," Allis said, decidedly. "It may have been mice that I heard last night, or the wind in a bottle, or any of the other proper and natural causes that explain away the ghost stories in the children's papers; but it was not Gertrude. Women know something about one another, my dear; and I tell you it was not Gertrude."

"I don't assert that it was; but with the button on Gertrude's door, the cat in the kitchen, and the rat-trap on the garret stairs, I am strongly inclined to anticipate a peaceful night. I will watch for a while, however, and you can go to sleep."

She went to sleep, and I watched. I lay till half-past eleven with my eyes staring at the dark, wide awake and undisturbed and triumphant.

At half-past eleven I must confess that I heard a singular sound.

Something whistled at the keyhole. It could not have been the wind, by the way, for there was no wind that night. Something else than the wind whistled in at the keyhole, sighed through into the room as much like a long-drawn breath as anything, and fell with a slight clink upon the floor.

I lighted my candle and got up. I searched the floor of the room, and opened the door and searched the entry. Nothing was visible or audible, and I went back to bed. For about ten minutes I heard no further disturbance, and was concluding myself to be, in some undefined manner, the victim of my own imagination, when there suddenly fell upon the head-board of my bed a blow so distinct and loud that I involuntarily sprang at the sound of it. It wakened Alison, and I had the satisfaction of hearing her sleepily inquire if I had caught that rat yet? By way of reply I relighted the candle, and gave the bed a shove which sent it rolling half across the room. I examined the wall; I examined the floor; I examined the head-board; I made Alison get up, so that I could shake the mattresses. Mean time the pounding had recommenced, in rapid, irregular blows, like the blows of a man's fist. The room adjoining ours was the nursery. I went in with my light. It was empty and silent. Bridget, with Tip and the baby, slept soundly in the large chamber across the hall. While I was searching the room my wife called loudly to me, and I ran back.

"It is on the mantel-piece now," she said. "It struck the mantel-piece just after you left; then the ceiling, three times, very loud; then the mantel-piece again,—don't you hear?"

I heard distinctly; moreover, the mantel-piece shook a little with the concussion. I took out the fire-board and looked up the chimney; I took out the register and looked down the furnace-pipe; I ransacked the garret and the halls; finally, I examined Miss Fellows's door,—it was locked as I had left it, upon the outside; and that locked door was the only means of egress from the room, unless the occupant fancied that of jumping from a two-story window upon a broad flight of stone steps.

I came thoughtfully back across the hall; an invisible trip-hammer appeared to hit the floor beside me at every step; I attempted to step aside from it, over it, away from it; but it followed me, pounding into my room.

"Wind?" suggested Allis. "Plaster cracking? Fancies? Dreams? Sick headaches?—I should like to know which you have decided upon?"

Quiet fell upon the house after that for an hour, and I was dropping into my first nap, when there came a light tap upon the door. Before I could reach it, it had grown into a thundering blow.

"Whatever it is I'll have it now!" I whispered, turned the latch without noise, and flung the door wide into the hall. It was silent, dark, and cold. A little glimmer of moonlight fell in and showed me the figures upon the carpet, outlined in a frosty bar. No hand or hammer, human or superhuman, was there.

Determined to investigate matters a little more thoroughly, I asked my wife to stand upon the inside of the doorway while I kept watch upon the outside. We took our position, and I closed the door between us. Instantly a series of furious blows struck the door; the sound was such as would be made by a stick of oaken wood. The solid door quivered under it.

"It's on your side!" said I.

"No, it's on yours!" said she.

"You're pounding yourself to fool me," cried I.

"You're pounding yourself to frighten me," sobbed she.

And we nearly had a quarrel. The sound continued with more or less intermission till daybreak. Allis fell asleep, but I spent the time in appropriate reflections.

Early in the morning I removed the button from Miss Fellows's door. She never knew anything about it.

I believe, however, that I had the fairness to exculpate her in my secret heart from any trickish connexion with the disturbances of that night.

"Just keep quiet about this little affair," I said to my wife; "we shall come across an explanation in time, and may never have any more of it."

We kept quiet, and for five days so did "the spirits," as Miss Fellows was pleased to pronounce the trip-hammers.

The fifth day I came home early, as it chanced, from the office. Miss Fellows was writing letters in the parlour. Allis, upstairs, was sorting and putting away the weekly wash. I came into the room and sat down by the register to watch her. I always liked to watch her sitting there on the floor with the little heaps of linen and cotton stuff piled like blocks of snow about her, and her pink hands darting in and out of the uncertain sleeves that were just ready to give way in the gathers, trying the stockings' heels briskly, and testing the buttons with a little jerk.

She laid aside some under-clothing presently from the rest. "It will not be needed again this winter," she observed, "and had better go into the cedar closet." The garments, by the way, were marked and numbered in indelible ink. I heard her run over the figures in a busy, housekeeper's undertone, before carrying them into the closet. She locked the closet door, I think, for I remember the click of the key. If I remember accurately, I stepped into the hall after that to light a cigar, and Alison flitted to and fro with her clothes, dropping the baby's little white stockings every step or two, and anathematizing them daintily—within orthodox bounds, of course. In about five minutes she called me; her voice was sharp and alarmed.

"Come quick! Oh, Fred, look here! All those clothes that I locked into the cedar closet are out here on the bed!"

"My dear wife," I blandly observed, as I sauntered into the room, "too much of Gertrude Fellows hath made thee mad. Let *me* see the clothes!"

She pointed to the bed. Some white clothing lay upon it, folded in an ugly way, to represent a corpse, with crossed hands.

"Is it meant for a joke, Alison? You did it yourself, I suppose!"

"Fred! I have not touched it with the tip of my little finger!"

"Gertrude, then?"

"Gertrude is in the parlour writing."

So she was. I called her up. She looked surprised and troubled.

"It must have been Bridget," I proceeded, authoritatively, "or Tip."

"Bridget is out walking with Tip and the baby. Jane is in the kitchen making pies."

"At any rate these are not the clothes which you locked into the closet, however they came here."

"The very same, Fred. See, I noticed the numbers: 6 upon the stockings, 2 on the night-caps, and—"

"Give me the key," I interrupted.

She gave me the key. I went to the cedar closet and tried the door. It was locked. I unlocked it, and opened the drawer in which my wife assured me that the clothes had lain. Nothing was to be seen in it but the linen towel which neatly covered the bottom. I lifted it and shook it. The drawer was empty.

"Give me those clothes, if you please."

She brought them to me. I made in my diary a careful memorandum of their naming and numbering; placed the articles myself in the drawer,—an upper drawer, so that there could be no mistake in identifying it; locked the drawer, put the key in my pocket; locked the door of the closet, put the key in my pocket; locked the door of the room in which the closet was, and put that key in my pocket.

We sat down then in the hall, all of us; Allis and Gertrude to fill the mending-basket, I to smoke and consider. I saw Tip coming home with his nurse presently, and started to go down and let him in, when a faint scream from my wife arrested me. I ran past Miss Fellows, who was sitting on the stairs, and into my room. Allis, going in to put away Tip's little plaid aprons, had stopped, rather pale, upon the threshold. Upon the bed lay some clothing, folded, as before, in rude, hideous imitation of the dead.

I took each article in turn, and compared the name and number with the names and numbers in my diary. They were identical throughout. I took the clothes, took the three keys from my pocket, unlocked the "cedar-room" door, unlocked the closet door, unlocked the upper drawer, and looked in. The drawer was empty.

To say that from this time I failed to own—to myself, if not to other people—that some mysterious influence, inexplicable by common or scientific causes, was at work in my house, would be to accuse myself of more obstinacy than even I am capable of. I propounded theory after theory, and gave it up. I arrived at conclusion upon conclusion, and threw them aside. Finally, I held my peace, ceased to talk of "rats," kept my mind in a state of passive vacancy, and narrowly and quietly watched the progress of affairs.

[*Commenced in this Number.*]

# AMY'S MARRIED LIFE.

By MRS. FOLLEN,

*Author of* "THE WELL-SPENT HOUR," *etc.*

## CHAPTER I.

"I make a broken delivery of the business."
WINTER'S TALE.

WALK in! La! was it only you, Jerry, that was knocking so loud?" said Ruth to a trim, brisk little man, as he entered the well-furnished kitchen in which she was employed at her customary work. "And so, Jerry, you have found out, at your house, that riches take to themselves wings, and fly away; and that a light purse is a heavy curse."

"And what if we have, Ruth? nobody knows whose turn may come next; and I should think you might ask a body to sit down, before you begin to twit him of his misfortunes, or, what is worse, of his friends'; for I call Mr. Selmar my friend, especially now he is poor."

"Well, well; do sit down, Jerry; I know it is hard for empty bags to stand upright."

Jerry did not much like the application of the proverb to himself, or his master's purse; but he loved his ease, and could not resist the offer of a chair from Ruth, who had a power over him which his philosophy had never enabled him to explain. So he seated himself, as he said, with a look of offended pride, "I did think, Ruth, that you were a more feeling person, and had better manners; but I have not eaten a peck of salt with you yet."

"A peck of nonsense, Jerry; I don't mean any harm, you know; I am sorry enough for Mr. Selmar; but one must either laugh or cry at such things, and my notion is, it is best to laugh. I can tell you that I respect Mr. Selmar as much as I ever did, and more too, if he has behaved honourably."

"If he has behaved honourably!" repeated Jerry indignantly; "a likely story, that Mr. Selmar could behave otherwise than honourably. Why, he is going to sell everything he has; give up his elegant lodgings, sell his gig, and his horses, even Robinette, his beautiful saddle-horse; and, more than all, he means to wait upon himself; for he told me this morning I must look out for a place, because he could not afford to keep me. But, come! I'm in a great hurry; do take this note to Miss Amy; I suppose there is no answer to it, and I can't stay, either."

"Poh! Jerry, you always say that. I can tell you that he that's in a hurry fishes in an empty pond. Here, John," she said to the footman, "carry up this billet to Miss Amy, and tell her that Jerry brought it, and that he is in no hurry at all, aud will wait just as long as she pleases for an answer."

"Well, now, if that isn't funny," drawled out Jerry, half vexed and half amused. "I never in all my life saw such a queer woman."

"Never mind, Jerry; crooked sticks make even fires. But come, tell me all about Mr. Selmar; has he lost all?"

"All!" groaned out Jerry.

"Do folks say anything against him?"

"Not a word; everybody knows that it was brought on by the failure of others who owed him money, and he has given up all he has, and he means to deny himself everything. Why, I tell you, Ruth, *he means even to part with me!*"

"Maybe that's the gain of a loss, Jerry. But that's acting like a man; now I respect him, and if I have a chance, I shall befriend him, though he has done no more than he ought."

"But only think, Ruth, what a hard case it is for him, an only child, and his father died when he was only three years old, and left him such a heap of money; and then he was all the world to his mother: he has never known what hardship is."

"Time he did," said Ruth; "I suppose he has been a sort of fatted calf."

"No such thing; his mother was a pious woman; she taught him to read his Bible, and she kept him out of bad company, and she made all his masters come to him for fear he should get any harm at school."

"The more's the pity. I dare say he thinks he is not made of the same flesh and blood as the rest of the world."

"Oh, but I tell you, Ruth, his mother used to tell him he was, ed to teach him not to think too much of himself; I have heard her myself, when I was a boy, and used to go there to do odd jobs."

"An ounce of practice is worth a pound of preaching, Jerry—depend upon it. But didn't you say that Mr. Selmar's saddle-horse was for sale?"

"Yes, I did; and what's that to you, Ruth? But maybe Miss Amy wants him."

"Every may-be has a may-not-be, Jerry; but tell me, is he steady and well broke?"

"I tell no lies, Ruth, not even when I sell a horse. Robinette is as steady as a parson, and he's a lump of good nature. But now do tell me if you don't want him for Miss Amy?"

"We two can keep a secret when one is away; all I tell you is, I wish to have the refusal of the horse."

To this Jerry agreed. John returned to say there was no answer to the note, and Jerry again remembered that he was in a great hurry, and departed, saying, "Well, I must be back in less than no time."

"How shall I manage the business?" said Ruth to herself; "when there's a will there's always a way." She could not talk, even to herself, without a proverb. "Let me see; Miss Amy is in the breakfast-room; I have not dusted the pictures yet." In another minute Ruth was apparently very busily employed dusting the pictures. As she stood behind the sofa, where Amy Weston was sitting with a book in her hand, she noticed that she held it upside down.

"I rather think," said Ruth to herself, "that she will not be much the wiser for what she reads this morning. She's only making believe to read. Well, the honestest folks are not always to be trusted. Do you expect a great many folks this evening, Miss Amy?"

"No, Ruth; scarcely anybody."

"Then I suppose John can tend alone?"

"Certainly. I want no further preparations made than those I have mentioned."

"Just as I thought," said Ruth to herself; "straws show which way the wind blows. She does not value the party now the worth of a pin, and before she got that note she seemed to think of nothing else. I'm sorry for her; there's no herb will cure love." Ruth sighed audibly, as if she had reference to her own experience. "I will," thought she, "try speaking to her about Robinette."

Amy was fully aware of Ruth's loquacity, and had a sort of intuitive knowledge that she was about exercising it upon her at this time, when she was not disposed to indulge her. She rose from her seat with the intention of retiring to her own room; but Ruth was not so easily baffled in her plans.

"Didn't I hear you say, Miss Amy, that you wanted a saddle-horse?"

"Yes, I did say so, Ruth."

"Well, ma'am, I've had one offered to me to-day, that I think will suit you exactly."

"It seems odd for you and me to be in treaty for a horse, Ruth; I fear we should make but poor horse-dealers; but who has offered you one?"

"Why, you know, ma'am, that poor Mr. Selmar has lost all his money, and he's going to sell off everything he owns, even Robinette, his beautiful saddle-horse."

"Well, Ruth, and what of that?"

"Why you see, Miss Amy, that Jerry says that Robinette is as good as he is handsome, which isn't always the case; and you see, I've got the refusal of him, for I thought he would be just the thing for you."

"Surely, Ruth, you have not done such a thing."

"No harm done, Miss Amy; no one knows who I've asked the refusal of him for; but I thought you would like Mr. Edward's horse better than any other."

"But I do not wish, Ruth, to bargain for Mr. Selmar's horse; it was very improper in you, Ruth; you must go directly and tell Jerry that you did this without my knowledge, and that I do not want Robinette. How could you do such a thing?" Amy left the room as she said this.

"Well, if that isn't ridiculous!" said Ruth, as soon as she was alone. "I fancy she's put out with Mr. Edward for not coming this evening, and that makes her so set against his horse, and that's ridiculous in her; and I suppose he's mad because he's failed, and so he spites himself by staying at home, and that's ridiculous in him; and here am I meddling with what's none of my business, and that's more ridiculous than all; and what's the worst of the whole, Jerry will get the laugh at me, if he finds it out. True enough, one fool makes many. He made such a palaver, too, about the horse; I'll be bound he's not such a wonderful good horse, after all. I mean to tell him as much when I see him—I never saw Miss Amy so put out before. Somehow or other it makes one feel more vexed to see such a pretty-spoken person as Miss Amy out of sorts, than it does one of your real crabbed folks. The sweetest wine makes the sharpest vinegar, as aunt Polly used to say. Well, I must go to Mr. Selmar's, and tell Jerry I don't want his horse—good, bad, or indifferent."

Ruth was soon at Mr. Selmar's door.

"Well, Ruth, who'd have thought of seeing you again so soon!" exclaimed Jerry, as he opened it to her.

"Why, you see, Jerry, second thoughts are best; and I have come to the conclusion that I won't have anything to do with your horse: I expect there are enough others as good as he any day."

"So, Miss Amy won't take him," replied Jerry; "I can tell her that she'll not get many such horses as Robinette for love or money."

"Why, what had Miss Amy to do with it? I tell you, Jerry, that it is I who don't want the horse. I went all on my own account; but as for your thinking Robinette is such a wonder, you know, Jerry, that you always think your crows are white."

"But I can tell you, Ruth, that I don't half like being served so by you; you make me look very cheap to Mr. Selmar. I have just told him that I'd even a'most sold Robinette."

"Even, a'most and very nigh, save many a lie, Jerry. I don't want the horse, and that's the long and the short on't. Mr. Selmar is not at home, is he?"

"Yes he is," said Mr. Selmar, who happened just then to be passing through the hall, and recognized her voice. Ruth brushed by Jerry, and greeted him with a most vehement shake of the hand.

"How are you, Ruth? and how is Miss Amy?" he said, as he returned it with equal cordiality.

"None the better for you, Mr. Edward; why have you not been to see for yourself how she is?"

"You must have heard, Ruth, of my misfortunes; I have been too busy to visit."

"I should think you might have found a few minutes for old friends."

"You know, Ruth, that there is no place where I love so well to be as at your house; but I have not been good company for anybody."

"Speak well, but do better. It's not doing as you would be done by, to stay away from old friends when you are in trouble. Stars shine in the night, Mr. Edward."

"Very true, Ruth; but tell me something of Miss Amy,—is she well?"

"Why, well enough, only rather down in the dumps for her. But did you not send a refusal to her party? I shouldn't wonder if she was affronted; for when I said something to her about buying your horse, which Jerry recommended, why, she looked as if I'd advised her to buy a hornet's nest. And I know she'd be angry with me if she knew I had told you of this; but, somehow or other, I could not help it now, Mr. Edward."

"Thank you! thank you, Ruth! now is the time to find out one's true friends."

"Ruth is right," said Edward to himself, after she left him. "It is not doing as I would be done by. I have not acted with that simple-hearted trust which such a noble-minded being as Amy ought to inspire. Shall I suspect her of what I should despise myself for? I have not lost anything in my own eyes, why should I in hers? But am I certain that she loves me? We have exchanged no vows, we have never uttered the word; but have we not understood each other? When together we drank in the sublime glories of Niagara, and felt that its everlasting flow was but a faint image of our own souls, that could be satisfied only with the Infinite; then did we not know that we loved each other? When our hearts have glowed with rapture at the thought of relieving the oppressed, and with indignation against tyranny; then did not our souls grow into each other's likeness? And is not this love? holy love! and ought it not to cast out fear? What has kept me from her at this time? pitiful pride, low-born fear. I will go to her; I must see Amy; but I must not ask her to marry a beggar. Her father! how I dread to see him! I am nothing now in his eyes; I could despise him, if he were not her father."

## CHAPTER II.

> "My affections
> Are then most humble; I have no ambition
> To see a goodlier man." TEMPEST.

THE next morning Edward called at Mr. Weston's. He found Amy at home, and alone.

"Edward! Mr. Selmar! I am very glad to see you. Why have you stayed away so long?"

"Surely, Amy, you know what has occupied me? I have now to learn the cold virtues of prudence and self-denial; and my first lesson, perhaps, ought to be to forego the pleasure of your society."

Edward looked embarrassed, agitated, and unhappy, as he said this.

"Would you," replied Amy, "resign your friends because you have lost your money?"

"A beggar must not expect to have friends. I have been a spoiled child; they tell me that I have now to learn what it is to be a poor man; but I did not intend to speak of myself or my affairs to you."

"These sentiments are unworthy of you, Edward. If money has had anything to do with our regard for each other, it is well it should part us; otherwise, why this apprehension now? I thought we were friends, Edward."

Amy's colour rose as she said this: she was aware that she had gone farther than the conventional creed of the world might authorize; she had simply spoken from her heart. Edward seized her hand; it was in vain for him to attempt to hide any longer all that was in his heart. He confessed all his hopes, all his fears, so long cherished; his intended self-denial so suddenly overcome.

From that moment, what were riches to her, or poverty to him? From those who have never truly loved, who have never had this full mysterious harmony of souls awakened within them, this question may call forth a smile; but, thanks be to the great Source of all true love, there are many, very many, of the rich as well as the poor, whose hearts will understand and respond to it.

Amy and Edward knew that they had now one severe trial to encounter, and they wisely resolved to meet it at once. They knew that Mr. Weston would be greatly displeased at his daughter's engaging herself to a man who had no property.

"What shall I say to your father?" asked Edward.

"Tell him the whole truth," replied Amy.

"Yes; but he will be deeply offended."

"Very likely; but we must bear that patiently, and let him see that in all that is right we will conform to his wishes."

"I will see him at once," said Edward, "and tell him that, although I have sought your affection, I do not ask for your hand till I have acquired the means of supporting you. He must not suspect me of the baseness of wishing to depend upon him for my subsistence. Cannot I see him now?"

"He is not at home," replied Amy; "but you can see him this evening;" and they parted till then.

Strange as it may seem, it was a relief to them both to be separated for a while. The first moment of perfect certainty that we are beloved by the object of our deepest affections, falls on our souls with an oppressive power. The religious mind, at such a time, longs to be alone with the Father of spirits. A true and pure love cannot be spoken in all its fulness. It is by faith in that which is invisible and unexpressed; it is through our own deep consciousness, that we know how we are loved by another. The heart involuntarily rises to that Being who can penetrate the depths of its love, and it is in His presence alone at such moments that it seems to breathe freely and calmly. So felt Amy and Edward when they parted this morning.

Amy's father was, and he prided himself upon being, a man of the world. He also prided himself upon being what is called a moral man; and he was one, if morality be that cold system of expediency which is sometimes all that is meant by the words, "a good moral man." He thought that religion was a very good thing to keep the people in order; without this safeguard, the poor, and all those unfortunate beings who have none of the good things of this life, would be dangerous to those who have an abundance; and that they must be bribed into submission by the promise of a large reversion in the life to come. He believed in a just Providence, because he was himself provided for. The opinion of what he called the respectable part of the community, which with him always meant the rich and powerful, was the standard by which he graduated all his views. He piqued himself upon his skill in avoiding to commit himself upon any important or questionable subject till the opinion of the wise in their generation had settled it. If anything ever betrayed him into a violation of this strict mental neutrality, and an argument was brought up against him, he would directly quote some high authority in defence of the opinion he had ventured to advance. His only very decided conviction was, that money was the chief good.

Amy fully understood her father's character; she dreaded the result of Edward's confession to him. She bravely resolved to speak first to him herself, and thus share and perhaps abate some of the indignation which she knew otherwise would fall entirely on his head. Amy possessed a peculiarly free and fearless mind; her nature had instinctively rebelled against the narrowness and slavishness of her father's mode of thinking. She had early learned to think for herself. By her mother's death she had been placed, at the age of fourteen, at the head of her father's family. He was rich; she was his only child, and he was proud of her; and the darling hope of his heart was, that his daughter should form what he considersd a suitable connexion, whenever she married.

What saved Amy in this trying situation? What made her that which is said to be

> "The thing that's most uncommon,—
> A reasonable woman?"

Partly that saving principle in our natures which God has mercifully implanted,—the principle of reaction, that makes the tyrant the promoter of freedom, and the selfish and narrow the teachers of an enlarged philanthropy. It was partly this, but principally the religious education she had received from her mother. Associated as it was with her childish recollections, and interwoven with her earliest thoughts, it had first awakened her to a consciousness of her own nature, and its high destiny. The religious character of Amy's mind, as it had been formed by her mother's life, so had it been hallowed and sealed by her death. Her father had never understood the treasure he possessed in his daughter; how should he? he had never understood her mother.

When Amy had resolved that it was right that she should be the first to meet her father's anger, she allowed no false shame, no selfish fears, to influence her for a moment. As soon as he returned from his walk, she went to his room.

"My dear Amy," said he, as she seated herself by him in the sofa, "why were you so zealous in your defence of Miss Treville last evening?"

"Because, father, I thought the censures that were passed upon her were unjust."

"But, Amy, I can assure you that the most respectable part of the company thought otherwise."

"I only expressed my own opinion, you know, father; and I thought it right to do so, especially as she was not there to defend herself. But, father, you know all the circumstances of that affair, and know how blameless she was: did not you think she did right?"

"May be so, and may be not; the wisest and best condemn her, and that's enough to make me distrust my own opinion, or at least refrain from expressing it. I do not pretend to be so much wiser than the rest of the world."

Amy felt that this was an unfavourable moment for her confession; but she bravely began.

"I have come, my dear father, to speak with you upon a subject of great interest—of great importance—"

Amy stopped; she could not make out a finished sentence. Who can, when they have to speak of what is more to them than life? She looked down, and then looked up into her father's face with that earnest, imploring expression that seems to say, "Oh, if you could read my heart!" She thought of her mother, to whom she could have spoken with so much ease, so much trust: her eyes filled with tears.

"What is it you would say, my dear child?" said her father, tenderly.

Amy was encouraged. She began again.

"You have, perhaps, observed the friendship, the intimacy, the particular regard Edward Selmar and I have long had for each other."

"I do not know what you mean by particular regard, Amy. I have seen Mr. Selmar here very often; I supposed you thought well of him; he has stood very well in the opinion of the world, I believe."

"He has this morning declared his love for me, father."

Had Amy told her father that some one had threatened her life, he could not have expressed more horror and indignation than he did at this intelligence.

"He, Amy! He, a beggar, a bankrupt, presume to declare his love to my daughter! he, without a penny in the word, dare to think of marrying you, who are an heiress! He is a man without principle, or he has lost his senses."

"When he came here this morning, father, he had no intention of making such a declaration to me."

"And how came he to do such a dishonourable thing?" exclaimed Mr. Weston, stopping for a moment his violent strides across the room, to take breath. "Did he suppose I was going to marry my daughter to a man without a pound in his pocket? I did, I confess, think better of him once."

"Edward has done nothing wrong, father; our attachment has existed for a long time, though we have never spoken of it. He saw in his failure a reason for separating himself from me, and relinquishing hopes which he before cherished, and which I had tacitly encouraged."

"And that would have been acting like a man of honour; and why has he done so shameful a thing as to speak to you upon this subject now? Why, if he is what you suppose him to be, did he not sacrifice his feelings to a sense of duty?"

"Because he discovered that I was not willing that he should make this sacrifice."

"You, Amy! *you* not willing! This surpasses belief. You, a lady, so far set at difiance female delicacy as to say *you* were not willing he should make this sacrifice! did I hear right?"

"Yes, father, I did not disguise from him that he would sacrifice my happiness as well as his own by so doing. He discovered, for I did not attempt to hide it from him, that I loved him as truly as he loved me. I confess that I saw in his failure a sufficient reason for a degree of frankness, that, but for his misfortune, I might have thought forwardness. So you see, father, if there was any one to blame, it was I."

"Romantic nonsense!" cried her father, "absurd folly! what would the world say to it?" and he strode about the room as if he would fain run away from its fearful voice.

"I could not think of the world, father, at such a time; and I could not consent that the world should have any voice in choosing me a husband."

"Nor that your father should either, I suppose," said Mr Weston, almost foaming with anger.

"Forgive me, dear father," replied Amy; "I should be a great hypocrite if I were to pretend that I could be governed by any one's authority in such a case; though it would make me very unhappy that you should disapprove of my choice."

"I can assure you that I do entirely disapprove of your choice; and I can tell you that all the most respectable part of the community will think very ill of Mr. Selmar, unless you tell them of your unparalleled piece of Quixotism. I always thought that your ridiculous romantic notions would be your ruin; and I cannot think it very honourable in Mr. Selmar to take advantage of your folly, and to propose marraige to you, now that he has not a penny he can call his own."

"He has done no such thing, father; he is coming to see you this evening, to tell you that he should never speak of marriage till he was again able to support me."

Mr. Weston was somewhat mollified by this intelligence. Still he continued striding across the room, and manifesting great vexation. "I hate these long engagements; very tedious and disagreeable."

"But, father," said Amy, "I shall be the longer with you at all events; you don't want to part with me, though you do think me so silly and romantic."

"I did hope, Amy, that whenever you were married, you would form such a connexion as would have gratified me all my ambition centred in you."

"Did you disapprove of Mr. Selmar, father, before he failed?"

"May be so, and may be not; I do now, at any rate."

"There was nothing, I hear, dishonourable in his failure: I was attached to him before his misfortune; why should I not be now?"

"I tell you this is all romance. You have been so educated that you cannot be happy without those luxuries which money alone can procure. You will understand what nonsense there is in the saying, 'They love each other like paupers.'"

"I have always thought, father, that this saying granted to the poor what was worth more than all riches."

After a long silence, Mr. Weston stopped short, rather abruptly, directly before Amy. "One thing," he said, "I shall insist upon, Amy, if I do consent to this engagement; and that is, that it shall be kept a profound secret, till Mr. Selmar has so far succeeded in business that he may appear a suitable match for my daughter."

"I am sorry, my dear father, that I cannot please you even in this."

"And why not, miss?"

"Because I should be a deceiver, and lead people to suppose that my hand and heart are disengaged when they are not."

"And of what consequence is it whether the world knows, or not, that you are engaged? It is not very modest in you to suppose this affair is of so much importance to others. I should think a lady of truly refined feelings would prefer it should be kept secret."

"It is natural, father, that it should seem so to you; but I have reasons for wishing otherwise, which I would rather not give to any one; but you have a right to know the whole. It is better that I should seem faulty to you than actually do wrong."

"And pray what may these very cogent reasons be?"

"I may, and I think it very probable I shall, have proposals of marriage from others, if it is supposed I am disengaged."

"It is very presuming in you to take this for granted; but suppose you should, you are not bound to accept them."

"Why should I give unnecessary pain? I am your only child, and you are rich, and there are a number of young men very attentive to me, and one who, I fear, loves me. He is the son of your friend, Mr. Raymond."

"The very thing I most desired in this world," interrupted her father; "a suitable match in every respect; his father is one of our first men. Oh, Amy, you might make me so happy! Why cannot you give up that foolish fancy of yours, and marry him?" Mr. Weston stood looking earnestly in Amy's face, as if life and death hung upon her answer.

"Simply, father, because I do not love him, and I do love Mr. Selmar."

"Love Mr. Selmar! how can you utter such a thing to me—to your father?"

"Because you *are* my father, I ought to conceal nothing from you. Would it not be wrong not to save young Raymond the pain and mortification of a refusal?"

"Has he ever spoken to you on this subject?"

"No; but I am almost certain that he will."

"Well, when he does so, it will be time enough to tell him of this unlucky entanglement."

"Would that be honourable? would it be generous? would it be even modest? Surely, father, you cannot thus advise your daughter. It could be only painful to me to receive a declaration of love from one whose love I do not return. It is only simple justice to prevent it, and the easiest way to do this is to let it be known that my hand and heart are pledged to another."

"This is very sentimental, to be sure; but how do you know that your feelings will not change? or that Mr. Selmar's may not? It may be many years before you can be married."

"I must," replied Amy, "act according to my present convictions; and I am as certain of my own feelings and determinations as of my existence."

Mr. Weston saw that it was in vain to attempt to influence his daughter upon a subject involving what she considered a moral principle. He tried to persuade himself that she was wrong; still he could not help respecting her. His daughter did, in fact, possess an influence over him that might seem strange to those who have never estimated the power felt, even when not understood, which a high, uncompromising allegiance to principle exercises over those who acknowledge no higher standard than the opinion of the world.

Amy had succeeded in her purpose of saving Edward from many painful remarks from her father. In his interview with him in the evening, Mr. Weston told him, very coldly, that his daughter had explained to him their relation to each other; that as he had not been consulted by either of them, there was nothing left for him to say; that whatever sentimentalists might think, or poets sing about love in a cottage, people nowadays had the sense to know that such notions were absurd. Such nonsense might sound well in novels, but all the respectable part of the community would vindicate him in his determination, that his daughter should not marry a man who could not support her in the way in which she had been accustomed to live. "I therefore trust to you, sir, as a man of honour, that you will not speak to my daughter of marriage till that is the case."

This Edwad assured him was his purpose; but, though he expected nothing better, he felt galled and fretted when he actually experienced how much his importance was diminished by the loss of his property. Mr. Weston's whole manner was changed towards him; it was distant, and supercilious, and entirely unlike what it had been before his failure. He was now a poor man.

"No matter," said he to himself, as he left Mr. Weston's apartment. "These lessons to my self-love are very wholesome. Poverty is a good touchstone; how much more suffering than all I have endured from her worldly-minded father, would not one smile from Amy chase away!"

In her society we will therefore leave him, to recover his composure!

## CHAPTER III

"But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest."
As You Like It.

COME, dear Amy, I will spare your blushes, and save you the trouble of telling me why you sent for me this morning; so compose yourself, while I take off my bonnet and shawl, and then I am ready to hear the whole story. I met Edward Selmar in the hall, and he looked so provokingly happy, and had such a tell-tale face, and such a cousin-like manner towards me, that he has not left you much to tell."

All this was said by Fanny Herbert to her cousin, as she entered the room in a hurried manner, and with her face all glowing with emotion.

"I am too deeply happy, dear Fanny, to be discomposed," said Amy; "and I am afraid I shall not be sentimental enough even to blush to your satisfaction."

"That is just like you, Amy; and I dare say that you would behave exactly so, if you were going to be executed instead of going to be married."

"I hope," replied Amy, laughing, "that you do not think it a parallel case."

"Why, not exactly, in all respects; but it has many points of resemblance. When a woman promises herself away in marriage, she resigns her name, her property, her affections, her opinions, her friends, perhaps her country, her will—in short, herself, to her future lord and master."

"No wonder," replied Amy, "that, with these ideas of matrimony, you expect me to be agitated; but I do not acknowledge that I have made such a surrender as this."

"Let me see, Amy; out of your own mouth I will prove that you have. You resign your name."

"Yes; but a name is of no consequence."

"Your property will be his as soon as you are married, unless you have it legally settled upon yourself beforehand."

"You know that I have, in my own right, only the small property my mother left me; and Edward would not choose, even if my father would consent to it, to owe his support to any one. But I agree, Fanny, that the law is unjust, with regard to married women, upon the subject of property; it puts them upon a par with children."[*]

"Your opinions will be no longer free. You must think as your husband thinks, or not think at all, or else there is no peace in the house. One must always yield, and of course it must be the wife."

"I do not acknowledge this, Fanny. Where opinions deserve the name, they must be free. Married people are very likely to hold the same opinions on the most important subjects, especially where there has been a perfect understanding of each other's most intimate thoughts before marriage, and where there exists a recognition of their perfect equality afterwards. But, even if we differ, Edward and I agree that where true love is there can be no slavish submission. We well know that this is a heterodox faith, but upon it we rest our hopes of happiness."

"A rope of sand, my dear Amy, that you are trusting to, rely upon it. But to proceed with my catechizing: you have promised your heart exclusively to him."

"I could not promise to give what was no longer my own. My heart was his, and I confessed it; but this is only a fair exchange."

"If he does not happen to like your friends, you must give them up."

"I made no vow to violate my conscience or my feelings. Any encroachment that even Edward Selmar should make upon the freedom of my affections would certainly lessen my love for himself. I feel sure that he would despise any homage that was not freely offered."

"Your place of residence: he may carry you where he chooses."

"The place of our abode, as well as other subjects involving duty and happiness, would be decided by mutual agreement; but here, I confess, the law is against me."

"But your will: you have no longer a will of your own."

"I cannot will to resign my will. It is a contradiction in terms; it is destroying the cause by the effect."

"A very philosophical conclusion, truly, and sounding remarkably well, all that you say, my dear; not very Miltonian though; but wait till you are Mrs. Selmar, and see if you do not sing a different tune then. Submission—that is the motto for a married woman's story; it is the first, second, and third requisite for perfection in the good wife, as you, of course, intend to be. So do not flatter yourself, Amy, that you will ever have your own way again."

"But, suppose, Fanny, that his way should be my way; there would be no submission then on either side."

"That reminds me," said Fanny, "of the couplet we read the other day:

'Oh, admirable harmony!
What he wills, wills also she.'

Rely upon it, when you disagree (and that will happen), you must always yield, right or wrong."

"I do not grant this. If Edward should ever wish me to do wrong, I shall not feel bound to comply, but think I do him more honour by a refusal than by a submission for which I am sure he would, and ought to, despise me."

"Very pretty, and apparently very just, Amy; but let us see by-and-by. You are so heartily in love with Edward now, that you cannot think he will ever desire anything wrong; but he is a man, and he is human."

"So I supposed, when I engaged to marry him. I do not think either of us anticipates perfection."

"But, if I were you, I should, as long as possible, require it of him, and insist upon his thinking me nothing short of divine. Now is your time, Amy; make the most of your short reign."

"Oh, Fanny! Fanny! I hate to hear you talk so. If it were only girlish rattle, I would laugh at it, and forget it; but I fear that there is something seriously wrong at the bottom of it all. I fear that you are now trifling with your own happiness, as well as that of another, under the influence of these unworthy notions. It was to speak to you upon this subject that I wanted to see you this morning."

"And, so," replied Fanny, "while I flattered myself that you had sent for me to tell me a very pretty love story of your own, and that I was to be that important personage, a confidante, upon the occasion, and know the month and the day when nobody else did, you, forsooth, only sent for me to favour me with a lecture, followed, I suppose, by some of those agreeable didactic remarks, which most of my kind friends are pleased so gratuitously to bestow upon me."

"Are you not ashamed of such nonsense, Fanny?"

"Ashamed of nonsense, Amy! Why, I am in love with it. It is as important as my daily bread to me. All other pleasures, all other friends, are uncertain, unfaithful; but nonsense always more than fulfils its promise, and is an unfailing help in adversity."

"I have no objection to nonsense, Fanny, in its right place; but there are occasions where trifling is a sin—where we should be guided by reason and conscience."

"Well, Amy, don't look so very sober, and I will be good for a little while, for your sake. I love you well enough to tolerate the presence of Reason, if she does not bring her knitting and invite herself to pass the whole day with me. What would Reason say to me now, Amy?"

"Reason would ask," said Amy, "whether you are acting right toward William Roberts. You understand me now, Fanny?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly well, Amy; I see what you are after. Excuse me; you remind me of the fox, who, having been unluckily caught in a trap, and there curtailed of some of his honours (pardon this atrocious pun), cunningly called together the other foxes of his acquaintance, and advised them, seriously, with their eyes open, and of their own free will, to submit to the same cruel operation which a sad chance had inflicted upon him. Thank you, my dear Amy; when I am also caught, I will certainly take counsel of you."

"Try to be serious, Fanny. I have something to tell you that I think you have too much heart to laugh at."

"Well, now, Amy, I will be as solemn and well behaved as if I was just engaged."

"I hear from Edward," said Amy, "that your friend, William Roberts, is going to Europe."

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[*] Since the above was written an alteration has been made with regard to the control possessed by married women over property that is *bonâ fide* their own. In August, 1870, an Act was passed amending the law relating to the property of married women in the United Kingdom. By this Act it is provided that money acquired separate from her husband by a married woman, that is to say, by her own industry, shall be deemed her own property. Deposits of money made so as to defraud creditors shall be invalid. Property not exceeding 200*l.* coming to a married woman shall be absolutely her own. Rents and profits only from freehold property coming to the wife shall be hers. Actions against a wife may be maintained. The husband is no longer liable to pay debts incurred by his wife before marriage; and the wife is liable to the parish for the maintenance of her husband or children. In fact, the assertion and acquirement of *rights* bring with them a concurrent burden of *responsibilities.*

Fanny started. "Going to Europe! Why, it was but a short time since that he told me that he should never again leave his own country; and he said some pretty things about his untravelled heart, etc. What is he going for?"

"To get rid of an aching heart, if he can, and, if possible, recover a healthful tone of mind."

Fanny's face reddened all over, and then grew very pale. She tried in vain to hide her emotions at this intelligence.

"I am sorry," said Amy, "to see you suffer; but the remedy is in your own hands."

"What can I do? What would you have me do!"

"Be simple—be true."

"And ask him to please not go to Europe, but to stop and marry me? I would die first!"

"I would have you do nothing unfeminine—nothing inconsistent with your true dignity; but I would have you faithfully question your own heart, and then be true to yourself and to him. From what I know of your real feelings toward Mr. Roberts, I fear you have coquetted with him; and forgive me, Fanny, if I say that it will be happy for you, if some sacrifice of your pride is the only punishment you receive. It is, surely, no slight suffering, that can make such a man willing to give up his country, and change all his habits of life. Edward agreed with his friend, that it was impossible that you could really love him; and surely, Fanny, if I did not think your fault was mere levity, I could hardly forgive you. He intends going in a few days."

Poor Fanny sat like one condemned. Amy continued:

"It was his intention to go away without seeing you again; he thought the interview would be too painful for him; but I told Edward to urge him to go and say farewell to you; for I knew that in your heart, Fanny, you loved him."

Fanny made a great effort to recover her self-command, and, after a minute, said, "I shall certainly try to dissuade him from quitting his country, if he should come to see me." Her lips quivered, as she uttered this "if."

"Beware, dear Fanny, of the effect of what you say now to William Roberts. You cannot now gloss over to your conscience any questionable act. You know he loves you. If you do not truly love him—if you do not mean to marry him, do not attempt to influence him in any way; do not tempt him or yourself by the tantalizing profession of a dangerous friendship, that may or may not be love. Be simple—be true-hearted, as you value your future peace of mind."

Fanny soon rose to go home. As they parted, Amy kissed her tenderly, and said, "All will be well, dear Fanny, if you are only true to yourself."

"How is it, Amy," replied Fanny, as she hastily brushed away a tear, "that I still love you so well, when you make me feel so cheap and look so silly?"

## CHAPTER IV.

"How oft, when, at the court of Love,
Concealment is the fashion,
When 'How d'y'do' has failed to move,
'Good-bye' reveals the passion."
R. SPENCER.

A FEW days after her interview with Fanny, Amy received the following letter from her:—

"MY DEAR PHILOSOPHICAL COUSIN,

"As the weather prevents my seeing you to-day, I must e'en indite a little epistle to you; for I have too many things on my heart to keep them to myself.

"I took your advice, and did not put on any airs when Roberts came to take leave of me. I was a perfect Miranda; I was sorry, very sorry, for all my naughtiness to him; I did not tell him that, though; but, somehow or other, I think he found it out. I told him I was very sorry that he was going away, and that made him very glad; and—but you will easily guess all the rest—we, of course, had a little scene. But, Amy, do not think I found it easy to be so very good. I was tempted sorely when I saw how pleased he was at my regret at his departure. I wanted dreadfully to tease him just a very little, in revenge for having obliged me to make such a sacrifice of my pride; but I did not. I was really good all the time; I was as good as our friend Mrs. Lovell, or Loveall, as I call her, who, you know, says 'sir' to her husband, and 'my dear' to everybody else. She will patronize me now, I have no doubt, as Mr. Roberts is very rich.

"Well, I have not told you the worst of it yet, Amy. I have not only had the indiscretion to let Mr. Roberts find out that I loved him, but I have, if you will believe it, promised to marry him, as your Ruth says, right away, in no time. This I like, however; I could never behave well through a long courtship. Jacob, I am sure, deserved all his honours, and far better wives than he obtained, as a reward for waiting so long for each of them. I certainly should not be worth waiting seven months, nor even seven weeks for, I fear. It is hardly fair that I should marry William Roberts. He thinks me better than I am; but the more I tell him so, the more he will not believe it. Poor fellow! I hope he will not repent when it is too late. I feel, dear Amy, like a Scotch song, half gay, half sad:

'What ails this flutt'ring heart o' mine?
What ails this watery ee?'

"I tell you, Amy, William Roberts is too good for me. If I could only just discover some little fault in him, I should not feel as I do about marrying him. I should not feel so like a cheat. What if he should come to the same conclusion after we are married, and there is no help for it? What if he should cease to love me, when he finds just what I am; when he becomes acquainted with my fidgetty, irritable temper? What should I do then? Can I, Amy, always hope to hide my weaknesses from him? I must try. I shall be happier with him than I ever have been; and he is a pattern of patience, I know.

"There is no help for it now; married we are to be as soon as all the ridiculous preparations can be made which must precede this catastrophe. I love him, I always have loved him, better than anything in this blessed life. There are but two things that can be named against him; one is his over-estimate of me; the other is, he is too proper, too polite. You have, before you, Amy, a far easier task than I; you have only to be, I have to seem, excellent. I began with the intention of writing just a little note to you; but, somehow or other, I can never be satisfied with a few words, especially with you, dear Amy: this is one of my faults, and the cause of many others. Roberts, however, is a silent man; so it is fortunate that I can talk, especially when we have company. If he could only be induced to talk more, perhaps I should not find him so very, very wise. I often think that the only difference between the wise and simple, so called, is, that while the one talks out all his or her folly, the other prudently hides it by saying nothing. It is evident I am no such hypocrite as this. One thing, dear Amy, I have never yet told you, and that is, how truly and how tenderly I love you.

"FANNY HERBERT."

Amy immediately replied to her cousin's letter:—

"DEAR FANNY,

"Thank you for your long note. I rejoice at its contents; I rejoice with my whole heart that you were frank and upright with Mr. Roberts, when he came to take leave of you. There can be no true dignity in falsehood of any kind, and there is always ground for suspicion that what we hide we are ashamed of; surely you cannot be ashamed of returning the love of such a man as William Roberts?

"If I could think you in earnest when you say you wanted to tease Mr. Roberts, I could not forgive you; but I believe no such thing. You are only playing off a little bravado, venting some of your excess of naughtiness upon me, in revenge for being obliged, in self defence, to be good to him.

"I like your comparison of the old Scotch song. The deepest fountains of our nature are all unsealed when two hearts pledge themselves to each other in mutual love. Pleasure, pain, hope, fear, strange tumult, unutterable peace, alternately sweep over our new-strung souls, awakening there a latent music that is like a reminiscence from a higher state of being; like the Lord's song in a strange land; a mingled sound of heavenly joy and earthly sadness.

"Things that are most familiar to me—the common circumstances and occurrences of my every-day life—have assumed a new importance; they have laid aside their week-day garment, and put on a holiday dress. Everything around me seems strange, and yet I do not feel like a stranger, but rather like one that has returned from long wanderings, and now feels more than ever at home. Sometimes I feel as if led forward to the brink of a precipice; and my soul shrinks with fear from the venture, and still, with mysterious, irresistible longing, it presses on, as if intent upon seeking life in death. Sometimes the mighty current of new joys, hopes, and responsibilities, suddenly flowing in, and swelling the small, still course of my life, almost overwhelms and threatens to deprive me of my identity—until I turn to the fountain-head, and recognize the new influx of life as a kindred stream from the same source.

"Love must have the religious principle in it, or it is not true love. It must be self-forgetting, self-sacrificing, infinite in its desires, infinite in its purposes, infinite in its joys—or it is not true love.

"I did not intend to preach a sermon, when I began; but I could not refrain from the expression of my feelings to you, who have been my playfellow and companion from my childhood to the present time. Now, especially, that our hearts are throbbing with kindred emotions, I could not help pouring out my feelings and thoughts to you, just as I always have done, as if you were my sister.

"We will not allow this new attachment to supplant the affection that we have always felt for each other. We will prove the truth of what I have always believed, that the more we love, the more we may love, if it is not a narrow and selfish attachment.

"I have been so much in earnest that I have forgotten to banter you, as I intended, upon your abuse, yesterday, of matrimony; but never mind, Fanny; you know my creed is, Better change your mind every day, than continue one day in a wrong opinion. I will be generous, and forget what you have said, as you have repented so truly and so soon.

"Yours ever,

"AMY WESTON."

[*Commenced in this Number.*]

# THE ROMANCE
## OF A
# POOR YOUNG MAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

### OCTAVE FEUILLET,

*Author of* "*LED ASTRAY,*" "*THE SPHINX,*" *etc.*

## I.

PARIS, Tuesday, *April* 20, 185—.

THIS is the second night I have passed in this wretched chamber, gazing with vacant eyes into the empty fire-place, listening unconsciously to the noises in the street, and feeling more lonely in this great city, more desolate and despairing, than the shipwrecked mariner on his piece of plank in mid-ocean. Away with this weakness! I will look my destiny in the face, and thus deprive it of its spectral air!

I will also open my heart to the only confidant whose pity will not offend me, to this last friend whom I see in my looking-glass. I will write my thoughts, and my life, not with a puerile minuteness, but without any serious omission and especially without falsehood. I will love this journal; it shall be like a fraternal echo which shall delude my solitude, and it shall be at the same time a second conscience, warning me to do nothing of which I cannot write with a firm hand.

I now recall with a sad eagerness a thousand incidents in my life, the meaning of which I should have understood long ago, had not my eyes been shut by filial respect, and the indifference of a happy idleness. The constant and profound melancholy of my mother is explained to me; I also understand her distate of the world and her simple dress, the object of so much raillery and even anger on my father's part; "You look like a servant," he once said to her.

Our domestic life was often disturbed by serious disputes between my father and mother, though I was never an actual witness of them. His irritated and imperious tones, and my mother's supplicating voice in reply, and her stifled sobs, were all I could hear.

I attributed these quarrels to my father's violent and fruitless efforts to reawaken in my mother a taste for scenes of gaiety and display which she had once loved as much as one of her gentle nature could love them, but into which she accompanied my father with more and more repugnance. After each of these disputes, my father seldom failed to buy some beautiful article of jewellery, which my mother would find placed under her napkin at table, but which she never wore. One day, in the middle of winter, she received from Paris a large box of jewels; she thanked my father for the gift with great warmth, but when he had left the room, I saw her clasp her hands with a look of utter despair.

During my childhood and early growth I had a great respect, but little affection, for my father. I knew only the gloomy side of his character; it was that only which he exhibited in private life, for which he was so little fitted. But when I was old enough to go with him into society, I was surprised and delighted to find him a totally different being, whose existence I had not suspected. It seemed as if he were under some spell when at home; once outside the walls of our old château, his face would light up, his chest would expand, and he was young again. "Come, Maximilian," he would say, "now for a gallop!" And we would dash gaily forward with joyous cries.

His boyish enthusiasm, his witty fancies, charmed my young heart, and I often wished to be able to carry a portion of our happiness to my poor mother, forgotten in her chamber corner.

The love I began to feel for my father became most enthusiastic admiration when I saw him in the gay world; whether hunting, driving, at balls, or dinner parties, his finished elegance and polished wit made him shine on all occasions.

An admirable horseman, a skilful player, a brilliant talker, courageous and open-handed, I looked upon him as a perfect type of manly grace and chivalry. He called himself, with a bitter smile, "the last gentleman." Such was my father in society; at our own fireside, my mother and I his sole companions, he was a restless, stern, and passionate old man.

The transports of anger that my father displayed towards one so gentle and delicate as my mother, would have shocked me, had they not been followed by redoubled tenderness, and the affectionate attentions of which I have already spoken. Justified in my eyes by these tokens of repentance, my father seemed to me a man, whose natural good temper was exasperated by an obstinate and systematic opposition to his tastes and prejudices. I believed my mother afflicted with some nervous disease; my father had intimated as much to me, though with a reserve which I respected.

I could not so clearly define to myself the sentiment with which my mother regarded my father. She would gaze on him with an expression of severity and reproach, but an instant afterward her beautiful eyes would moisten, her sweet face would wear a look of the tenderest devotion.

My mother was married at fifteen, and I was in my twenty-second year when my sister, my poor Helen, was born. One morning, a short time after her birth, my father came to me from my mother's sick-room with an anxious countenance, and beckoned me to follow him into the garden. After taking two or three turns up and down in silence, he stopped suddenly, and addressed me, "Maximilian, your mother grows more and more peculiar!"

"She is a great sufferer, dear father."

"Yes, doubtless, but she has now taken a strange whim; she wishes you to begin to study law."

"Study law! How can my mother wish me, with my birth and position, to go to school again! That would be ridiculous!"

"I agree with you," said my father, coldly; "but your mother is ill, that is all."

I was a coxcomb, proud of my name, of my importance, and my success in society, but I adored my mother, between whom and myself there existed the warmest sympathy, and I went at once to assure her of my compliance with her wishes. She thanked me with a sad smile, and made me kiss my sister who was sleeping in her lap.

We lived only half a league from Grenoble; I could therefore attend the Law School there without leaving home. My mother questioned me daily about my progress in my studies with such persevering and intense interest, that I was forced to ask myself if there was not something at the bottom of this extraordinary proposition more than the fancy of a sick, nervous woman; if possibly my father's aversion to all business matters had not caused some loss of fortune, or at least some confusion in our affairs, which my mother hoped I might repair through my legal knowledge and business habits. This suspicion daily grew stronger. I now recollected hearing my father lament bitterly the losses he sustained at the time of the revolution, but such complaints had ceased long ago; I thought them quite unjustifiable at the time, for our fortune seemed to me most ample. The old château in which we lived, near Grenoble, had descended from father to son, and was the boast of the country. My father and I often hunted the whole day, without quitting our own grounds. Our stables were very extensive, and always filled with fine horses, of which my father was as proud as he was passionately fond. We had besides an elegant hôtel in Paris on the Boulevard des Capucins, in which a suite of apartments were kept solely for our own use. Our table was always served with every delicacy, and nothing in our establishment gave the least indication of expediency even, much less of poverty.

Not long after this my mother's health began surely but almost imperceptibly to decline. Her character changed strangely. Instead of her former angelic sweetness, she became bitter and aggressive. I could not leave the château without my absence being made the subject of some sarcastic and painful comment. My father, who was as little spared as myself, bore these attacks very patiently, but they had the effect of causing him to spend less time at home than formerly. He evidently felt the need of constant diversion, and he always desired me to accompany him. My love of pleasure, the ardour of my youth, and, above all, the weakness of my heart, made me yield to him a too ready compliance.

One day in September, 185—, my father and I went to see the races, which were to take place a short distance from the château. He had several horses entered to run on that day, and we went early in the morning and breakfasted on the course. Towards the middle of

The good woman, however, was not so to be diverted from her course. "You look uncommon well, Mr. Dalben," she said; "and I am glad to see it; for I heard you were sadly troubled with the rheumatics. But, however, you have a handy little footman now, to fetch and carry for you," she added, turning with a gracious smile to Henry—"and I dare say, he is ready to serve you hand and foot; and so he ought, considering all he owes to your bounty and goodness." Mr. Dalben coughed, and Henry, who had drawn behind his uncle's chair, began to shake it, and drum against the back of it.

"Take a seat, Henry—do, my boy," said Mr. Dalben, "you make me nervous."

Mrs. Jennings followed Henry with her eyes, as he walked across the room to take a chair; and when Mr. Dalben told Henry to bring his chair to the table—for he had placed himself at the very farthest end of the room—she said, "Do come nearer the table, don't be bashful, little master. Whatever your good friend Mr. Dalben bids you to do, you ought to; for I am sure his advice will be always proper." Mr. Dalben coughed again, and Henry came to the table.

Mrs. Kitty's appearance with the hissing urn now brought some relief; and Mrs Jennings, looking her in the face—"Shall I trouble you, Mrs. Kitty, for a jug of ale for my husband—about a pint, or thereabouts?—I am sorry to give trouble, Mr. Dalben; but he don't take tea."

"I beg you will ask for what you wish, Mrs. Jennings," said Mr. Dalben.

"You are mighty good, sir," replied the lady, "and always was. You have not got your fine character for nothing. Well! little master has fallen into a noble heritage, sure enough. Many a gentleman's son would have jumped at such an offer; but, sir, I reckon that there is a great change in master's appearance since he came to you; he don't look at all sunburnt, or freckled, or the like."

Henry fidgetted in his chair, and Mr. Dalben's cough was troublesome. However, he got out a few words, indicating that he did not recollect that he had ever seen any freckles on Henry.

"Surprising!" said the lady; "I thought them children were always freckled and sunburnt, and the like of that!"

Before Henry and Mr. Dalben could recover from their amazement, the farmer himself came in, and paid his compliments to Mr. Dalben—if not more elegantly, yet certainly more rationally, than his wife had done. He complimented Mr. Dalben on his house and garden, and on his two fine cows; and was proceeding to point out their perfections, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Kitty with the ale.

"Thank you, my lass," said the farmer, without looking up, or perceiving that the epithet was not altogether suitable to the respectable housekeeper; and the good man was hastening to pour out the liquor, when he observed that the drinking-glass had been forgotten. The farmer then looked up, and smiling, said, "Where's the glass?—they don't drink ale out of tea-cups in my country."

Mrs. Kitty uttered an exclamation, and was bustling out of the room to fetch what was wanting, when Mrs. Jennings, laying her hand on her arm, reproved her husband, saying, "You are giving a vast deal of trouble to Mrs. Kitty, Jennings—perhaps little master there would run for the glass; you don't consider, Mrs. Kitty is not used to fetch and carry for such as we."

"Nor little master either, I reckon," replied the farmer.

Mrs. Jennings's countenance was inexplicable on hearing this; and a kind of smile playing on her ruddy face, which threw Henry into still greater confusion, for he certainly thought that he had never met with so rude a person in his life. What had she to do—he said to himself—to ask if I had been freckled?—I never saw such a woman.

The glass was now set before the farmer; who, having taken a comfortable draught, proceeded to praise Mr. Dalben's tap, and asked how many bushels of malt he allowed to the hogshead.

"Why, John Jennings," said his wife, "how could you think of asking Mr. Dalben such a question?—to be sure, such a gentleman as he don't know anything about those things—you must ask the housekeeper them questions;" and Mrs. Kitty appearing at that moment, the good lady made the inquiry, without waiting for her husband; at the same time extolling her skill in the brewing line.

Mrs. Kitty, who, though sometimes carried away by a little warmth of temper, well understood good manners, made little answer, but said she would inquire of Thomas respecting the things which the lady wished to know.

Mrs. Jennings, nothing abashed, then turned to Mr. Dalben, and said, "How long is it since little master's father died?"

Mr. Dalben rather started at this abrupt question, and replied, "Perhaps ten years, Mrs. Jennings."

"Ten years!" exclaimed the lady; "dear me, how the folks at Worcester talk! Why, it's all about the town that he only came over last hay-making."

"Madam—" said Mr. Dalben, sitting more erect in his chair.

"Did not grocer Bennet tell us so, Jennings," proceeded the farmer's wife, "only last Tuesday night?—and he had it from one who pretended he knew all about it. Ten years—oh! that accounts for it; for master, to be sure, does not look so like those people as I expected. Had not he red hair, Mr. Dalben, when he first came to you?"

"Of whom," said Mr. Dalben—"of whom, my good lady, are you speaking?"

"Of little master," returned the farmer's wife; "why, the folks in Worcester told me that he was as rough as a colt when you took him, sir; and they were full of your kindness, and goodness, and charity."

"Wife," said the farmer, "I wish you would hold your tongue; don't you see how little master is abashed?" And, indeed, Henry was not only abashed, but very angry; he fidgetted in his chair, and screwed himself about as if he sat on thorns.

"I am sure, my pretty master," added Mrs. Jennings, "you don't need to be abashed nor ashamed neither; for, thanks to this good friend's kind care, you are fit to look the best of them in the face; and, I reckon, will be, by-and-by, as much of a gentleman as the best of them; and, indeed, sir," she added, looking and smiling at Mr. Dalben, "there is even now very little in little master by which a stranger would suppose that he is come of such a stock—but education is a fine thing, to be sure; it's like second nature."

Mrs. Kitty happened at this crisis to be collecting the tea-things, to carry them out of the room; and although she had usually much self-command in the presence of Mr. Dalben, whom she respected and honoured above all human beings, and of whose interests she was as careful as of her own, yet this was too much for her; and setting down the tea-cup which she was about to place in the tray—"Why, sure, ma'am," she said, "you can't be lying under such a mistake as to fancy that Master Milner, who is as good a gentleman's son as any in the land, is no other than Maurice O'Grady, the little Irish boy? I wonder, ma'am, you could have looked at Master Milner, and thought of such a thing."

A general silence followed, which was at length broken by an unusually hearty laugh on the part of Mr. Dalben, some loud exclamations of the farmer, and a confession of her mistake in Mrs. Jennings, who apologized by saying that she had never in all her life heard of such a person as Master Milner; and certain expressions of mortification on the side of Henry, whose pride was thoroughly roused by the succession of petty mortifications which had taken place during the evening.

"Why, wife," said Farmer Jennings, "how's this?—I thought you were always mighty 'cute for distinguishing the gentry from the more ordinary sort; but you have made a sad blunder now; and you have affronted the young gentleman there, as sure as you are here."

"No, I hope not," said Mrs. Jennings; "I do hope not, for I should be so sorry; and now I look at little master again, I do wonder how I could have made such a mistake, for he looks a gentleman every inch of him; and such a sweet complexion!—to be sure, I was very stupid, and very dull of comprehension. Why, Jennings, how could I have made such a blunder?"

"Never mind, Mrs. Jennings," said Mr. Dalben; "Henry need not be ashamed to be mistaken for little Maurice O'Grady, for there is much that is good and amiable in that little fellow; and had he had Henry's advantages, he might have been quite his equal. But we will not make comparisons: I hope Henry will be a friend to Maurice through life, for he owed much to his father—and Maurice has no other friend in the world."

"But—" said Henry.

"But what, my boy?"

"I wonder how Mrs. Jennings could have made the mistake." And, while he spoke, his whole countenance was clouded with sullenness.

"Henry—" said Mr. Dalben, in surprise. Henry's face did not change.

"Go," said Mr. Dalben, "to your garden; you will find something to do there, perhaps, Henry."

Henry immediately arose and went out, scarcely knowing whether he was under Mr. Dalben's displeasure or otherwise, though he had no doubt that he was under his own; for he had felt himself in an ill humour all the evening, and was really offended at Mrs. Jennings's mistake, which, at another time, he might only have laughed at. He accordingly sauntered into his garden, in no very pleasant state of mind; and had just seated himself in his root-house, when little Maurice appeared before him, bringing some crooked sticks which he had been cutting in the wood.

"Here, master," said the little Irishman, "I have been cutting down crooked sticks, and I have brought you one, which I hope you will like. It's for gathering nuts, and there will be plenty of nuts in the copse by-and-by."

"Put it down," said Henry, brushing a tear from his eye.

"You be crying, Master Henry," said Maurice, "you be vexed. I hope I has not offended you."

"No, Maurice," replied Henry.

"Now, don't be unhappy, Master Henry, don't ye," said Maurice, in a pitiful voice. "Now, don't ye cry—pray don't," and the tears trembled on the orphan's cheek. "It reminds me of father's grave; for there I seed you first, and the tear was in your eye then—that it was," and the little boy began to sob.

"Oh, Maurice! Maurice!" said Henry, trying to command himself; "you make me more ashamed of myself than I was before. I have done a wrong thing, Maurice. No one is angry with me, but I am angry with myself, and that makes me unhappy. There is nothing, Maurice, which makes a person so miserable as doing that which is not right. But," he added, rising, "I will not persist in doing wrong. Stay here a little while, and I will go in and make up for my fault as well as I can; and then you shall see me again, with a pleasant face."

So saying, he ran into the house, and into the parlour, and going up to Mrs. Jennings, he offered her his hand, saying,—"I was in an ill humour when I left this room, ma'am; and was offended at your mistaking me for a better boy than myself; and I fear I was rude to you; but I am now come to beg your pardon, ma'am, and to say that I am truly ashamed of my behaviour."

"Well, now, if that a'nt pretty," said the good-natured wife of the farmer, her eyes glistening; uncommon pretty!—bless your smiling sweet face."

"And like a true gentleman, too!" said the farmer. "I am sure, Master Milner, whenever you behave in this way, no one will mistake you for anything but a gentleman, though you were to have only a few rags to your back; but this comes, Mr. Dalben," he added, "of a good education."

"A religious one, Mr. Jennings," answered Mr. Dalben, whose eyes glistened with pleasure. "Thank God! my Henry cannot persist in evil."

Henry now looked smilingly round him, and when the farmer and his wife arose to go, which they did a few minutes afterward, they both shook his hands heartily, and the farmer said to Mr. Dalben,—"I shall mind, sir, what you have been saying, and see that my Jack and Tom are better instructed in the Bible; for I believe the Scriptures make the best gentlemen, ay, and the best poor folks, after all; though there are not wanting some to assert the contrary."

It was with a very different feeling Henry took leave of the farmer and his wife to that with which he received them; and his happy feelings were confirmed to him when Mr. Dalben, laying his hand on his head, said, "Bless you, my boy, you have pleased me this evening. Go and thank God for helping you so to do."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### CONTAINING A VIEW OF A REMOTE AND VERY LOVELY PROSPECT SEEN THROUGH THE GLASS OF FAITH.

THE following day, Mr. Dalben had a very sweet conversation with Henry, as they walked in Jenny Crawley's wood, for such was the name which they gave to the little coppice where was the ruined mansion of the poor old woman; a place which was very dear to him, because it reminded him of his father; and although he had no personal recollection of that dear parent, yet Mr. Dalben and Mrs. Kitty had so often talked to him of his father, that he almost fancied he knew him; and if ever he looked in a glass, which was not very often, and never indeed when he had his old hat on, it was to get the best view he could of his parent; for Mrs. Kitty used often to say, that he was the very counterpart of his dear father at the same age. And here let me stop to remark, that Mrs. Kitty was one of those old-fashioned servants, who, being herself without any very near connexions, had transferred all those affectionate feelings so natural to man, to the family in whose service she had resided for the last thirty or more years; and was in consequence as keenly alive to the welfare of Mr. Dalben and Henry, as if the one had been her brother, and the other her own child. She was as careful of Mr. Dalben's property as of her own; and as much distressed as he could be whenever Henry did anything which was really wrong; and as she had been the nurse and humble friend of his father, Mr. Dalben made it a point that Henry should pay her the respect due to her age and maternal character: in consequence of which, when any little dispute arose between them, Henry was always required to submit.

But, to return to the green and solitary shades in which Henry was walking with his affectionate uncle: "You pleased me last night," said Mr. Dalben, speaking to Henry; "because your conduct gave evidence, as far as man can judge, of your being in some degree under the influence of that spirit of life, whereby the fallen are raised up again, and those are revived which seem ready to perish. You had felt for a short time the power of a proud spirit, but you were unhappy under the dominion of sin; you could not rest under the yoke, and you were enabled to break it from your neck.

"Oh, my boy! son of my heart! child of my warmest affection!" continued the old gentleman; "may you ever be able to rise again after every fall; and may you finally be raised never to fall again."

Just at this period of the conversation, Mr. Dalben and Henry had come to a part of the wood, which on one side hung over the little pathway, with a deep and impervious gloom, and on the other, opened into a glade, where, in a narrow dell, murmured a gentle stream, which, collecting itself in one place into a small clear basin, reflected the neighbouring trees in its glassy bosom. No sound disturbed the refreshing calm of these woods, excepting the murmur of bees, the rippling of waters, and the rush of the breeze among the higher branches.

"Let us sit down on this fallen trunk," said Mr. Dalben; "and you shall tell me, Henry, what we shall talk about."

"What else can we speak of in this place," said Henry, "but the millennium?—I want to hear more about it, uncle; and woods, and trees, and rushing brooks are so got together in my mind with the millennium, that I believe these thoughts will never be separated."

"And why should they?" returned Mr. Dalben; "what is the millennium state, but a restoration in a more glorious and assured form of the paradisaical? What is the millennium, but a state in which all the trees of Eden will appear again with an immortal bloom, and the tree of life will be found to flourish in the centre of them: when, instead of one solitary couple, millions of redeemed ones will inhabit those charming bowers, drink of those refreshing waters, and regale themselves with the nectared fruits?

"Redeemed ones, whose salvation is secured beyond the malice of Satan, and the power of sin—holy and happy ones, who, having known the pains of temporal death, and the dread of future punishment, will never cease to sing the song of praise in honour of Him who has made them more than conquerors; and at that blessed period, my Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "we shall be free from all unkind, or envious and ambitious feelings. No despising of our fellow-creatures because they are vulgar, or hating them because they are more excellent than ourselves, will then be known. The sounds of wars and fightings will then be no more heard; but the voice of the holy dove will resound in every land, and the echoes of every valley will repeat the praises of God.

"Oh, my boy!" added the old gentleman, "when we allow ourselves leisure to meditate on all which the Almighty has done for us, we must feel inspired with gratitude—it cannot be otherwise; but it is the very nature of sin to prevent man from meditating on spiritual things, and reasoning upon them as he would upon the common occurrences of life. Let us now only review the operations of the blessed Trinity, from first to last, in the mighty work of man's salvation, and consider what a wonderful and regular process is carried on before even one little child can be rescued from the power and dominion of Satan.

"There is not one infant, my boy, of the myriads who have departed this life since the fall of man, who was not born the slave of sin and heir of perdition; and not one now rests in his quiet grave for whose redemption all the attributes of the Deity have not been put in full force; and first, his name was recorded in the book of life, before the world was made; and before the glorious sun was set in the heavens, he was marked and sealed for eternal life, and for an object of everlasting love; and, inasmuch as he had been sold to Satan while yet in the loins of his father, Adam, his ransom was provided by God the Son, and his debt paid to the whole amount, and with a price above all calculation. And whereas, after he had been thus chosen and ransomed, there still remained against him the corruption of his nature; for this the remedy was provided by the Lord the Spirit, who called him ere yet he knew his mother's name, and infused into his breast that spirit of life which fitted him for heaven, before he had learned to converse with men; and thus his infant soul and body were prepared by a secret process, hidden to mortal eyes, for that glory which angels now enjoy

'High in salvation and the climes of bliss.'

"By the same process, the same regular and glorious system, all who are redeemed and shall be redeemed through all future times, have been and will be rescued from the power of Satan. The work is one and the same with all, and its progress is regular, and the same with those who can tell their experience as with those who have not the power of utterance.

"But inasmuch as sin is mingled with all we do in the body in this present state of things, the victories of redeeming love cannot now be calculated; but they will hereafter appear on the face of this earth on which we now stand; the conquering King will assuredly put all His enemies under His feet, and the mountain of the Lord's house will be lifted up above every hill; the nations will flow unto it, and the feast of tabernacles will be held throughout the whole earth."

"The feast of tabernacles, uncle!" said Henry. "Has the feast of tabernacles anything to do with the millennium?"

"Yes, my boy," replied Mr. Dalben; "I consider that all the Jewish festivals, the accounts of which we read with so little interest, are types or emblems of some future and exceeding glorious festivals, which are to take place in the latter days.

"The first of these, to wit, the Sabbath, is undoubtedly the emblem, not, as is generally supposed, of that eternal state of blessedness which we call heaven, but of the triumph of Christ in the latter days, and of the rest of the earth, when sin shall be no more. This feast was to be ushered in by the blowing of trumpets; or a period of spiritual and natural awakening. For, as St. Paul says, when speaking of the resurrection of the just, 'Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.' The Sabbath has hitherto appeared with clouded majesty, but we shall behold it in all its glory in the latter days; and be it remembered, that although the sun was made on the fourth day of the creation, and first rose on the morning of the fifth, as the God incarnate appeared in the fifth thousandth year of the world; yet, that it was in the dawn of the first Sabbath that that glorious luminary first rose to the eye of man from behind the eastern gates of Paradise. In like manner, Christ will not reveal himself to the believer's view in all the splendour of divine majesty until the earth has fulfilled her week, and every cloud of sin and sorrow shall have passed away; and then will the feast of tabernacles, or of God incarnate, be observed; and when we see the saints of the Lord flourishing like branching trees around the tabernacle of David we shall want no explanation of that lovely passage: 'And ye shall take you, on the first day, the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm-trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord seven days.' And then, my son," continued Mr. Dalben, "will the living waters flow and impart nourishment to every branch and root, and every blade of grass will be refreshed with the moisture of heaven.

"Oh, my Henry! how is all earthly pomp cut down in the prospect of these things, and how do all present objects fade from our sight in the view of these glories of the latter days!"

"Uncle," said Henry, "could I but hope that I should be a partaker of those delights, how happy I should be. Sometimes I do hope that I am a child of God; and then, when I do such things as I did last night, I seem to lose my hopes, and feel that I am as much under the power of sin as ever."

"And so you are, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "as far as depends on yourself: but you have a Friend who will uphold you to the end, and will make you more than a conqueror over all your enemies: let your dependence than be upon Him, and on Him only."

Mr. Dalben and Henry were then preparing to renew their walk, when they observed a large frog crawling among the dry leaves, which had fallen the last autumn from the trees.

"Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "there is one of your old friends the amphibia."

"And a frightful creature it is," said Henry.

"A creature," replied Mr. Dalben, "which is naturally loathed by man, and no doubt intended to be so, in order that he may be avoided, and left in those solitary places where he finds his security."

"But why, uncle, do we all naturally dislike these creatures?"

"Probably on account of their being destitute of every species of clothing, of wool, of hair, of feathers, or even of scales," answered Mr. Dalben; "for man, whatever he may acknowledge, is constantly influenced by certain feelings which have reference to types or emblems; and though he may not go so far as to see the doctrine of imputed righteousness under the symbol of a spotless garment, yet he loathes a creature without a covering, as he would a human being who allowed all the depravity of his natural feelings to appear, undisguised by shame or decency."

"There is no doubt, Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "that the coverings supplied by the Creator to animals, together with the hair of man, are typical of works. Man in Paradise required no other covering than his hair, the product of his own body, for his works were then without sin and his honour perfect; when he fell, other coverings became needful for him, by which we are made to understand that it is necessary for us to be clothed with an imputed righteousness; but hair and wool are still standing types of the natural works of the creature, and hence those animals which are wholly uncovered are fit emblems of the worst of men, and are used as such in Scripture; for even the serpent, whose skin is frequently variegated with purple and azure, and enriched with spots of gold, is used as the acknowledged emblem of him in whom no good is; and all creatures which live in the waters, which have not fins and scales, were accounted as an abomination among the children of Israel."

"Uncle," said Henry, "how curious all these things are: it seems as if one might spend one's whole life in comparing things in the Bible with what may be found only in this little wood; and really I think that there is no place more fit for studying the Bible than such a one as this. Now, uncle, cannot we fancy as we sit here, and as that lively specimen of the amphibia has hid itself, that the millennium is begun with us, and that you and I have just withdrawn from the presence of our holy brethren to talk a little together of all the great things that have been done for us?

"In the first place," continued Henry, "for anything we now see, there might not be such a thing as a brick house or a chimney in the world, and over our heads are arches of goodly trees, through which the rays of the sun are peeping here and there, and casting a kind of dancing light on the green turf by the brook side; and there are flowers very near, I am sure, uncle, for I can perceive their sweet breath though I do not see them, though yonder little glade looks somewhat variegated: then it is neither hot nor cold, though there is a sound of a rustling breeze in the higher boughs, and now and then a gentle gale just blows across my face. Neither do we want music, uncle; for I hear a blackbird down in that little hollow, and a buzz of bees, together with the rush of yonder waterfall, and now and then the bleating of a lamb. Surely, uncle, this is music fitting the millennium; and will it not be in places like this in which the saints will dwell quietly, and rest in peace through many a blessed day and night?"

"Oh! my son," said Mr. Dalben, sighing, "we have much to encounter before this glorious state can be fully realized to us; and if we were to look forward in our own strength to the obtaining of these victories which must be first won, we should have reason to be cast down indeed. We can undoubtedly conceive, in some degree, that renewal of the natural world which is to take place during the reign of Christ, even an unsanctified imagination can picture to itself an ever cloudless sky, gentle breezes laden with perfumes, fountains gushing in every valley, the fruits of the earth yielding themselves spontaneously to the hand of man, and in a few words the return of the golden age, thus spoken of by Ovid:—

'The golden age was first, when man, yet new
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,
And, with a native bent did good pursue
Unforced by punishment, unawed by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere;
No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound,
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound,
Nor swords were forged, but, void of care and crime,
The soft creation slept away their time;
The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovoked, did fruitful stores allow,
Content with food which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnished out a feast.
The flowers unsown, in fields and meadows reigned;
And western winds immortal spring maintained.
In following years, the bearded corn ensued
From earth unasked, nor was that earth renewed.
From veins and valleys milk and nectar broke,
And honey sweating thro' the pores of oak.'

But who is able to conceive that in which the principal glory of the millennium will consist, that is, in the entire enhancement of the whole man from all vicious passions, the restoration of the affections to their proper objects, the exercise of love to God, the personal presence of the Saviour; the removal of that veil of ignorance which now involves the darkened understanding; the unfolding of the wonders of creation, and the clear view of past events and brighter hopes of future periods, which will at that time burst upon the redeemed ones? Oh, my child! who can conceive these things, and who in not conceiving them can in any degree appreciate the glories of the millennium? Some faint views we may indeed have; but faint indeed they must be, for our eyes are not yet equal to gazing on the noon-day sun in all its splendour."

[*Commenced in Number* 62]

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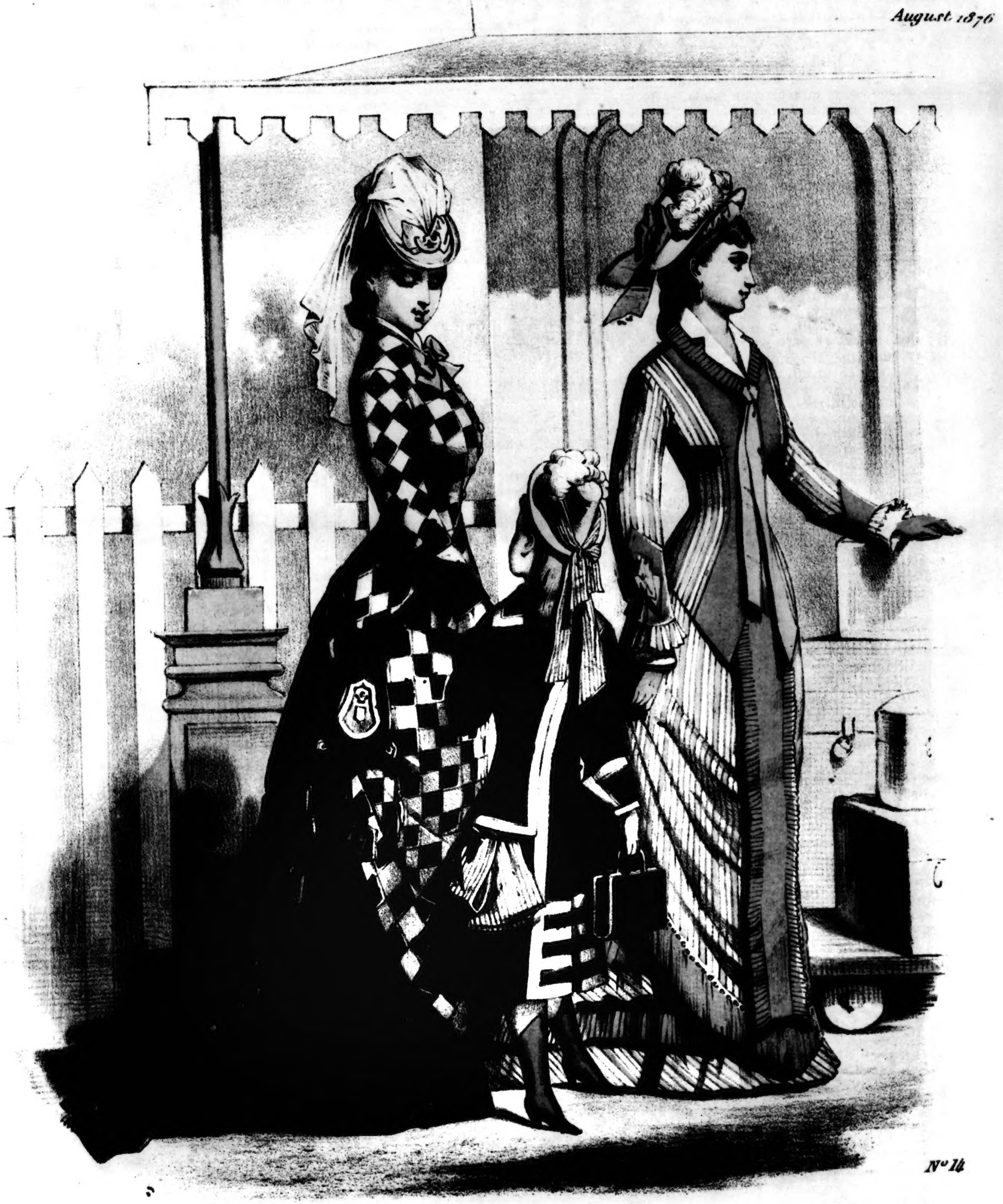

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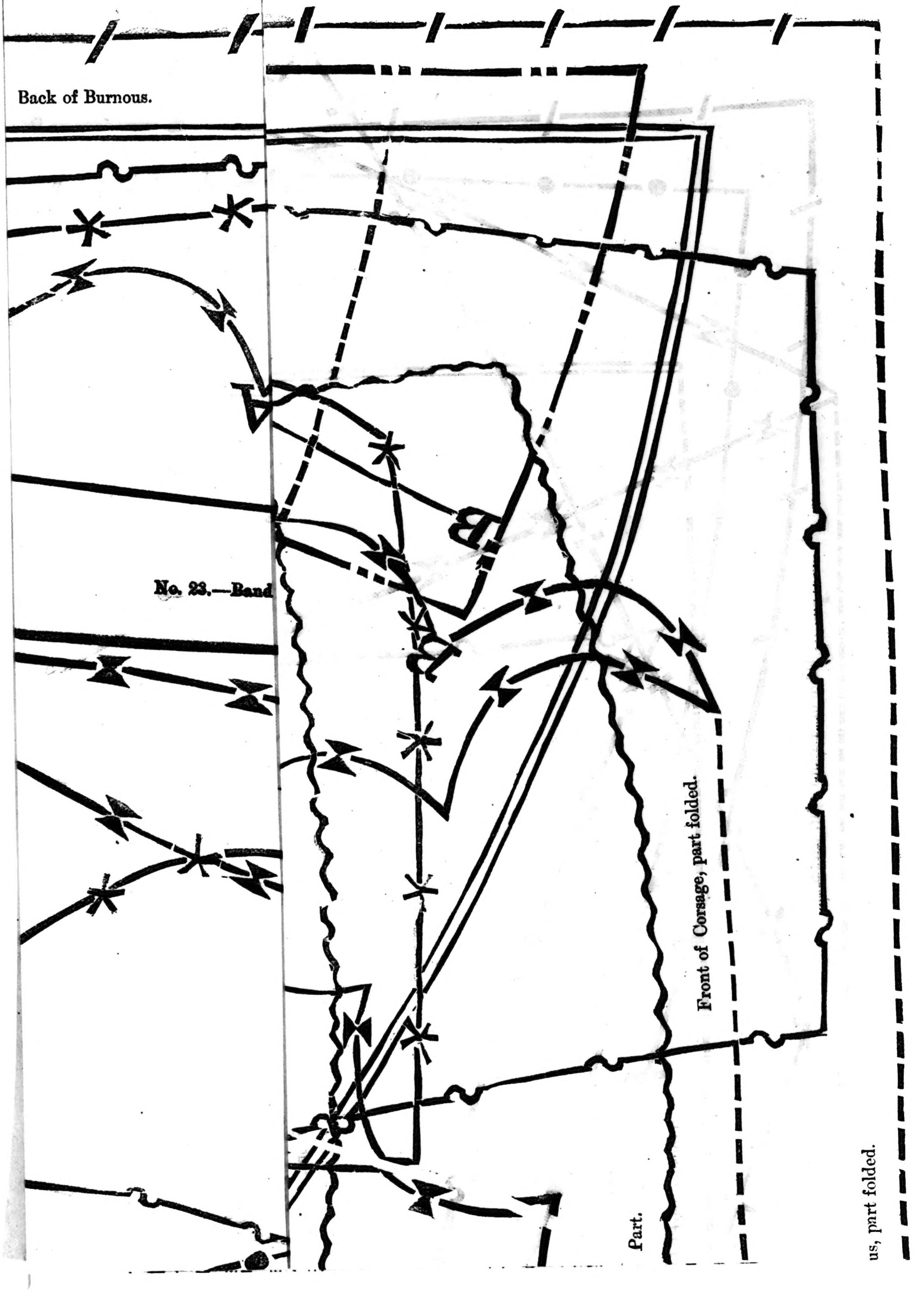
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